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WILSON'S

TALES OF THE BORDERS

AND OF SCOTLAND:

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative.

WITH A GLOSSARY.

Revised by

ALEXANDER LEIGHTON,

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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WILSON'S

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE DOMINIE'S CLASS.*

"Their ends as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life."

THERE is no class of men to whom the memory turns with more complacency, or more frequently, than to those who "taught the young idea how to shoot.' There may be a few tyrants of the birch, who never inspired a feeling save fear or hatred; yet their number is but few, and I would say that the schoolmaster *is abroad* in more senses than that in which it is popularly applied. He is abroad in the memory and in the affections of his pupils; and his remembrance is cherished wheresoever they may be. For my own part, I never met with a teacher whom I did not love when a boy, and reverence when a man; from him before whom I used to stand and endeavour to read my task in his eyes, as he held the book before his face, and the page was reflected in his spectacles—and from his spectacles I spelled my *qu*—to him who, as an elder friend, bestowed on me my last lesson. When a man has been absent from the place of his nativity for years, and when he returns and grasps the hands of his surviving kindred, one of his first questions to them (after family questions are settled) is—"Is Mr ——, my old schoolmaster, yet alive?" And if

* This tale was written by Mr Wilson from the circumstance of "The Tales of the Borders" having been adopted as a lesson-book in several schools.—ED.

the answer be in the affirmative, one of the first on whom he calls is the dominie of his boyhood; and he enters the well-remembered school—and his first glance is to the seat he last occupied—as an urchin opens the door and admits him, as he gently taps at it, and cries to the master (who is engaged with a class), when the stranger enters—

"Sir, here's one wants you."

Then steps forward the man of letters, looking anxiously—gazing as though he had a right to gaze in the stranger's face; and, throwing out his head, and particularly his chin, while he utters the hesitating interrogative—"Sir?" And the stranger replies—"You don't know me, I suppose? I am such-an-one, who was at your school at such a time." The instiller of knowledge starts—

"What!" cries he, shifting his spectacles, "you Johnnie (Thomas, or Peter, as the case may be) So-and-so?—it's not possible! O man, I'm glad to see ye! Ye'll mak me an auld man, whether I will or no. And how hae ye been, and where hae ye been?"—And, as he speaks, he flings his tawse over to the corner where his desk stands. The young stranger still cordially shakes his hand, a few kindly words pass between them, and the teacher, turning to his scholars, says—"You may put by your books and slates, and go for the day;" when an instantaneous movement takes place through the school; there is a closing of books, a clanking of slates, a pocketing of pencils, a clutching for hats, caps, and bonnets, a springing over seats, and a falling off seats, a rushing to the door, and a shouting when at the door a "*hurra for play!*"—and the stranger seems to have made a hundred happy, while the teacher and he retire, to

> "Drink a cup o' kindness,
> For auld langsyne."

But to proceed with our story of stories. There was a Dr Montgomery, a native of Annan, who, after he had been for more than twenty years a physician in India, where he

had become rich, visited his early home, which was also the grave of his fathers. There were but few of his relatives in life when he returned (for death makes sad havoc in families in twenty years); but, after he had seen them, he inquired if his old teacher, Mr Grierson, yet lived; and being answered in the affirmative, the doctor proceeded to the residence of his first instructor. He found him occupying the same apartments in which he resided thirty years before, and which were situated on the south side of the main street, near the bridge.

When the first congratulations—the shaking of hands and the expressions of surprise—had been got over, the doctor invited the dominie to dinner; and, after the cloth was withdrawn, and the better part of a bottle of port had vanished between them, the man of medicine thus addressed his ancient preceptor:—

"Can you inform me, sir, what has become of my old class-fellows?—who of them are yet in the land of the living?—who have caught the face of fortune as she smiled, or been rendered the 'sport o' her slippery ba'?' Of the fate of one of them I know something, and to me their history would be more interesting than a romance."

"Do ye remember the names that ye used to gie ane anither?" inquired the man of letters, with a look of importance, which showed that the history of the whole class was forthcoming.

"I remember them well," replied the doctor; "there were seven of us: Solitary Sandy--Glaikit Willie—Venturesome Jamie—Cautious Watty—Leein' Peter—Jock the dunce—and myself."

"And hae ye forgot the lounderings that I used to gie ye, for ca'in ane anither such names?" inquired Mr Grierson, with a smile.

"I remember you were displeased at it," replied the other.

"Weel, doctor," continued the teacher, "I believe I can gratify your curiosity, and I am not sure but you'll find that the history of your class-fellows is not without interest. The career of some of them has been to me as a recompense for a' the pains I bestowed on them, and that o' others has been a source o' grief. Wi' some I hae been disappointed, wi' ithers, surprised; but you'll allow that I did my utmost to fleech and to thrash your besetting sins out o' ye a'. I will first inform ye what I know respecting the history of Alexander Rutherford, whom all o' ye used to ca' Solitary Sandy, because he wasna a hempy like yoursels. Now, sir, harken to the history of

SOLITARY SANDY.

I remarked that Sandy was an extraordinary callant, and that he would turn out a character that would be heard tell o' in the world; though that he would ever rise in it, as some term it, or become rich in it I did not believe. I dinna think that e'er I had to raise the tawse to Sandy in my life. He had always his task as ready by heart as he could count his fingers. Ye ne'er saw Sandy looking over his book, or nodding wi' it before his face. He and his lessons were like twa acquaintances—fond o' each other's company. I hae observed fra the window, when the rest o' ye would hae been driving at the hand-ba', cleeshin your peerie-taps, or endangerin your legs wi' the duck-stane, Sandy wad been sitting on his hunkers in the garden, looking as earnestly on a daisy or ony bit flower, as if the twa creatures could hae held a crack wi' ane anither, and the bonny leaves o' the wee silent things whispered to Sandy how they got their colours, how they peeped forth to meet the kiss o' spring, and how the same power that created the lowly daisy called man into existence, and fashioned the bright sun and the glorious firmament. He was ance dux and aye dux. From the first moment he got to the head o'

the class, there he remained as immoveable as a mountain. There was nae trapping him; for his memory was like clockwark. I canna say that he had a great turn for mathematics; but ye will remember, as weel as me, that he was a great Grecian; and he had screeds o' Virgil as ready aff by heart as the twenty-third psalm. Mony a time hae I said concerning him, in the words o' Butler—

> "Latin to him's no more difficil,
> Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

The classics, indeed, were his particular hobby; and, though I was proud o' Sandy, I often wished that I could direct his bent to studies o' greater practical utility. His exercises showed that he had an evident genius for poetry, and that o' a very high order; but his parents were poor, and I didna see what poetry was to put in his pocket. I therefore by no means encouraged him to follow out what I conceived to be a profitless, though a pleasing, propensity; but, on the contrary, when I had an opportunity o' speakin' to him by himsel, I used to say to him—

"Alexander, ye have a happy turn for versification, and there is both boldness and originality about your ideas—though no doubt they would require a great deal of pruning before they could appear in a respectable shape before the world. But you must not indulge in verse-writing. When you do it, let it only be for an exercise, or for amusement, when you have nothing better to do. It may make rhyme jingle in your ears, but it will never make sterling coin jink in your pockets. Even the immortal Homer had to sing his own verses about the streets; and ye have heard the epigram—

> 'Seven cities now contend for *Homer dead*,
> Through which the *living Homer* begg'd his bread.'

Boethius, like Savage in our own days, died in a prison; Terence was a slave, and Plautus did the work of a horse. Cervantes perished for lack of food, on the same day that

our great Shakspere died; but Shakspere had worldly wisdom as well as heavenly genius. Camoens died in an almshouse. The magical Spenser was a supplicant at court for years, for a paltry pension, till hope deferred made his heart sick, and he vented his disappointment in these words—

> 'I was promised, on a time,
> To have reason for my rhyme:
> From that time unto this season,
> I received not rhyme nor reason.'

Butler asked for bread, and they gave him a stone. Dryden lived between the hand and the mouth. Poor Otway perished through penury; and Chatterton, the inspired boy, terminated his wretchedness with a pennyworth of poison. But there is a more striking example than these, Sandy. It was but the other day that our immortal countryman, Robbie Burns—the glory o' our age—sank, at our very door, neglected and in poverty, wi' a broken heart, into the grave. Sandy,' added I, 'never think o' being a poet. If ye attempt it, ye will embark upon an ocean where, for every one that reaches their desired haven, ninety-and-nine become a wreck.'

On such occasions, Sandy used to listen most attentively, and crack to me very auld-farrantly. Well, sir, it was just after ye went to learn to be a doctor, that I resolved to try and do something to push him forward mysel, as his parents were not in ability; and I had made application to a gentleman on his behalf, to use his influence to procure him a bursary in ane o' the universities, when Sandy's faither died, and, puir man, left hardly as muckle behind him as would pay the expenses o' the funeral. This was a death-blow to Sandy's prospects and my hopes. He wasna seventeen at the time, and his widowed mother had five bairns younger. He was the only ane in the family that she could look up to as a bread-winner. It was about harvest; and, when the

shearing commenced, he went out wi' ithers and took his place on the rig. As it was his first year, and he was but a learner, his wages were but sma'; but, sma' as they were, at the end o' the season he brought them hame, and my puir blighted scholar laddie thought himsel a man, when he placed his earnings, to a farthing, in his mother's hand.

I was sorry for Sandy. It pained me to see one by whom I had had so much credit, and who, I was conscious, would make ane o' the brightest ornaments o' the pu'pit that ever entered it, throwing his learning and his talents awa', and doomed to be a labouring man. I lost mony a night's sleep on his account; but I was determined to serve him if I could, and I at last succeeded in getting him appointed tutor in a gentleman's family o' the name o' Crompton, owre in Cumberland. He was to teach twa bits o' laddies English and arithmetic, Latin and Greek. He wasna out eighteen when he entered upon the duties o' his office; and great cause had I to be proud o' my scholar, and satisfied wi' my recommendation; for, before he had been six months in his situation, I received a letter from the gentleman himsel, intimating his esteem for Sandy, the great progress his sons had made under his tuition, and expressing his gratitude to me for recommending such a tutor. He was, in consequence, kind and generous to my auld scholar, and he doubled his wages, and made him presents beside; so that Sandy was enabled to assist his mother and his brethren.

But we ne'er hae a sunny day, though it be the langest day in summer, but sooner or later, a rainy ane follows it. Now, Mr Crompton had a daughter about a year younger than Sandy. She wasna what people would ca' a pretty girl, for I hae seen her; but she had a sonsy face and intelligent een. She also, forsooth, wrote sonnets to the moon, and hymns to the rising sun. She, of a' women, was the maist likely to bewitch puir Sandy; and she did bewitch him. A strong liking sprang up between them. They

couldna conceal their partiality for ane anither. He was everything that was perfect in her een, and she was an angel in his. Her name was Ann; and he had celebrated it in every measure, from the hop-and-step line of four syllables to that o' fourteen, which rolleth like the echoing o' the trumpet.

Now her faither, though a ceevil and a kind man, was also a shrewd, sharp-sighted, and determined man; and he saw the flutter that had risen up in the breasts o' his daughter and the young tutor. So he sent for Sandy, and without seeming to be angry wi' him, or even hinting at the cause—

"Mr Rutherford," said he, "you are aware that I am highly gratified with the manner in which you have discharged the duties of tutor to my boys; but I have been thinking that it will be more to their advantage that their education, for the future, be a public one, and to-morrow I intend sending them to a boarding-school in Yorkshire."

"To-morrow!" said Sandy, mechanically, scarce knowing what he said, or where he stood.

"To-morrow," added Mr. Crompton; "and I have sent for you, sir, in order to settle with you respecting your salary."

This was bringing the matter home to the business and the bosom o' the scholar somewhat suddenly. Little as he was versed in the ways o' the world, something like the real cause for the hasty removal o' his pupils to Yorkshire began to dawn upon his mind. He was stricken with dismay and with great agony, and he longed to pour out his soul upon the gentle bosom o' Ann. But she had gone on a visit with her mother to a friend in a different part of the country, and Mr Crompton was to set out with his sons for Yorkshire on the following day. Then, also, would Sandy have to return to the humble roof o' his mother. When he retired to pack up his books and his few things, he wrung his hands—yea, there were tears upon his cheeks—and, in the bitterness of the spirit, he said—

"My own sweet Ann! and shall I never see thee again—never hear thee—never hope!" And he laid his hand upon his forehead, and pressed it there, repeating as he did so—"never! oh, never!"

I was surprised beyond measure when Sandy came back to Annan, and, wi' a wobegone countenance, called upon me. I thought that Mr. Crompton was not a man of the discernment and sagacity that I had given him credit to be, and I desired Sandy not to lay it so sair to heart, for that something else would cast up. But, in a day or two, I received a letter from the gentleman himsel, showing me how matters stood, and giving me to understand the *why* and the *wherefore*.

"O the gowk!" said I, "what business had he to fa' in love, when he had the bairns and his books to mind?"

So I determined to rally him a wee thought on the subject, in order to bring him back to his senses; for, when a haflins laddie is labouring under the first dizziness o' a bonnie lassie's influence, I dinna consider that he is capable o' either seeing, feeling, hearing, or acting wi' the common-sense discretion o' a reasonable being. It is a pleasant heating and wandering o' the brain. Therefore, the next time I saw him—

"Sandy," says I, "wha was't laid Troy in ashes?"

He at first started and stared at me, rather vexed like, but at last he answered, wi' a sort o' forced laugh, "A woman."

"A woman, was it?" says I; "and wha was the cause o' Sandy Rutherford losing his situation as tutor, and being sent back to Annan?"

"Sir!" said he, and he scowled down his eyebrows, and gied a look at me that wad hae spained a ewe's lamb. I saw that he was too far gone, and that his mind was in a state that it would not be safe to trifle wi'; so I tried him no more upon the subject.

Weel, as his mother, puir woman, had enough to do, and couldna keep him in idleness, and as there was naething for him in Annan, he went to Edinburgh to see what would cast up, and what his talents and education would do for him there. He had recommendations from several gentlemen, and also from myself. But month after month passed on, and he was like to hear of nothing. His mother was becoming extremely unhappy on his account, and the more so because he had given up writing, which astonished me a great deal, for I could not divine the cause of such conduct as not to write to his own mother, to say that he was well or what he was doing; and I was the more surprised at it, because of the excellent opinion I had entertained of his character and disposition. However, I think it would be about six months after he had left, I received a letter from him; and, as that letter is of importance in giving you an account of his history, I shall just step along to the school for it, where I have it carefully placed in my desk, and shall bring it and any other papers that I think may be necessary in giving you an account of your other schoolfellows.

Thus saying, Dominie Grierson, taking up his three-cornered hat and silver-mounted walking-stick, stalked out of the room. And, as people generally like to have some idea of the sort of person who is telling them a story, I shall here describe to them the appearance of Mr Grierson. He was a fine-looking old man, about five feet nine inches high; his age might be about threescore and fifteen, and he was a bachelor. His hair was as white as the driven snow, yet as fresh and as thick as though he had been but thirty. His face was pale. He could not properly be called corpulent, but his person had an inclination that way. His shoes were fastened with large silver buckles; he wore a pair of the finest black lamb's-wool stockings; breeches of the same colour, fastened at the knees by buckles similar to those in his shoes. His coat and waistcoat were also black,

and both were exceedingly capacious; for the former, with its broad skirts, which descended almost to his heels, would have made a greatcoat now-a-days; and in the kingly flaps of the latter, which defended his loins, was cloth enough and to spare to have made a modern vest. This, with the broad-brimmed, round-crowned, three-cornered hat, already referred to, a pair of spectacles, and the silver-mounted cane, completed the outward appearance of Dominie Grierson, with the exception of his cambric handkerchief, which was whiter than his own locks, and did credit to the cleanliness of his housekeeper, and her skill as a laundress.

In a few moments he returned, with Sandy's letter and other papers in his hand, and, helping himself to another glass of wine, he rubbed the glass of his spectacles with his handkerchief, and said—

"Now, doctor, here is poor Sandy's letter; listen, and ye shall hear it."—

"*Edinburgh, June* 10, 17—

"HONOURED SIR,—I fear that, on account of my not having written to you, you will ere now have accused me of ingratitude; and when I tell you that, until the other day, I have not for months even written to my mother, you may think me undutiful, as well as ungrateful. But my own breast holds me guiltless of both. When I arrived here, I met with nothing but disappointments, and those I found at every hand. For many weeks I walked the streets of this city in despair, hopeless as a fallen angel. I was hungry, and no one gave me to eat; but they knew not that I was in want. Keen misery held me in its grasp—ruin caressed me, and laughed at its plaything. I will not pain you by detailing a catalogue of the privations I endured, and which none but those who have felt and fathomed the depths of misery can imagine. Through your letter of recommendation, I was engaged to give private lessons to two pupils; but the salary was small, and that was only to be paid quarterly. While I was teaching them, I was starving, living on a penny a day. But this was not all. I was frequently without a lodging; and, being expelled from one for lack of the means of paying for it, it was many days before I could venture to inquire for another.

My lodging was on a common-stair, or on the bare sides of the Calton; and my clothes, from exposure to the weather, became unsightly. They were no longer fitting garments for one who gave lessons in a fashionable family. For several days I observed the eyes of the lady of the house where I taught fixed with a most supercilious and scrutinising expression upon my shabby and unfortunate coat. I saw and felt that she was weighing the shabbiness of my garments against my qualifications, and I trembled for the consequence. In a short time my worst fears were realised; for, one day, calling as usual, instead of being shown into a small parlour, where I gave my lessons, the man-servant, who opened the door, permitted me to stand in the lobby, and in two minutes returned with two guineas upon a small silver plate, intimating, as he held them before me, that 'the services of Mr Rutherford were no longer required.' The sight of the two guineas took away the bitterness and mortification of the abrupt dismissal. I pocketed them, and engaged a lodging; and never, until that night, did I know or feel the exquisite luxury of a deep, dreamless sleep It was bathing in Lethe, and rising refreshed, having no consciousness, save the grateful feeling of the cooling waters of forgetfulness around me. Having some weeks ago translated an old deed, which was written in Latin, for a gentleman who is what is called an in-door advocate, and who has an extensive practice, he has been pleased to take me into his office, and has fixed on me a liberal salary. He advises me to push my way to the bar, and kindly promises his assistance. I shall follow his advice, and I despair not but I may one day solicit the hand of the only woman I ever have loved, or can love, from her father, as his equal. I am, sir, yours, indebtedly,

"ALEX. RUTHERFORD."

Now, sir (continued the dominie), about three years after I had received this letter, my old scholar was called to the bar, and a brilliant first appearance he made. Bench, bar, and jury were lost in wonder at the power o' his eloquence. A Demosthenes had risen up amongst them. The half o' Edinburgh spoke o' nae thing but the young advocate. But it was on the very day that he made his first appearance as a pleader, that I received a letter from Mr. Crompton, begging to know if I could gie him ony information respecting

the old tutor o' his family, and stating, in the language o' a broken-hearted man, that his only daughter was then upon her death-bed, and that, before she died, she begged she might be permitted to see and to speak with Alexander Rutherford. I enclosed the letter, and sent it off to the young advocate. He was sitting at a dinner-party, receiving the homage of beauty and the congratulations of learned men, when the fatal letter was put into his hands. He broke the seal—his hand shook as he read—his cheeks grew pale—and large drops of sweat burst upon his brow. He rose from the table. He scarce new what he did. But within half-an-hour he was posting on his way to Cumberland. He reached the house, her parents received him with tears, and he was conducted into the room where the dying maiden lay. She knew his voice, as he approached.

"He is come!—he is come! He loves me still!" cried the poor thing, endeavouring to raise herself upon her elbow.

Sandy approached the bedside—he burst into tears—he bent down, and kissed her pale and wasted cheeks, over which death seemed already to have cast its shadow.

"Ann! my beloved Ann!" said he; and he took her hand in is, and pressed it to his lips; "do not leave me—we shall yet be happy!"

Her eyes brightened for a moment—in them joy struggled with death, and the contest was unequal. From the day that he had been sent from her father's house, she had withered away, as a tender flower that is transplanted to an unkindly soil. She desired that they would lift her up, and she placed her hand upon his shoulder, and, gazing anxiously in his face, said—

"And Alexander still loves me—even in death!"

"Yes, dearest—yes!" he replied. But she had scarce heard his answer, and returned it with a smile of happiness.

when her head sank upon his bosom, and a deep sigh escaped from hers. It was her last. Her soul seemed only to have lingered till her eyes might look on him. She was removed a corpse from his breast; but on that breast the weight of death was still left. He became melancholy—his ambition died—she seemed to have been the only object that stimulated him to pursue fame and to seek for fortune. In intense study he sought to forget his grief—or rather he made them companions—till his health broke under them; and in the thirtieth year of his age died one who possessed talents and learning that would have adorned his country, and rendered his name immortal. Such, sir, is the brief history o' yer auld class-fellow, Solitary Sandy.

In the history o'

GLAIKIT WILLIE

(continued Mr Grierson), the only thing remarkable is, that he has been as fortunate a man as he was a thochtless laddie. After leaving the school, he flung his Greek and Latin aside, and that was easily done, for it was but little that he ever learned, and less that he remembered, for he paid so little attention to onything he did, that what he got by heart one day, he forgot the next. In spite o' the remonstrances o' his friends, naething would haud Willie but he would be a sailor. Weel, he was put on board o' an American trader, and for several years there was naething heard o' concerning him, but accidents that had happened him, and all through his glaikitness. Sometimes he was fa'ing owre a boat, and was mostly drowned; and at ither times, we heard o' him fa'ing headlong into the ship's hold; ance o' his tumbling overboard in the middle o' the great Atlantic; and at last, o' his fa'ing from the mast upon the deck, and having his legs broken. It was the luckiest thing that ever happened him. It brought him to think, and gied him leisure to do it; he was laid up for twelve weeks, and, during part

o' the time, he applied himself to navigation, in the elements o' which science I had instructed him. Soon after his recovery, he got the command o' a vessel, and was very fortunate, and, for several years, he has been sole owner of a number of vessels, and is reputed to be very rich. He also married weel, as the phrase runs, for the woman had a vast o' money, only she was—a mulatto. That, sir, is a' I ken concerning William Armstrong, or, as ye ca'ed him, Glaikit Willie; for he was a callant that was so thochtless when under my care, that he never interested me a great deal. And noo, sir, I shall gie ye a' the particulars I know concerning the fate o'

VENTURESOME JAMIE.

Ye will remember him best o' ony o' them, I reckon; for even when ye were baith bits o' callants, there was a sort o' rivalship between ye for the affections o' bonny Katie Alison, the loveliest lassie that ever I had at my school. I hae frequently observed the looks o' jealousy that used to pass between ye when she seemed to show mair kindness to ane than anither; and, when ye little thocht I saw ye, I hae noticed ane o' ye pushing oranges into her hand, and anither sweeties. When she got a bit comb, too, to fasten up her gowden hair, I weel divined whose pennies had purchased it—for they were yours, doctor. I remember, also, hoo ye was aye a greater favourite wi' her than Jamie, and hoo he challenged ye to fecht him for her affections, and o'ercam' ye in the battle, and sent ye to the school next day wi' yer face a' disfigured—and I, as in duty bound, gied each o' ye a heartier thrashin than ye had gien ane anither. Katie hung her head a' the time, and when she looked up, a tear was rowin in her bonny blue een. But ye left the school and the country-side when ye was little mair than seventeen; and the next thing that we heard o' ye was that ye had gane oot to India about three years afterwards. Yer

departure evidently removed a load from Jamie's breast. He followed Katie like her shadow, though with but little success, as far as I could perceive, and as it was generally given out.

But, ye must remember, in his case the name o' Venturesome Jamie was well applied. Never in my born days did I know such a callant. He would have climbed the highest trees as though he had been speeling owre a common yett, and swung himsel by the heels frae their topmost branches. Oh, he was a terrible laddie! When I hae seen ye a' bathing in the river, sometimes I used to tremble for him. He was a perfect amphibious animal. I have seen him dive from a height of twenty or thirty feet, and remain under the water till I almost lost my breath wi' anxiety for his uprising; and then he would have risen at as many yards distant from the place where he had dived. I recollect o' hearing o' his permitting himsel to be suspended owre a precipice aboon a hundred feet high, wi' a rope fastened round his oxters, and three laddies like himsel hauding on by the ither end o't—and this was dune merely to harry the nest o' a waterwagtail. Had the screams o' the callants, who fund him owre heavy for them, and that they were unable to draw him up again, not brought some ploughmen to their assistance, he must have been precipitated into eternity. However, as I intended to say, it was shortly after the news arrived o' your having sailed for India, that a fire broke out in the dead o' nicht in a house occupied by Katie Alison's father. Never shall I forget the uproar and consternation o' that terrible nicht. There was not a countenance in the town but was pale wi' terror. The flames roared and raged from every window, and were visible through some parts in the roof. The great black clouds o' smoke seemed rushing from the crater of a volcano. The floors o' the second storey were falling, and crashing, and crackling, and great burning sparks, some o' them as big as a man's hand, were rising in

thousands and tens o' thousands from the flaming ruins, and were driven by the wind, like a shower o' fire, across the heavens. It was the most fearsome sight I had ever beheld. But this was not the worst o't; for, at a window in the third storey, which was the only one in the house from which the flames were not bursting, stood bonny Katie Alison, wringing her hands and screaming for assistance, while her gowden hair fell upon her shouthers, and her cries were heard aboon the raging o' the conflagration. I heard her cry distinctly, "My father!—my father!—will nobody save my father?" for he lay ill of a fever in the room where she was, and was unconscious of his situation. But there was none to render them assistance. At times, the flames and the smoke, issuing from the windows below, concealed her from the eyes of the multitude. Several had attempted her rescue, but all of them had been forced to retreat, and some of them scorched fearfully; for in many places the stairs had given way, and the flames were bursting on every side. They were attempting to throw up a rope to her assistance—for the flames issued so fiercely from the lower window, that, though a ladder had been raised, no man could have ascended it—when at that moment, my old scholar, James Johnstone (Venturesome Jamie, indeed!), arrived. He heard the cries o' Katie—he beheld her hands outstretched for help—"Let me past!—let me past!—ye cowards! ye cowards!" cried he, as he eagerly forced his way through the crowd. He rushed into the door, from which the dense smoke and the sparks were issuing as from a great furnace. There was a thrill o' horror through the crowd, for they kenned his character, and they kenned also his fondness for Katie—and no one expected to see him in life again. But, in less than ten seconds from his rushing in at the door, he was seen to spring forward to the window where Katie stood—he flung his arm round her waist, and, in an instant, both disappeared—but, within a quarter of a minute, he rushed

out at the street-door, through the black smoke and the thick sparks, wi' the bonny creature that he adored in his arms. O doctor, had ye heard the shout that burst frae the multitude!—there was not one amongst them at that moment that couldna have hugged Jamie to his heart. His hands were sore burned, and on several places his clothes were on fire. Katie was but little hurt; but, on finding herself on the street, she cast an anxious and despairing look towards the window from which she had been snatched, and again wringing her hands, exclaimed, in accents of bitterness that go through my heart to this day—

"My father! oh, my father! Is there no help for him? —shall my father perish?"

"The rope!—gie me the rope!" cried Jamie.

He snatched it from the hand of a bystander, and again rushed into the smoking ruins. The consternation of the crowd became greater, and their anxiety more intense than before. Full three minutes passed, and nothing was seen of him. The crowded street became as silent as death; even those who were running backward and forward, carrying water, for a time stood still. The suspense was agonising. At length he appeared at the window, with the sick man wrapped up in the bedclothes, and holding him to his side with his right arm around him. The hope and fear of the people became indescribable. Never did I witness such a scene—never may I witness such again! Having fastened one end of the rope to the bed, he flung the other from the window to the street; and, grasping it with his left hand, he drew himself out of the window, with Katie's father in his arm, and, crossing his feet around the rope, he slid down to the street, bearing his burden with him! Then, sir, the congratulations o' the multitude were unbounded. Every one was anxious to shake him by the hand; but what with the burning his right hand had sustained, and the worse than burning his left had suffered wi'

the sliding down a rope frae a third storey, wi' a man under his arm, I may say that my venturesome and gallant auld scholar hadna a hand to shake.

Ye canna be surprised to hear—and, at the time o' life ye've arrived at, ye'll be no longer jealous; besides, during dinner, I think ye spoke o' having a wife and family—I say, therefore, doctor, that ye'll neither be jealous nor surprised to hear, that from that day Katie's dryness to Jamie melted down. Moreover, as ye had gane out to India, where ye would be mair likely to look after siller than think o' a wife, and as I understand ye had dropped correspondence for some length o' time, ye couldna think yoursel in ony way slighted. Now, folk say that "nineteen *nay-sayz* are half a *yes*." For my part (and my age is approaching the heels o' the patriarchs), I never put it in the power o' woman born to say *No* to me. But, as I have heard and believe, Katie had said *No* to Jamie before the fire, not only nineteen times, but thirty-eight times twice told, and he found seventy-six (which is about my age) nae nearer a *yea* than the first *nay*. And folk said it was a' on account o' a foolish passion for the doctor laddie that had gane abroad. But Katie was a kind, gratefu lassie. She couldna look wi' cauldness upon the man that had not only saved her life, but her father's also; and I ought to have informed you that, within two minutes from the time of her father's being snatched from the room where he lay, the floor fell in, and the flames burst from the window where Katie had been standing a few minutes before.

Her father recovered from the fever, but he died within six months after the fire, and left her a portionless orphan, or what was next door to it. Jamie urged her to make him happy, and at last she consented, and they were married. But ye remember that his parents were in affluent circumstances; they thought he had demeaned himself by his marriage, and they shut their door upon him, and disowned

him athegither. As he was his father's heir, he was brought up to no calling or business whatsoever; and, when the auld man not only vowed to cut him off wi' a shilling, on account of his marriage, but absolutely got his will altered accordingly, what did the silly lad do, but, in desperation, list into a regiment that was gaun abroad. "The laddie has done it in a fit o' passion," said I, "and what will become o' poor Katie?" Weel, although it was said that the lassie never had ony particular affection for him, but just married him out o' gratitude, and although several genteel families in the neighbourhood offered her respectable and comfortable situations (for she was universally liked), yet the strange creature preferred to follow the hard fortunes o' Jamie, who had been disowned on her account, and she implored the officers of the regiment to be allowed to accompany him. It is possible that they were interested with her appearance, and what they had heard of his connection, and the mannner in which he had been treated, for they granted her request; and about a month after he enlisted, the regiment marched from Carlisle, and Katie accompanied her husband. They went abroad somewhere—to the East or West Indies, I believe; but from that day to this I have never heard a word concerning either the one or the other, or whether they be living or not. All I know is, that the auld man died within two years after his son had become a soldier, and, keeping his resentment to his last breath, actually left his property to a brother's son. And that, sir, is all that I know of Venturesome Jamie and your old sweetheart, Katie.

The doctor looked thoughtful, exceedingly thoughtful; and the old dominie, acquiring additional loquacity as he went on, poured out another glass, and added—

"But come, doctor, we will drink a bumper, 'for auld langsyne,' to the lassie wi' the gowden locks, be she dead or living.'

"With my whole heart and soul," replied the doctor, impassionedly; and, pouring out a glass, he drained it to the dregs.

"The auld feeling is not quenched yet, doctor," said the venerable teacher, "and I am sorry for it; for, had I known, I would have spoken more guardedly. But I will proceed to gie ye an account o' the rest o' your class-fellows, and I will do it briefly. There was Walter Fairbairn, who went amongst ye by the name o'

CAUTIOUS WATTY.

He was the queerest laddie that ever I had at my school. He had neither talent nor cleverness; but he made up for both, and, I may say, more than made up for both, by method and application. Ye would have said that nature had been in a miserly humour when it made his brains; but, if it had been niggardly in the quantity, it certainly had spared no pains in placing them properly. He was the very reverse o' Solitary Sandy I never could get Watty to scan a line or construe a sentence richt in my days. He did not seem to understand the nature o' words, or, at least, in so far as applied to sentiment, idea, or fine writing. Figures were Watty's alphabet; and, from his earliest years, pounds, shillings, and pence were the syllables by which he joined them together. The abstruser points of mathematics were beyond his intellect; but he seemed to have a liking for the *certainty* of the science, and he manifested a wish to master it. My housekeeper that then was has informed me that, when a' the rest o' ye wad hae been selling your copies as waste-paper, for *taffy*, or what some ca' *treacle-candy*, Watty would only part wi' his to the paper purchaser for money down; and when ony o' ye took a greenin for the sweet things o' the shopkeeper, without a halfpenny to purchase one, Watty would volun

teer to lend ye the money until a certain day, upon condition that ye would then pay him a penny for the loan o' his halfpenny. But he exhibited a grand trait o' this disposition when he cam to learn the rule o' *Compound Interest.* Indeed, I need not say he *learned* it, for he literally *devoured* it. He wrought every question in Dilworth's Rule within two days; and, when he had finished it (for he seldom had his slate away from my face, and I was half tired wi' saying to him, "That will do, sir"), he came up to my desk, and, says he, wi' a face as earnest as a judge—

"May I go through this rule again, sir?"

"I think ye understand it, Watty," said I, rather significantly.

"But I would like to be perfect in it, sir," answered he.

"Then go through it again, Watty," said I, "and I have nae doubt but ye will be *perfect* in it very quickly."

I said this wi' a degree o' irony which I was not then, and which I am not now, in the habit of exhibiting before my scholars; but, from what I had observed and heard o' him, it betrayed to me a trait in human nature that literally disgusted me. But I have no pleasure in dwelling upon his history. Shortly after leaving the school, he was sent up to London to an uncle; and, as his parents had the means o' setting him up in the world, he was there to make choice o' a profession. After looking about the great city for a time, it was the choice and pleasure o' Cautious Watty to be bound as an apprentice to a pawnbroker. He afterwards commenced business for himself, and every day in his life indulging in his favourite study, compound interest, and, as far as he durst, putting it in practice, he in a short time became rich. But, as his substance increased, he did not confine himself to portable articles, or such things as are usually taken in pledge by the members of his profession; but he took estates in pledge, receiving the title-deeds as his security; and in such cases he did exact his compound interest to

the last farthing to which he could stretch it. He neither knew the meaning of generosity nor mercy. Shakspere's beautiful apostrophe to the latter god-like attribute in the "Merchant of Venice," would have been flat nonsense in the estimation of Watty. He had but one answer to every argument and to every case, and which he laid to his conscience in all his transactions (if he had a conscience), and that was—"A bargain's a bargain!" This was his ten times repeated phrase every day. It was the doctrine by which he swore; and Shylock would have died wi' envy to have seen Watty exacting his "*pound o' flesh.*" I have only to tell ye that he has been twice married. The first time was to a widow four years older than his mother, wi' whom he got ten thousand. The second time was to a maiden lady, who had been a coquette and a flirt in her day, but who, when the deep crow-feet upon her brow began to reflect sermons from her looking-glass, became a patroniser of piety and religious institutions. Watty heard o' her fortune, and o' her disposition and habits. He turned an Episcopalian, because she was one. He became a sitter and a regular attender in the same pew in the church. He began his courtship by opening the pew-door to her when he saw her coming, before the sexton reached it. He next sought her out the services for the day in the prayer-book—he had it always open, and ready to put in her hand. He dusted the cushion on which she was to sit with his handkerchief, as she entered the pew. He, in short, showed her a hundred little pious attentions. The sensibility of the converted flirt was affected by them. At length he offered her his arm from the pew to the hackney-coach or sedan-chair which waited for her at the church-door; and, eventually, he led her to the altar in the seventy-third year of her age; when, to use his own words, he married her thirty thousand pounds, and took the old woman before the minister as a witness. Such, sir, is all I know concerning Cautious Watty.

The next o' your auld class-mates that I have to notice (continued Mr. Grierson) is

LEEIN PETER.

Peter Murray was the cause o' mair grief to me than ony scholar that ever was at my school. He could not tell a story the same way in which he heard it, or give you a direct answer to a positive question, had it been to save his life. I sometimes was at a loss whether to attribute his grievous propensity to a defect o' memory, a preponderance o' imagination over baith memory and judgment, or to the natural depravity o' his heart, and the force o' abominable habits early acquired. Certain it is, that, all the thrashing that I could thrash, I couldna get the laddie to speak the truth. His parents were perpetually coming to me to lick him soundly for this lie and the other lie; and I did lick him, until I saw that bodily punishment was of no effect. Moral means were to be tried, and I did try them. I tried to shame him out o't. I reasoned wi' him. I showed him the folly and the enormity o' his offence, and also pointed out its consequences—but I might as weel hae spoken to the stane in the wa'. He was Leein Peter still. After he left me, he was a while wi' a grocer, and a while wi' a haberdasher, and then he went to a painter, and after that he was admitted into a writer's office; but one after another, they had to turn him away, and a' on account o' his unconquerable habit o' uttering falsehoods. His character became so well known, that nobody about the place would take him to be anything. He was a sad heartbreak to his parents, and they were as decent people as as ye could meet wi'. But, as they had respectable connections, they got him into some situation about Edinburgh, where his character and his failings were unknown. But it was altogether useless. He was turned out of one situation after another, and a' on account

o' his incurable and dangerous habit, until his friends could do no more for him. Noo, doctor, I daresay ye may have observed, that a confirmed drunkard, rather than want drink, will steal to procure it—and, as sure as that is the case, tak my word for it, that, in nine cases out o' ten, he who begins by being a habitual liar, will end in being a thief. Such was the case wi' Leein Peter. After being disgraced and turned from one situation after anither, he at last was caught in the act of purloining his master's property, and cast into prison. He broke his mother's heart, and covered his father's grey hairs wi' shame; and he sank from one state o' degradation to another, till now, I believe, he is ane o' those prowlers and pests o' society who are to be found in every large town, and who live naebody can tell how, but every one can tell that it cannot be honestly. Such, sir, has been the fate o' Leein Peter.

There is only another o' your book-mates that I have to make mention o', and that is John Mathewson or

JOCK THE DUNCE.

Many a score o' times hae I said that Jock's head was as impervious to learning as a nether-millstane. It would hae been as easy to hae driven mensuration into the head o' an ox, as instruction into the brain o' Jock Mathewson. He was born a dunce. I fleeched him, and I coaxed him, and I endeavoured to divert him, to get him to learn, and I kicked him, and I cuffed him; but I might as weel hae kicked my heel upon the floor, or fleeched the fireplace. Jock was knowledge-proof. All my efforts were o' no avail. I could get him to learn nothing, and to comprehend nothing. Often I had half made up my mind to turn him awa from the school, for I saw that I never would have any credit by the blockhead. But what was most annoying was, that here was his mother at me, every hand-awhile, saying—

"Mr Grierson, I'm really surprised at ye. My son John is not coming on ava. I really wush ye wad tak mair pains wi' him. It is an unco thing to be paying you guid money, and the laddie to be getting nae guid for it. I wad hae ye to understand that his faither doesna make his money sae easily—no by sitting on a seat, or walking up and down a room—as ye do. There's such-a-ane's son awa into the Latin, nae less, I understand, and my John no out o' the Testament. But, depend upon it, Mr Grierson, if ye dinna try to do something wi' him, I maun tak him awa frae your school, and that is the short and the lang o't."

"Do sae, ma'am," said I, "and I'll thank ye. Mercy me! it's a bonny thing, indeed—do ye suppose that I had the makin o' your son? If Nature has formed his head out o' a whinstane, can I transform it into marble? Your son would try the patience o' Job—his head is thicker than a door-post. I can mak naething o' him. I would sooner teach a hundred than be troubled wi' him."

"Hundred here, hundred there!" said she, in a tift; "but it's a hard matter, Mr Grierson, for his faither and me to be payin ye money for naething; and if ye dinna try to mak something o' him, I'll tak him frae your school, and that will be baith seen and heard tell o'!"

So saying, away she would drive, tossing her head wi' the airs o' my lady. Ye canna conceive, sir, what a teacher has to put up wi'. Thomson says—

"Delightful task,
To teach the young idea how to shoot!"

I wish to goodness he had tried it, and a month's specimen o' its *delights* would have surfeited him, and instead o' what he has written, he would have said—

"Degrading thought,
To be each snivelling blockhead's parent's slave!"

Now, ye'll remember that Jock was perpetually sniftering and gaping wi' his mouth, or even sucking his thumb like

an idiot, There was nae keeping the animal cleanly, much less instructing him; and then, if he had the book in his hand, there he sat staring owre it, wi' a look as vacant and stupid as a tortoise. Or, if he had the slate before him, there was he drawing scores on't, or amusing himsel wi' twirling and twisting the pencil in the string through the frame. Never had I such a lump o' stupidity within the walls o' my school.

After his leaving me, he was put as an apprentice to a bookseller. I thought, of all the callings under the sun, that which had been chosen for him was the least suited to a person o' his capacity. But—would ye believe it, sir?—Jock surprised us a'. He fairly turned the corner on a' my calculations. When he began to look after the lassies, he also began to "smart up." He came to my night-school when he would be about eighteen, and I was perfectly astonished at the change that had taken place, even in the appearance o' the callant. His very nose, which had always been so stuffed and thick like, was now an ornament to his face. He had become altogether a lively, fine-looking lad; and, more marvellous still, his whole heart's desire seemed to be to learn; and he did learn with a rapidity that both astonished and delighted me. I actually thought the instructions which I had endeavoured to instil into him for years, and apparently without effect, had been lying dormant, as it were, in the chambers o' his brain, like a cuckoo in winter—that they had been sealed up as fast as I imparted them, by some cause that I did not comprehend, and that now they had got vent, and were issuing out in rapid and vigorous strength, like a person refreshed after a sleep.

After he had been two years at the night-school, so far from considering him a dunce, I regarded him as an amazingly clever lad. From the instance I had had in him, I began to perceive that precocity o' intellect was nae proof o' its power. Well, shortly after the time I am speaking o', he left Annan for Glasgow, and after being a year or twa there,

he commenced business upon his own account. I may safely say, that never man was more fortunate. But, as his means increased, he did not confine himself to the business in which he had been brought up, but he became an extensive shipowner; he also became a partner in a cotton-mill concern. He was elected a member of the town council, and was distinguished as a leading member and orator of the guild. Eventually, he rose to be one of the city magistrates. He is now also an extensive landed proprietor; and I even hear it affirmed, that it is in contemplation to put him in nomination for some place or other at the next election. Such things happen, doctor—and wha would hae thocht it o' Jack the dunse?

Now, sir (added the dominie), so far as I have been able, I have given you the history o' your school-fellows. Concerning you, doctor, I have known less and heard less than o' ony o' them. You being so far awa, and so long awa, and your immediate relations about here being dead, so that ye have dropped correspondence, I have heard nothing concerning ye; and I have often been sorry on that account; for, believe me, doctor (here the doctor pushed the bottle to him, and the old man, helping himself to another glass, and drinking it, again continued)—I say, believe me, doctor, that I never had twa scholars under my care, o' whose talents I had greater opinion than o' Solitary Sandy and yoursel; and it has often vexed me that I could hear naething concerning ye, or whether ye were dead or living. Now, sir, if ye'll favour me wi' an account o' your history, from the time o' your going out to India, your auld dominie will be obliged to ye; for I like to hear concerning ye a', as though ye had been my ain bairns.

"There is little of interest in my history, sir," said the doctor; "but, as far as there is any, your wish shall be gratified." And he proceeded as is hereafter written.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"In your history, sir, of Venturesome Jamie, which you are unable to finish, you mentioned the rivalry that existed between him and me, for the affections o' bonny Katie Alison. James was a noble fellow. I am not ashamed that I had such a rival. In our youth I esteemed him while I hated him. But, sir, I do not remember the time when Katie Alison was not as a dream in my heart—when I did not tremble at her touch. Even when we pulled the gowans and cowslips together, though there had been twenty present, it was for Katie that I pulled mine. When we plaited the rushes, I did it for her. She preferred me to Jamie, and I knew it. When I left your school, and when I proceeded to India, I did not forget her. But, as you said, men go there to make money—so did I. My friends laughed at my boyish fancy—they endeavoured to make me ashamed of it. I became smitten with the eastern disease of fortune-making, and, though I did not forget her, I neglected her.

But, sir, to drop this: I was not twenty-one when I arrived in Bombay; nor had I been long there till I was appointed physician to several Parsee families of great wealth. With but little effort, fortune opened before me. I performed a few surgical operations of considerable difficulty, with success. In several desperate cases I effected cures, and my name was spread not only through the city, but throughout the island. The riches I went to seek I found. But even then, sir, my heart would turn to your school, and to the happy hours I had spent by the side of bonny Katie Alison.

However, it would be of no interest to enter into the details of my monotonous life. I shall dwell only upon one incident, which is, of all others, the most remarkable that ever occurred to me, and which took place about six years after my arrival in India. I was in my carriage, and accompanying

the remains of a patient to the burial ground—for you know that doctors cannot cure, when death is determined to have its way. The burial ground lies about three miles from Bombay, across an extensive and beautiful plain, and the road to it is by a sort of avenue, lined and shaded on each side by cocoa-nut-trees, which spread their branches over the path, and distil their cooling juice into the cups which the Hindoos have placed around them to receive it. You can form but a faint conception of the clear azure of an Indian sky, and never had I seen it more beautiful than on the day to which I refer, though some of the weather-prophets about Bombay were predicting a storm.

We were about the middle of the avenue I have described, when we overtook the funeral of an officer who had held a commission in a corps of Sepoys. The coffin was carried upon the shoulders of four soldiers; before it marched the Sepoys, and behind it, seated in a palanquin, borne by four Hindoos, came the widow of the deceased. A large black veil thrown over her head, almost enveloped her person. Her head was bent upon her bosom, and she seemed to weep bitterly. We followed behind them to the burial-place; but, before the service was half concluded, the heavens overcast, and a storm, such as I had never witnessed, burst over our heads, and hurled its fury upon the graves. The rain poured down in a fierce and impetuous torrent—but you know not, in this country, what a torrent of rain is. The thunder seemed tearing heaven in twain. It rolled, reverbed, and pealed, and rattled with its tremendous voice over the graves of the dead, as though it were the outbursting of eternity—the first blast of the archangel's trumpet announcing the coming judgment! The incessant lightnings flashed through the air, like spirits winged with flame, and awakening the dead.

The Sepoys fled in terror, and hastened to the city, to escape the terrible fury of the storm. Even those who had accompanied my friend's body fled with them, before the earth

was covered over the dead that they had followed to the grave. But still, by the side of the officer's grave, and unmindful of the storm, stood his poor widow. She refused to leave the spot till the last sod was placed upon her husband's bosom. My heart bled for her. Within three yards from her stood a veteran English serjeant, who, with the Hindoos that bore her palanquin, were all that remained in the burial-place.

Common humanity prompted me to offer her a place in my carriage back to the city. I inquired of the serjeant who the deceased was. He informed me that he was a young Scotch officer—that his marriage had offended his friends—that they had denounced him in consequence—that he had enlisted—and that the officers of the regiment which he had first joined, had procured him an ensigncy in a corps of Sepoys, but that he had died, leaving the young widow who wept over his grave, a stranger in a strange land. And, added the serjeant, "a braver fellow never set foot upon the ground.'

When the last sod had been placed upon the grave, I approached the young widow. I respectfully offered to convey her and the serjeant to the city in my carriage, as the violence of the storm increased.

At my voice she started—she uttered a suppressed scream—she raised her head—she withdrew her handkerchief from her eyes!—I beheld her features!—and, gracious Heaven!—whom, sir!—whom—whom did I see, but my own Katie Alison!

"Doctor!—doctor!" exclaimed the old dominie, starting from his seat, "what do I hear?"

"I cannot describe to you," continued the other, "the tumultuous joy, combined with agony, the indescribable feelings of that moment. We stood—we gasped—we gazed upon each other; neither of us spoke. I took her hand—I led her to the carriage—I conveyed her to the city."

"And, oh doctor, what then?" inquired the dominie.

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "many days passed—many words were spoken—mutual tears were shed for Jamie Johnstone—and bonny Katie Alison, the lassie of my first love, became my wife, and is the mother of my children. She will be here in a few days, and will see her old dominie."

THE CONTRAST OF WIVES.*

In the absence of that finely-adjusted balance of power which ought to be found in the state of marriage, it becomes a nice question, whether less evil results from an overstretched domination on the part of the husband, or from his due submission or subjugation to an authority exercised by her, and carried farther than is generally deemed consistent with the delicacy of her sex, or the situation in which she is placed. Connected with this question is that which comprises the comparative evil arising from a superabundance or deficiency of the intellectual powers of the wife. We are too well aware of the uselessness, as well as the impracticability, of solving such speculative questions, to say a single word on either side of the vexed argument to which they have given rise; but we will be within our province, and probably not beyond the wishes of our readers, if we lay before them a *case of real life*, involving a solution of the question in one exemplary instance, where the "grey mare" is not only found to be the "better horse," but where, by her powers of judicious leading, she saves not only herself but her partner from the dangers of a rough road and a precipitous course. In those good days of old Scotland, when the corporation hall formed the theatre wherein was enacted the great play (comedy, if you please) of "Burgh Ambition," the influence of petticoat power extended its secret workings behind the green curtain, and often regulated all the actions of the performers in a manner

* The contrast here shown may be extended by a reference to "The Henpecked Man," and thus three specimens of the *uxori emancipatus* will be brought into comparison.—Ed.

which was not only totally concealed from the spectators, but even from the moving puppets themselves. In one instance—that to which we have referred—this secret authority transpired, and in a manner so ludicrous that it deserves to be recorded. The incorporation of Dyers and Scourers of P—— (at the time of which we speak a considerable fraternity) had a deacon and boxmaster; the former named Murdoch Waldie, and the latter Andrew Todd. Their names still figure in the old books of the corporation, if these are not gone astray; and there is, or was, an entry in these same books, connected with the reign of the two worthies, which, illustrative and probative as it is of our story, we shall have occasion to lay before our readers. Well, to proceed in historical order, the worthy boxmaster had been married for a number of years. He might be about fifty years of age, was of small stature, very bland and affable in his manners, of an easy disposition, but, withal, as ambitious of fame as any of the aspirants for office in his corporation. Endowed by nature with very inadequate powers of judgment, he experienced no want of the powers of speech, which was as fluent as a shallow mind could make it; and he had, besides, a species of humour about him, which owed its existence rather to the simplicity and *bonhommie* of his nature, than to the more ordinary source of a perception of the ludicrous. As almost every want is remedied by some equipollent surrogation which strangely often supplies its place, Andrew Todd was *sensible* of his want of mental powers; and thus he exhibited that sense of a *want of sense*, which is often more valuable than sense itself, in so far as the modesty with which it is accompanied leads the individual to seek the assistance of good advisers, by which he sometimes surpasses, in the race of life, conceited wiseacres. We do not say that he married Mrs Jean Todd merely because he saw she was endowed with greater powers than himself; but it is certain that,

after he came to appreciate the extent of her understanding, he had the prudence to take every advantage of her excellent sense and judgment, as well in the private affairs of his business, as in the public concerns of the corporation treasurership, with which he came, by her means, to be invested. This was not only advantageous to his pecuniary interests, but congenial to his feelings, as, getting quit, in this way, of the trouble of thinking—a most laborious operation to him, and generally very ill executed, if not altogether bungled—he was left at liberty to indulge his speech and humour; two powers which had nothing more to do with judgment or even common sense, than with the sublimated spirit of genius itself.

His wife, Mrs Jean, was, as partly hinted, the very opposite of her husband. She was a large, stout, gaucy woman, at least twice as big as her mate. She had been, early in life, considerably pitted with the small-pox, enough of the traces of which were still left to give her that sturdy, hardy aspect they generally impart; while a strong and somewhat rough voice, agreeing well with her other attributes, gave her ideas and sentiments an apparent breadth and weight, which, added to their own sterling qualities, could not fail to produce a considerable effect even on men of strong minds, and to give her a decided advantage over her sex. Her original powers of mind were strengthened by reading—an occupation in which, as it required silence, her husband very seldom engaged; and, what few women are able to accomplish, she never allowed this favourite habit to interfere with the regulation of her domestic economy, or of the actions of her husband. Bold and masculine, however, as she was, she was a kindhearted woman; and, having no family to her husband, she was a warm friend, a ready adviser to all her female acquaintances, and a charitable giver to those who, after a strict and very stern investigation, she thought worthy of her assistance.

The deacon of the incorporation again, Murdoch Waldie, was a man of a very different cast from the boxmaster. He was a person of considerable parts; but his conceit, which led him to conceive himself cleverer than nature had made him, produced often all the consequences which result from a deficiency of mental parts. Proud and domineering, he loved to rule his corporation with dignity and authority; while his love of official show and domestic parade rendered him extravagant, and made him poor, notwithstanding of a good trade, which he carried on with great success. In his choice of a wife, there might have been perceived the tendency of his peculiar disposition; for he married a beauty, who qualified his love of authority by an affected softness, gentleness, and meekness, and his self-conceit, by showing herself inferior to him in understanding, as indeed she was, though she excelled him in another quality, which more than supplied its place. What with his business, his deaconship, his chain, his gold-headed cane, and his fair wife, dressed in the gaudy colours of his own dyeing, Deacon Waldie was an important personage in those times, when to be high in a corporation was to be in the enjoyment of the truest elevation to which human nature, in this world, could aspire.

Vain, showy, gaudy, and frivolous, Mrs Deacon Waldie held the same position to Mrs Todd that the boxmaster did to her husband. She had no sense or power to rule her lord, who, indeed, would not have submitted to female authority; but she had what Mrs Todd wanted, and what served her purpose equally well, and that was cunning—the signal quality of small, weak minds, and the very curse of the whole race of man and woman. This insidious power enabled her to detect her husband's failings, as well as to profit by them—and hence her affectation of total subjugation to his high will and authority, and her tame system of according and assenting to everything he said or did, whether right or wrong. But in all this her selfish cunning had a

part; because, while she pretended to love him, and dote on him and prize him beyond all mortals, her adulation, her blandishments, and submission were accompanied or followed always by *petitions*. She contrived to have hardihood enough to make the most unreasonable requests, and to show that she was too sensitive, too fragile, and too weak, to bear a refusal. If her suit was rejected, she flung herself upon the haughty deacon's bosom, and sobbed; and what deacon could withstand the appeal of beauty in tears? The sight was the very personification of the triumph of his pride and dignity. The chain of his official authority, and the arms of a praying, supplicating, weeping wife, hanging at the same time around his proud neck, were the very counterparts of each other. His love of subjugation bent, as it often does, his own head; and cunning enjoyed its greatest triumph in overcoming one, by turning his own weapons against himself.

The contrast which we have thus exhibited between these two couples, is that of real everyday life. The characters of too many married parties partake, more or less, of the qualities possessed by those we have now mentioned; but how strangely do apparent contrasts often meet in grotesque resemblances? Mrs Todd ruled her husband, and he knew it; but Mrs Waldie ruled her husband, and he was ignorant of it: while the one followed her occupation for her own and her husband's good, the other was bent (unconsciously, it may be) on her own and her husband's ruin.

These two couples were on the most intimate terms—the circumstance of the two husbands being office-bearers of the same corporation having increased an intimacy which had been of considerable duration. But there was little respect felt for her showy friends on the part of the wife of the minor official, who probably saw that their extravagance was fast driving them to ruin. This foresight was soon verified. The demands of Mrs Deacon Waldie were not limited

to her own wants and wishes—they were extended to those of her friends. Her father, trusting to the reputation of her husband's deaconship, had occasion for his security to the extent of £200; and she was fixed upon as the instrument to wring, by her usual artifice, out of her proud lord and master, not only his own name to the bond, but also that of some of his friends, to be procured through his means and intercession. She had, for a considerable time, been occupied zealously in endeavouring to accomplish her object—bringing into contrast her husband's proud domination, and her innocent and interesting weakness and timidity, and showing, as she hung round his neck, her helplessness and insignificance, at the very moment when she was exercising more power than ever was arrogated by the boxmaster's wife in all her female tyranny. She succeeded in her scheme, and Waldie consented—but only as a king grants the prayer of a petition—not only to give his own name to the bill, but to endeavour to get that of Mr Andrew Todd. Tears of thankfulness, and a full acknowledgment of his great power over her, was the reward offered and granted for this great condescension and unparalleled favour. But it was more easy for Mrs Waldie to ask, and give thanks and tears, and for her husband to vouchsafe his own name as cautioner, than for him to get out of the clutches of Mrs Jean Todd the consent of her husband. The deacon knew how his brother-official was ruled by his wife, and lustily despised the white-livered caitiff for his pusillanimity.

"I canna promise, Mrs Deacon Waldie," said he to his wife, according to the fashion of address that suited his dignity—"I canna promise to get the boxmaster to gie his name to yer faither's bond. He's sae completely, puir cratur! under the power and direction o' a woman, that he daurna tak sae muckle liberty wi' his ain. The woman brocht him naething when he married her, but the iron rod

o' authority by which she rules him; and yet, strange to say, he seems to like her the better for a' the stern dominion she exercises owre him."

"That's a fault, I'm sure, ye canna charge me wi'," replied his wife.

"No, Margaret," said the deacon; "you dare not presume to dictate to me; and, to do you justice, you never attempted it; but I began ye fair. I showed you at first the proper conduct o' a husband towards his wife—firm but kind; and the duty o' a wife towards a husband—obedient and loving; and it was weel that you had the sense to understand me, and the good-nature to comply wi' my wishes; for, if I had seen the least glimpse o' an inclination to rule me or force me into yer measures, there wad sune hae been rebellion in the house o' Deacon Waldie. The consequences o' a wife's domination are weel exemplified in the case o' that contemptible man whase assistance we now require. He daurna assist a freend. His wife is cash-keeper, conscience-keeper, housekeeper, and, by and by, she may be box-keeper, to the entire disgrace o' oor trade, wha, though they live by women (for men never employ dyers), wouldna relish to acknowledge the authority o' a female boxmaster. When a man resigns himsel to the authority o' a wife, he is dune for a' guid to himsel as weel as his neebors."

"Ye canna, my dear Murdoch," said the soft wife, "look upon a tame husband, wha submits to the rule o' a wife, wi' mair contemp and ill favour than I do upon the virago wha presumes to reverse the order o' nature, and wrest the authority frae the lord o' the creation."

"You gie a fine turn to the sentiment, Margaret," replied the gratified deacon. "I am anxious (but it is my ain free will) to do yer faither this service; and I will try, for ance, if I canna fecht Mrs Jean Todd wi' her ain weapons. The boxmaster's no dead to shame; and surely, if there's ony power on earth whereby the blush can be brought to the

face o' man, it's the power o' being in a condition to tell him to that very face he is *henpecked*. The very word has a spur and a neb in't to rouse him to the vindication o' the rights o' man. I was aye afraid o't; and, God be thanked! I hae escaped even the very chance o' its application to me."

"You forgot, my love, that you hae also *me* to thank for that happiness," said the wife.

"No, it is mysél, it is mysel," cried the proud lord of his own household. "It lies in my native sense o' the rights o' our superior sex, and my firmness o' purpose in keepin the reins ticht upon ye. You hae only the merit o' no rebellin; but even your rebellion I would hae sune laid."

"I fancy, then," said Mrs Waldie, gently, "it will be your intention and pleasure to see the boxmaster immediately."

"No, Mrs Waldie," replied the deacon, a little touched; "not *immediately*, but by and by."

The deacon, however, did almost immediately wait upon the boxmaster, and got him to adjourn to a tavern in the Lawnmarket, at that time much frequented by the members of the incorporation. They had scarcely seated themselves when the superior official opened his subject.

"I am a frank man, Mr Todd," began he, "and I winna hesitate to tell ye at ance that I want a favour frae ye. Will ye join me in security for my father-in-law to the extent o' twa hunder pounds?"

The boxmaster paused, and thought of the stern chamberlain at home. He was inclined to assist his deacon, who was a person of great importance in his eyes, but he saw the danger which might result from his going out of his province, and acting upon what he conceived to be right. His pause was at once understood by the deacon, whose keenness to make a dash at the supposed obstacle to his suit arose from his contempt of his friend's pusillani-

mous conduct, and his desire to attain the object of his request.

"I can read your thoughts, Mr Todd," said he, as the boxmaster still paused, and seemed irresolute and confused. "You *wish* to serve, but you daurna. Mrs Todd winna let ye follow the counsel o' yer ain heart. This is a delicate subject; but I am your freend, and would wish to redeem ye frae the slavery o' a woman's (and otherwise, I grant, a guid and sensible woman's) domination in matters wherein she has nae legitimate authority."

He waited the effect of this speech, which was a kind of touchstone.

"I see nae delicacy in a subject," replied the boxmaster, "whar there's nae secresy. How does it come to be known that my wife is my counsellor and adviser?—Because I mak nae secret o' what I hae nae reason to be ashamed o'. I dinna ken how you feel, Mr Waldie, but I think it's the pleasantest thing on earth to be, as it were, compelled to alloo yersel to be taen care o', and defended, and nursed, and petted, and ruled, by a guid wife. In my opinion, to be loved by a wife is only the half o' oor right. Ony woman may love a man—it's a woman's *trade* to love; but when you see a dear cratur takin the pains and trouble o' governin a' yer actions—ay, and as it were, even yer very thoughts—lookin wi' a keen and carefu ee after yer maist minute affairs, regulatin yer conduct, keepin yer siller, directin yer financial, domestic, personal, private, and public operations; and, in short, *thinkin* for ye—how is it possible for a man to see sae muckle care taen wi' him and his concerns, without bein filled wi' gratitude and affection to her wha labours sae officiously for his guid?"

"Mr Andrew Todd," said the deacon, impatiently, "you are describin ane o' the maist pitifu and contemptible spirits that ever warmed the scaly body o' a reptile that has nae sting. What man wi' a spark o' independence in his breast

would think o' resignin his judgment into the hands o' a woman? They are guid craturs in their ain place, and baith interestin and usefu when they are occupied in conductin the affairs o' their houses, obeyin the commands o' their husbands, and ministerin to his slichtest wishes, as if every look were an act of parliament; but, to stoop to mak a woman a counsellor, to gie her a vote in the great council o' the noble thoughts o' man's divine mind! Unheard o' humiliation! Why, man, a woman is only the twenty-fourth part o' a man, seein we hae, as the doctors say, twenty-four ribs; and we hae the authority o' Scripture for sayin that, at the very best, she is only a help to man. She was, besides, the beginnin o' a' evil. And yet this fractional thing, this help, this unlucky author o' the waes o' mortals, ye dignify and raise up into the very place and power o' yer inheritance frae Adam; reversin the order o' nature, degradin our noble sex and makin laughinstocks o' a' married men."

"I'm no sure if there's muckle practical truth in a' this, deacon," said Andrew, smiling good-naturedly. "Suppose, for an instant, that, besides the satisfaction and pleasure I derive frae nestlin safely in the arms o' my wife's judgment, and courin aneath her protectin wing—whilk gies me, sometimes, a flap I like as weel as her kindest embrace—I hae discovered that her thoughts and reflections are a thousand times better than the boxmaster's—what say ye to that, deacon? I hae seen an oaken tree twenty-four times bigger than its parent, and yet a' it ever had to thank the auld stock for was an acorn. Sae, in place o' only bein a twenty-fourth part, as you say, o' man, I am satisfied I hae scarcely a twenty-fourth part o' my wife's mind; and will onybody tell me that a wise counsellor should be rejected, because she happens to be dressed in petticoats?"

"Yes, Mr Todd, I will tell you that," replied the deacon. "The private sodger has dootless often a mind superior to the general's; but he maun still keep the ranks. Mind is

naething in this affair—station is everything. Look at Mrs Margaret Waldie—a cleverer cratur doesna exist—that is, in her ain way; but did she ever dare to counsel me? Did she ever presume to sway or alter, in the slightest degree, the decrees o' my judgment? Na; she has owre muckle respect for the status and respectability o' her lord and maister. Rouse yersel, Andrew; tak example by me, man; act as your kind heart prompts in this freendly affair; and join me in the bond, whereby you'll incur nae danger."

"I am anxious to oblige ye, deacon," said Andrew; "but I scarcely think it wad be a gratefu part in me to repay a' Mrs Jean Todd's care o' me for twenty years, by actin, in this affair, upon my ain individual and responsible judgment. I micht anger her, and she micht withdraw frae me her countenance and protection: I micht as weel lose the licht o' the sun. Ye dinna understand me, deacon; ye are made to command—I to obey. Pressure brings out the power o' the spring; and a' my happiness in life is produced and brocht out by the weight o' the judgment and authority o' Mrs Jean Todd. Her very mind seems to hae passed into mine; and I feel, when I'm thinking her thoughts, a satisfaction I never feel when my ain are passin, like unbidden ghaists, through my mind. But surely I hae some excuse: is she no a noble cratur? How she maks a body shake wi' the sound o' her voice, and the solidity o' her thoughts! and how beautifully she softens doun the impression o' her authority, by restorin, wi' a half-severe, half-kind sort o' a smile, peculiar to hersel, the confidence she frightened awa by the mere force o' her superior intellect!"

"How beautifully, in short, Andrew," said the deacon, "are you *henpecked!* That is the very soul and marrow o' a' ye hae uttered."

"Ay; and I glory to be pecked by *such* a hen!" cried Andrew, with sparkling eyes, and a real and unsophisticated appearance of triumph.

The deacon, notwithstanding of his anxiety to get the bond signed, laughed outright at this tremendous sally of the boxmaster's enthusiasm of servitude; but it was a laugh of derision, and he forgot that he was himself daily losing more feathers, by a silent process of peculation going on under his wing, than were taken from Andrew by the conservative operation of his wife's billing and cooing.

"Then I suppose you will not refuse my request?" said the deacon, "seein you glory in the *henpeckin* it may produce. Seriously, will ye comply wi' my request?"

"Seriously, deacon, I am inclined to oblige ye," replied Andrew, "if I could get Mrs Jean to agree to it. I'll try her this very nicht. I can say nae mair."

The deacon could make no more of him. He went home, and reported the result of the negotiation to his wife, who despaired of success, but overpowered her husband with thanks for what he had done. She had a secret wish that he should do more—viz., call upon Mrs Jean Todd herself, and solicit her. The difficulty of accomplishing this was to herself apparent; but she was determined to carry her point in some way or another; so she straightway began to weep bitterly, crying that her father would be ruined; but never hinting any remedy for her distress. This paroxysm of affected grief produced its usual effect upon the proud husband; who, hard as a rock when attempted to be dictated to, was as weak as a child when attacked with tears, and an apparent helpless subjugation to his high will. He took the weeping wife in his arms, and asked her what more he could do to assist her father in this emergency.

"There's only ae way," said she, wiping her eyes; "there's just ae remedy for our case."

"What is it, my love?" said the deacon.

"I canna mention't," said the cunning wife. "It's against a' the high and proud feelins o' yer noble natur."

"But we are sometimes obliged to sacrifice our feelins," said the gratified deacon. "Speak, my dear Margaret; ye ken wha ye're speakin to. What is your remedy?"

"It's to ca' upon Mrs Jean Todd yersel," said she, holding away her head, while another burst of tears overtook her voluntarily.

The deacon started back in amazement. The request *was* against all the feelings of his nature. The proud stickler for marital rule was in an extraordinary position: first, his wife was governing him at that moment, unknown to himself; and, secondly, he was requested to sue, at the feet of a woman, for liberty to her husband to act as he chose.

"Margaret," said the deacon, "*you*, I am sure, dinna ask me to overturn, at ae blow, a' the principles o' my life, conversation, and conduct?"

"Na, Murdoch," said she, throwing her arms round his neck, and weeping again—"na, na; *I* dinna *ask* ye."

"But ye maybe wish it, my dear Peggy," replied he, whimpering. "Necessity is a great power: maybe ye feel *compelled* to wish it."

"Maybe I do," said the wife, with another burst.

"Weel, Peggy, dry up yer tears, my love," said the conquered lord; "I'll awa to Mrs Jean Todd."

And he was as good as his word. Away he went, to recognise that authority in a wife which he so heartily despised, and to which he was himself, at the very moment, bowing his head. He took the bill with him, with the view of taking advantage of a compliance upon the instant, as he feared the effects of a night's reconsideration. He found the couple in a curious position. They were sitting, one on each side of the fire. Mrs Jean Todd had on her spectacles; but her book was lying on the table. Mr Todd was apparently doing nothing; but he was thinking more deeply, and with more difficulty, than was his partner, who was

occupied doubtless in digesting what she had been reading. Mr Todd was, in truth, at that very moment in the very act of endeavouring to call up courage to tell his wife the import of the deacon's request, and to make some attempt at supporting his petition. A few words had passed previous to the entry of the deacon.

"I had a lang sederunt wi' our worthy deacon the day," said Andrew. "He's no an ill body, the deacon. I canna forget the trouble he took on my appointment to the honourable office o' boxmaster."

"It was *I* that made ye boxmaster, Andrew," said Mrs Jean Todd. "I commanded the suffrages o' the hail corporation. Deacon Waldie couldna hae opposed me. I was at the blind side o' the electors, through their wives; and what man could hae dared to compete wi' the electors' wives, when they were determined to vote for me? The deacon professes to laugh at *our* authority. Puir man! he forgets, or doesna see, that there's no a man in the hail corporation wha is mair ruled, and mair dangerously ruled, by his wife than he is! She'll ruin him; and that ye'll sune see. Nae tradesman could stand her extravagance; and, I understand, she cunningly contrives to get him to assist *her* friends, and to despise and disregard his ain. How different is my conduct! Your friends, Andrew, I hae assisted; and the only thing I ever left to your unassisted judgment was the benefiting o' mine."

This sensible speech had, as the sun does the fire, extinguished Andrew's mental cogitations, and put out his courage. A silence had reigned for several minutes, when Mr Deacon Waldie entered. Drawing in a chair, he commenced—

"The boxmaster would doubtless be tellin ye, madam," said he, "that I wanted a sma' favour aff him. My wife's father requires a bill for intromissions the noo to the extent o' twa hunder pounds, and the employers insist upon twa

securities. They micht hae been content wi' mysel; but, seein they hae refused my single name, I hae asked Andrew to gie his, as a mere matter o' form, alang wi' my ain. I dinna doot" (looking into Mrs Jean Todd's face, and attempting to laugh) "that ye may hae *some* influence wi' the boxmaster. He's quite *against* it" (looking at Andrew, and winking—a device observed by the quick-eyed dame), "though there's nae danger; and I hae, therefore, come at ance to the fountain-head o' a' authority. Just say to the boxmaster that he ought sae far to oblige a freend, and the bill, which I hae here in my hand, will be signed in an instant."

This speech was understood in a moment by Mrs Jean Todd. The manner of her husband previous to the entry of the deacon—the deacon's visit so soon after the meeting, his speech, his wink, and all together—satisfied her that her husband was inclined to sign the bill, and that they had laid their heads together to accomplish their object by the manœuvre to which they had thus resorted. Her pride and honesty made her despise these underhand and crooked schemes; but her prudence prevented her from showing either her penetration or her feelings. There was one thing, however, which she was determined not to countenance. She knew that Deacon Waldie despised, and, indeed, openly, and at all times, and often in her own presence, denounced the husband who allowed himself to be dictated to by his wife; and now he was in the very act of proving that her husband was worthy of that denouncement, and that she herself was the individual who, by exercising authority over her husband, had degraded him, and rendered him the subject of the deacon's scorn. This hurt her beyond bearing; but she was determined that she should not recognise this imputed authority. At the same time, she could not allow her husband to be ruined; and the question was, how she should act in these trying circumstances? Her quick mind

was soon at work. For some time she contrived to prevent an awkward silence from sitting down upon them and producing embarrassment; and this she accomplished by putting a few insignificant questions to the deacon regarding his father-in-law, while she was deliberating with herself what she was to do, and how she was to escape from the dilemma in which she was situated.

In the first place, she caught her husband's eye, through which the charm of her authority could generally be very easily sent. She endeavoured to retain his glance, and to show that she was decidedly opposed to this scheme, and saw through all its bearings. Without altogether losing this hold of Andrew, she directed a prudent and cautious speech to the ears of the deacon.

"I winna affect, Mr Deacon Waldie," said she, "notwithstanding I hae often heard yer sentiments on the subject o' the authority o' wives—I winna affect either to be ignorant o' my husband's affairs, or to be careless o' what concerns baith him and me. I will say further, that I dinna hesitate to gie him a guid advice when I think he requires it; for out o' many counsellors comes wisdom; and, as Solomon says, 'every purpose is established by counsel.' Though 'a good wife,' says the same wise man, 'layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands holdeth the distaff,' her business doesna finish there; for he adds, that 'the heart o' her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no fear o' spoil.' But there's a limit to a wife's interference. You say my husband has already declared his opinion" (looking at Andrew)—"why then should I be asked to overturn the resolution o' his ain mind and judgment? If my advice had been asked in time, it would hae been given; but I canna think o' endeavourin to overrule my master, when ance his mind is made up and his resolution fixed."

She rose as she finished this judicious speech, and left the room, kindly bidding the deacon good-night. Both the men

were surprised. The deacon was chagrined. The boxmaster was left in great doubt and perplexity. Both had great cause; for the first was caught in his own snare, and the latter had had thrown upon him a superabundance of power and authority in forming his own judgments that he never got awarded to him before. The deacon was determined not to lose his ground. *The dame had left the matter in the hands of the boxmaster.* That was a great point gained; and he set about to convince Andrew that he was left at liberty to do as he chose. But the worthy boxmaster had very great doubts and scruples upon the subject, and wished to follow Mrs Jean, to consult her in private. To this again the deacon could not give his consent; but continued to pour into the ears of the irresolute boxmaster all the arguments he could muster, to satisfy him that the construction he had put upon Mrs Jean Todd's speech was favourable to the exercise of his liberty, at least in this case. The position was scarcely denied by Andrew; but he could not get out of his mind the expression of his wife's eye. He had read in it a denial and a reproof. At the same time, he could not reconcile it with her speech, which was entirely different from anything of the kind he had ever witnessed. Her opinions were always ready and decided; and he never saw her shrink from declaring a difference of sentiment, when she entertained an opinion different from his. Why, then, did she in this instance depart from her ordinary course? The question was difficult to answer. It seemed that she *did actually* in a manner leave it to himself. The deacon seemed to be right in his construction; and his arguments were almost unanswerable.

"If," said he, "Mrs Jean Todd had been hostile to this measure, would she not have declared it *manfully*, as is her uniform practice in similar cases?"

The boxmaster could not answer the question satisfactorily; and the deacon, continuing his arguments, persuasions,

promises, and flatteries, at last got the victim to put his name to the bill. Upon the instant the door opened, and Mrs Jean Todd appeared before them. She went forward to the table, and laid her hand upon the document.

"Is that your signature, sir?" said she, looking calmly at her husband.

"Ou ay—I believe, yes—I did put my name to that paper," replied Andrew, in great agitation; "but I thocht ye left me to do as I chose when ye gaed oot. If ye didna want me to sign it, ye shouldna hae left the room."

"A bill is no a bindin document," continued she, without seeming to attend to what the boxmaster said, "until it be delivered. It's no delivered sae lang as it is in my hands; and never will be delivered by me sae lang as I recollect the words o' the wise man o' the east, wha said—'If thou be surety for thy friend, thou art snared with the words o' thy mouth.' Yet this paper is no my property. The stamp is yours, though my husband's name is still his." Turning to the boxmaster, who was shaking and retaining his breath with pure fear—"Do you stand by this, sir," said she, in a commanding voice, which increased his fear, "or do ye repent o't?"

"I repent o't," replied Andrew, with dry lips, and a gurgling of the throat, as if he had been on the eve of choking.

"Then, I fancy," continued Mrs Jean Todd, "ye would like yer name back again?"

"Ou ay—surely," replied Andrew.

"Well, then," said she, as she with the greatest coolness took up her scissors that hung by her side, and with affected precision cut away his name; "there it is"—handing it to him. And turning to the deacon—"The rest is yours, sir—I hae nae richt to meddle wi' your name—there's yer paper"—returning to him the mutilated bill.

At this operation the deacon stared with a stupified look of wonder and contempt. He had never before seen so cool an example of female rule and marital weakness; and his

pride, his selfishness, and his spite were all roused and interested by the extraordinary sight. He was too much affected for indulging in a vulgar expression of feelings which could not adequately be expressed by mere language. Taking up his hat, and casting upon the boxmaster a look of sovereign contempt, and upon Mrs Jean Todd one of anger, he bowed as low as a deacon ought to do, and left the room. The circumstance produced no very unpleasant consequences to either the boxmaster or his wife. She, no doubt, reproved him for his stupidity; but the point of her wrath was turned away by the repentance and soft words of her husband, who promised never to do the like again. He had, besides, some defence, arising out of her dubious conduct, which, though quite easily understood, he could not well comprehend. The naïvete of his statement, that "she shouldna hae left him unprótected," was quite enough to have mollified a much sterner woman than Mrs Jean Todd, and during that same night they were a far happier couple than Deacon Waldie and his fair spouse.

When the deacon went home, and reported the extraordinary proceeding to his obedient wife, the grief it occasioned was in some degree overcome, on the part of the husband, by the favourable contrast it enabled him to form between the boxmaster and his wife, and him and his obedient spouse. Mrs Waldie did all in her power to aid the operation; but she did not forget the bill, which her father was pressing hard to procure.

"Surely every man's no under the rule o' his wife," said she, with the view to leading to another cautioner.

"No, God be thanked!" said the deacon, "there are some independent men i' the world besides mysel. Every husband's no *henpecked*. Every man that has a wife doesna 'glory' in being 'pecked by *such* a hen.'"

"There's William M'Gillavry," said the sly wife, in a soft and unassuming tone; "*he* is independent o' his wife."

"Do ye mean, Peggy, that I should get him to sign the bill?"

"Na," replied she, "I dinna say that; I merely meant that he was an independent man like you, wha, if *ye asked* him to do it, wouldna refuse on such a ground as the want o' consent o' his wife. Oh, what will my puir faither do? I canna live if he is in sorrow and perplexity." (Weeping.) "I saw William M'Gillavry yesterday. He asked kindly for ye. Ye haena visited him for a lang time. Twa husbands sae like each other might meet oftener, and twa wives, wha agree in the ae grand point o' submittin to the authority o' their lords and masters, might, wi' advantage, be greater gossips than we hae been."

"Might I try William, think ye, Margaret?" said he.

"My puir advice canna be o' muckle avail to ye," said she; "ye ken best yersel; but I think, *if* he were asked, he wadna refuse the sma' favour."

"I see you wish me to try him, Peggy" said he; "and I *will* try him."

Away hastened the deacon to William M'Gillavry. He found him at home; and, as a deacon, was well received. Having opened the subject to him, he found that M'Gillavry was not inclined to become cautioner, unless he got put into his hands some security, that, in the event of his being called upon to pay the money, he might, in the end, be safe. This proposition was not expected by the deacon, who did not possess any portable security that he could give. He endeavoured to get his friend to be satisfied with his own obligation, to keep him scatheless against all the effects of his obligation; but the other would not agree to this, and, pretending to be called away by some one, left the room for a little, promising to be back instantly. In the meantime, the deacon heard a conflict of words in an adjoining apartment, in the course of which several half-sentences met his ear. The wordy war was between William

M'Gillavry and his wife. Her notes were shrill and high, and repeatedly she said—"Get my brither John's bill frae him"—"that will do"—"he, puir fallow! canna pay't, at ony rate, and I want to save him frae the hands o' the law." The deacon did not understand this broken conversation; but he could easily perceive that his friend was taking the advice of his wife. The words of old Fleming's ballad of evil wives came into his mind:—

"An evil wyfe is the werst aught
That ony man can haif,
For he may never sit in saught
Onless he be her sklaif."

As he muttered the last words, forgetful of his own case, his friend entered.

"My wife's brither," said he, "has a bill in your corporation's box for £250. You can impledge that in my hands, and I'll sign yer father-in-law's security."

"The corporation's property's no mine," answered the deacon; "I hae, besides, nae power owre't; the bill's i' the box, and Mr Andrew Todd has the key."

"I ken that," replied the other (who was a dishonest man), with a knowing wink; "but ye can easily get haud o' the paper, and I'll gie ye a back letter that I winna use't unless I'm obliged to pay yer father-in-law's debt. Nacbody will ever hear o't."

The proposition did not altogether please the deacon, who, though very far from being an upright man, did not care about his frailty being known to another. He said he would think of what had passed between them, and came away. His wife, when he came home, was waiting in the greatest anxiety. Her father had called in the meantime, and told her, that, if he did not get the bill immediately, with two good names upon it, he would be put in jail. This alarmed his daughter, who, if she could save her father, cared little for the ruin of her husband. She heard with

deep anguish the announcement of another disappointment. Having been weeping before he came in, her eyes were red and swollen, and the bad intelligence again struck the fountain of her tears, and made her weep and moan bitterly. The deacon was moved at the picture of distress. He had not told her William M'Gillavry's proposition, but only simply that he had refused, unless adequate security were put into his hands. His wife's grief wrung from him every satisfaction he could bestow; for he could not stand and witness the sorrow of his tender and obedient partner, while there remained any chance of ameliorating her anguish.

"There is ae way, Peggy, o' gettin this affair managed," said he, at last.

"What is that?" said she, looking up, and throwing back her curls, which, amidst all her grief, were never forgot.

"William M'Gillavry's wife's brother," said he, "is awin our corporation £250; and his bill for that sum is in our corporation box. He says he would sign the bill to your father, if I gave him his brother-in-law's bill to hauld in security; but I'm no quite sure if that wad be honest."

"Thae things lie far out o' a weak woman's way," said she. "We haena the power o' mind possessed by you men; but, if I were entitled to speak a word on the subject, I would say there was nae dishonesty whar there was nae wrang. Ye ken the signin o' my faither's bill's a mere form; and, if William M'Gillavry's brither-in-law's bill were taen out the box, it would just be put back again. Correct me, my dear Murdoch, if ye think me wrang."

"I dinna think ye're far wrang, Peggy," said the deacon; "but how is William M'Gillavry's brither-in-law's bill to be got out o' our corporation box? There's the difficulty—and I needna ask a woman how that's to be got owre."

"Na, Murdoch—ye needna ask me that question," replied the wife. "It's far beyond the reach o' my puir brain; but, if it's in the power o' ony mortal man to say how a difficulty

o' that kind's to be mastered, it is in that o' Murdoch Waldie. Maybe ye may gie't a cast through yer powerfu mind. Oh! if ye saw my distractit faither! He left me just as you cam in, wi' the tears o' sorrow rinnin doun his auld cheeks. Will ye think o't, my dear Murdoch?" (embracing him) "What's weel intended canna be wrang; and what's planned by a mind like yours canna fail."

"I couldna get the key frae Andrew Todd," said the gratified deacon, "unless I told him an untruth."

"A lee for guid has been justified," said the wife. "Rahab was approved for hiding the spies, and denyin their presence; but I couldna ask ye to imitate Rahab. I hae nae richt to dictate to my husband."

"But wouldna ye *wish* me, my dear Peggy, to stretch a point to get yer faither's tears dried up, and yer ain stopped? Dinna hesitate, Peggy—speak yer mind bauldly—I'll forgie ye."

"Ou ay," whimpered the gentle dame. "If Rahab was justified, sae will Murdoch Waldie be forgiven."

"Weel—I'll try the boxmaster again," said the deacon.

Next day, accordingly, he threw himself in the way of Mr Andrew Todd. The boxmaster had been in the corporation hall, and was returning home to deposit the key of the box in the place where he kept it. The deacon got him inveigled into a public-house, where, when they had seated themselves, he saw that Mr Todd was blushing scarlet, doubtless at the recollection of the scene that had taken place the day before.

"Ye needna be ashamed, Andrew," said the deacon, "at the conduct of Mrs Jean Todd. *Ye* werena to blame—I assoilzie ye. Think nae mair o't. You can just sign a fresh bill. I'll buy the stamp round the corner at Dickson's, and we can draw it out here."

"I beg yer pardon," replied Andrew; "I maunna get into that scrape again. I'll never resist the authority o' Mrs

Jean Todd mair on earth. To her I owe my boxmastership —my trade—my status—my health—my happiness—and a' that's worth livin for in this evil warld; and she will never hae it to say again, that I'm no gratefu for the care she taks o' me, and the love she bears to me. Let the warld say, if they like, that I am henpecked—I dinna care."

"Weel, weel," replied the deacon; "we were speakin o' bills. Are ye quite sure that ye haena allowed the days o' grace in Templeton's bill to expire? There's indorsers there; and if it is as I suspect, ye've lost recourse, and may be liable for the debt."

"Mercy on us!" cried the terrified Andrew. "It's impossible. Dinna say't. Let me count." (Using his fingers). "Count, deacon—count, man."

"I think we had better see the bill itsel," cried the deacon. "Where's the key?"

"Here it is," replied the simple boxmaster, taking it out.

"Give it to me," said the deacon, taking it out of Andrew's hand; "we'll sune see if the bill's past due."

Waldie hurried out of the room, telling Andrew, as he went out, that he would come back, and inform him how the fact stood. The mind of the boxmaster was now too much occupied about the danger of having allowed the days of grace to pass without intimation to the indorsers on the bill, to have any space left for doubting the honesty of the deacon. The suspicion of having been cajoled never approached him; he sat and sipped the liquor that lay before him, occupied all the time in a brown study, with the thought continually rising—"What will Mrs Jean Todd say to my stupidity, in making myself responsible for the amount of Templeton's bill? It will ruin me; and a' her care and prudence will in an instant be scattered to the winds." He still sat, expecting the deacon to return with the required information. Half-an-hour passed, and no deacon came; but a messenger came with a note, stating

that all was quite safe, and that, as something had occurred to prevent the writer from returning to the tavern, he had sent that intelligence, to ease his mind, and that he would return the key in the course of the day. Andrew's mind was relieved by this statement; he paid the tavern-keeper for the liquor, and went away, to resume his ordinary occupations.

At dinner-time he went home; and, during the meal, he began talking again about Deacon Waldie.

"After a'," said he, "he is a guid cratur, the deacon. After the usage he got here last nicht, wha could hae thocht he wad hae taen ony interest in my affairs?"

"Ye dinna require an assistant," replied Mrs Jean Todd, "sae lang as I live."

"That's true," replied Andrew; "but the deacon has dune for me what ye couldna hae dune."

"What is that?" inquired the wife.

"He apprised me o' the danger I stood in," replied the boxmaster, "anent Templeton's bill, that's in the corporation box. I had forgotten the date o' its becomin due, and he brocht it to my mind. A's safe yet."

The very word "bill" made Mrs Todd prick up her ears.

"I hae lang thocht," replied she, "that yer corporation papers, at least yer bills, which require greater care than the rest, should be placed here, under my protection. The circumstance that has occurred this day proves that I am richt. Let us awa to the hall this instant, and bring hame a' the papers that are valuable, and for which you may be responsible. Is the key on the hook?"

"No; but I'm on the hook," muttered Andrew to himself, as he began for the first time to suspect he had been duped

"No," said he aloud.

"Give it to me, then," said she. "It will be in yer pocket, dootless."

Andrew began to exhibit symptoms of fear, which were

in an instant perceived and understood by the quick-eyed dame, who was accustomed to *look* for indications of that kind. She saw that something was wrong. He remained silent, and his agitation increased as she fixed upon him her piercing, relentless eye.

"Give me the key, man," said she, in an angry tone.

He still remained silent; his agitation increased, and he trembled in every limb.

"There's something wrang, Andrew," said she. "Tell me what it is. I'm no angry. By tryin to conceal it, ye may ruin us baith; by tellin me, we may hae a chance o' bein saved. Come, now, has Deacon Waldie the key?"

"Ay," said Andrew, in a low tone. "He asked me for't, to see if the bill was past due, and said he would come back wi't; but he never made his appearance."

The good dame said not a word. She saw the necessity for promptitude, and, running to her bedroom, hurriedly dressed herself. In a few minutes she was on her way to the corporation hall. In a few minutes more she arrived; and, having got admittance, placed herself in a recess, where the incorporation box was deposited, and so disposed herself as that she might see whether any person interfered with the treasury. In a short time Deacon Waldie entered the hall, and, with secret furtive steps, approached the box. He looked about him, but did not perceive the dame, who, as she saw him approach, retired back farther into the recess. He took out the key, and applied it to the lock. It was now time for Mrs Todd to save her husband. Starting quickly out of the recess, she walked solemnly and dignifiedly up to the official, before whom she presented herself with a low curtsey.

"How are you, Mr Deacon Waldie?" said she, repeating her curtsey, and looking at him with an eye that pierced him to the heart.

The deacon, who was a great stickler for etiquette, felt

himself, as he saw the dame curtseying before him, compelled to return the compliment; but the consciousness of guilt, the cutting satire of the dame's courteous demeanour, the surprise at seeing her there, and his fear of being exposed, all operated so strongly, that his bow was checked, and transformed into a low cringe, making him appear only half his natural size; while the consciousness of rectitude, and the superiority of virtue, swelled out the breast of his silent accuser, and added apparently to her physical proportions. Recovering himself in some degree—

"I was just about to examine our corporation papers," said he, irresolutely. "I like to assist Mr Todd in his *official* capacity, while *you* keep him right in his *private* affairs."

"Between the twa," replied the dame, without changing her countenance, "he maun be weel taen care o'."

As she said this, she quietly and deliberately took the key out of the lock; and into a large red cloth pocket, which hung alongside of a pair of scissors, with which the deacon was already well acquainted (having tested their sharpness), she deposited the important instrument. She then made another low curtsey.

"Guid-day to ye, Mr Deacon Waldie!" she said, as she departed; "mak my best respects to Mrs Deacon Waldie, and to her worthy father."

The deacon stood stiff with amazement, looking after the erect, dignified figure of Mrs Jean Todd, as she walked slowly along the hall of the incorporation to the door.

He skulked off in the best way he could; but she, with erect body and noble carriage, directed her steps homeward, where she found her husband in a state of intense fear and anxiety, both on account of the danger he was exposed to, and of the meeting that was about to take place with his wife. On the latter account, there might apparently have been little reason for apprehension; for their meetings were very unlike those mentioned in the old song—

"Then up scho gate ane mekle rung,
And the gudeman he made to the door;
Quoth he, 'Dame, I sall hald my tung,
For an we fecht, I'll get the woir.'"

Her mode of conducting her rule was different *toto cælo*. She walked into the house with the same erect carriage she usually exhibited, especially when upon duty, and closing the door after her, without using any such jealous precaution as turning the key in the lock—a mode of enforcing the conjugal authority she despised—she went up to the table where her husband sat, with his hand upon his brow. That flag of distress she paid little attention to; for she had often before seen Andrew endeavour to make her own pity plead the cause of his imprudence.

"Here is the key of the treasury-box, Mr Todd," said she.

Andrew was greatly relieved; but wonder took the place of his fear, for he could not conceive how his wife could so soon have got the key out of the hands of the deacon—and yet for certain the key was before his eyes.

"See you that ring?" continued the dame, holding out a steel key-hoop, on which were hung a score of keys, shining as bright as silver, from the eternal motion to which they were exposed in the red pocket of their mistress.

"Ay, weel do I see it," replied Andrew, "and weel do I ken't. It is by that magic ring that a' my guids and gear are girded and prevented frae fa'in into the staves o' that bankruptcy and ruin I threatened this day to bring upon them."

The dame replied nothing to the remark of her husband, though she was inwardly well pleased to see him penitent; but, opening the spring-clasp, she deliberately placed the treasury-box key upon the ring, along with the score of others that had hung there for a score of years. She did not deign to accompany this act by a single word of objur-

gation. Her faith rested altogether upon the ring, and to have tried to add to the security it afforded her, by impressing her husband with a deeper sense of his imprudence, appeared to her to be sheer supererogation. Opening the entrance to her red "pouch," she consigned, with a suitable admonitory jingle, the whole bunch to the keeping of that huge conservatory of the virtues of "hussyskep." She then resumed her ordinary duties, and Andrew was delighted to have "got off," as he inwardly termed his relief, with so easily-borne a reproof of his weakness and imprudence.

The circumstances we have here narrated became, some time after, known to the public, through what channel it would be difficult to say, although it is not improbable that the boxmaster, vain of the protecting care of his wife, had given some hint of it, which, having been taken advantage of by Deacon Waldie's enemies, gave rise to reports, and latterly to a true exposition of the whole affair. The effect of such a transaction upon the credit of any man could not fail to be ruinous. In a very short time Deacon Waldie became suspected and shunned—no one would trust him, few would deal with him; and, before the termination of the period of his deaconship, he failed—falling thus a victim to that female domination he so much dreaded, and for submitting to which he so much despised his friend the boxmaster.

The fate of Mr Todd was signally different. At the end of the period of his office, there was a special meeting called of the trade, for the purpose of making a vote of thanks to their official, for saving the incorporation-box from spoliation, and presenting him with a small piece of plate, in commemoration of his services. This was a delicate matter. The members knew well to whom they owed the obligation; but they could not, in a public hall, declare that their boxmaster was assisted in his official capacity by his wife,

and, therefore, they resolved upon taking no notice of the *real boxmaster;* who, however, like all good wives, would be gratified by the notice that was taken of her husband. The vote of thanks was accordingly moved by the chairman, and supported by a very good speech. Mr Todd rose to reply:—

"Gentlemen," he said, "ye maunna think that I am sae blind as no to see what is yer 'true meanin, concealed though it be under this thick veil o' courtesy and delicate regard to my feelins. Ye want to try to conceal frae me that ye ken how muckle baith you and I are obliged to a sensible and discreet woman; and ye hae twa reasons for this: *first*, ye dinna like to acknowledge that ye are indebted to a woman for savin frae the hands o' the spoiler the incorporation-box; and, *secondly*, ye dinna like to say that yer boxmaster is under the kindly care and protection o' his guidwife. Now, as to the first, I leave it in yer ain hands; but as to the second, I will free ye frae a' delicacy and difficulty, for I here acknowledge and declare, wi' pride and pleasure, that Mrs Jean Todd is my counsellor and adviser in a' my affairs, baith public and private; and mony a time she has kept me frae that ruin whilk my ain wit and wisdom never could hae saved me frae. I dinna need to say that it was that admirable woman wha saved the incorporation-box: the thing is already owre the town, and dootless kenned to ye a', and, I warrant ye, also to yer wives. Why, then, should I accept o' honour I never wrocht for, and couldna hae merited by a' the power and skill o' my puir abilities? 'The labourer is worthy o' his hire.' 'Honour to him to whom honour is due.' I therefore move that the thanks ye intended for me should be offered to Mrs Jean Todd—to whom also, wi' your permission, I would suggest that the piece o' silver-plate should be presented."

This speech produced much laughter throughout the hall.

Some humorous member relished the idea, and, standing up, seconded the boxmaster's motion.

"A' our difficulty has vanished," he began; "and glad am I to see that the honour we intended for the *real* conservator o' our corporation-box may be, through the noble spirit o' our *nominal* boxmaster, communicated without the intervention o' a deputy. I second Mr Todd's motion, because I admire his spirit, and because I rejoice in an opportunity of doing justice to thae great conservators o' our sex—the strong-minded, gaucy, thrifty, and loving wives o' Scotland, to whom our very nation (if it were kenned) awes the character it has acquired owre the face o' the earth, for its prudence, its honesty, and its trustworthiness. Weel do I ken that the dear craturs hae suffered for their exertions in the cause o' our sex, and their authority has been attempted to be put an end to by drunken caitiffs, wha, wantin the nobility o' mind to admire and *serve* wham they canna equal, blaw up their pot-companions against petticoat authority, by dubbin them *henpecked*, forgettin, the wretched craturs, that that very hen supplies often the egg, at least clocks to preserve it for future increase. The very men the dear craturs feed, and clothe, and protect, and cherish, sing in the pot-houses that they want their liberty—

> 'Becaus their wifis hes maistery,
> That they dar nawayis cheip;
> Bot gif it be in privity,
> Quhan thair wifis are in sleip.'

And, while the sang is birrin through the fumes o' the ale, thae very wives are busy toilin to hae the singers weel fed, cled, and cared for, in a' their concerns. What a noble example, on the other side o' the question, has Mr Todd this day exhibited! Wives are generally honoured through their husbands. He shall be honoured through his wife. What I hae said, I believe will meet wi' the approbation

o' this meetin; but I'm no sae sure o' the success o' what comes—because I propose to tak a sma' liberty wi' the English language, and, by a kind o' a trope or figure o' speech, to keep the name, while we boldly change the thing. I'm weel aware that our minutes bear that *Mr* Todd is our boxmaster; but we ken better than that, and we, whase trade it is to change colours, can hae nae difficulty in reconcilin the tints. I therefore move, as an amendment, that the piece o' plate be presented at once to Mrs Jean Todd, *our boxmaster*."

The suggestion took; the humour was relished; the minutes were altered; the name of Mrs Jean Todd was substituted for Mr Andrew Todd; and the books of the incorporation bore, and bear to this day, that the plate had been presented to Mrs Jean Todd, "*their boxmaster*," as a memorial of the gratitude of the trade for her exertions in saving the incorporation's treasury.

THE PROFESSOR'S TALES.

THE SOCIAL MAN.

As we look upon the title of our tale, now that we have written it, we cannot suppress a shudder of horror. Like the handwriting on the wall, it seems typical of misery, revolution, and death. Revolution and death, do we say? What revolution, in the common sense of the word—we mean in a political one—was ever productive of such deplorable effects, as that moral revolution to which the bottle bears the social man?—what death, viewed merely as a physical evil, can be compared to that moral and intellectual destruction to which the good fellow so often subjects himself? It is no palliation of the evil to say that the social man is led by the best qualities of his heart, by the noblest faculties of his intellect, into the path which leads to utter wretchedness—to remorse, disease, and premature death in this world; and, if the combined testimony of reason and revelation be sufficient to establish any fact—to punishment in the next. Our faculties are good or bad only according as they are cultivated or controlled; and we cannot see that the unregulated social feelings which lead a man to plunge into dissipation, and to drag his friends along with him into the gulf of vice, are a whit less dangerous or fearful than the universally execrated disposition which impels him to plunge a dagger into his own heart, or to bury it in the bosom of his fellow-creature. On the contrary, they seem calculated to produce even greater mischief, and, therefore, are more worthy of general deprecation, in the same degree that a secret enemy is more deserving of universal abhorrence than an avowed one: the one stands forth with an

open defiance, and a weapon drawn before the eyes of his victim, who may save himself by flight or conflict—the other "smiles, and smiles, and murders while he smiles."

How many noble beings have we known, destroyed utterly by the disposition to what is vulgarly called good-fellowship!—in how many instances have we known splendid talents, high love of moral rectitude, nay, even strong religious principles, strangled by the social feelings! At first, doubtless, there was but a slight dereliction of duty, mourned for sincerely, and punished by severe remorse; but, gradually, and with insidious motion, the victim revolved in a wider sphere, and more remote from the orbit of virtue, until, at length, escaping entirely from the attraction which had held him in the just path, he fell, with headlong and irresistible velocity, into the shapeless void of vice—the dark chaos of crime.

Our heart sickens as we pass in review before us the numbers of our early friends who have run this terrific career, who now fill timeless graves, or are yet in the land of existence, bearing about in their bosoms a living hell—whose hearts are already sepulchres. And, but that we thought the relation we are about to deliver may be of service to some who, already standing on the brink, are not fully aware of their danger—but that we conceived the tale of talent, generosity, and worth, miserably destroyed by the unregulated social feelings, may arrest some kindred spirit in its path to unanticipated misery—we should yield to the impulse which urges us to fling down our pen, and give ourselves up to sorrow for the departed.

William Riddell was the only son of a shepherd, who dwelt upon the moorlands that overhang one of the tributaries of the Tweed. The old man was one of those characters which have been so often and so well described—a stern, grave, intelligent, religious Scottish shepherd. The broad Lowland bonnet did not cover a shrewder head than

old David Riddell's; nor did the hodden grey coat, throughout wide Scotland, wrap a warmer or more honest heart.

His honesty was manifest to all—the warmth of his feelings was latent, and required to be struck by strong emotion, ere it was developed externally. The solitary influences of nature, when habitually contemplated in her more wild and solemn aspects, seem calculated to mould minds of good natural capabilities, but which are shut out from the social acquisition of knowledge, into forms like that of David Riddell's. If they all, like the nature which has breathed its spirit into them, seem somewhat rugged and stern, they all, like her also, bear the sterling stamp of sincerity. The elements, which "are not flatterers, but counsellors that feelingly persuade him what he is," are his familiar companions—among the remote valleys, and along the precipitous mountain-sides, and upon the wide moorlands, their irresistible power leads him to look with awe up to their Creator and Controller, and humility also is impressed upon him; but with these a confident reliance on the mercy and benevolence of the Being who regulates them is naturally produced: and thus it is, that, with this awe and humility, a slavish fear is no portion of his character; for he has been in the heart of a thousand mists, and has yet returned safely to his cottage ingle—he has braved the storms of many winters, and still looks, with a prophetic eye, upon the fresh green of approaching springs, and the purple heath-blooms of coming summers. In a mind thus constituted, duplicity can never dwell. There are millions who, shut up in cities, and shrinking from the inclemency of the seasons, look on the shepherd of the mountains as one worthy only of commiseration—who paint him as a wretch whose soul is as barren as his moorlands, and think of him as a slave, wandering, with vacant mind and wearied frame, over gloomy solitudes, earning with misery to-day the food which enables his body to bear the toil of to-morrow.

How wide is this of the truth!—The sweet and tranquil joys of home are his, enhanced a thousand-fold by previous privation—the delights of connubial and filial love are more keenly felt by him, in the simplicity of nature, than by the luxurious citizen or the ermined noble; and though he has never heard the chant of the cathedral choir, or listened to the consecrated melody of an organ peal, the sublime transports of religion have thrilled his bosom beneath the solitary sky, amid the wild, or by the margin of the cataract that rolls its unvisited torrent over nameless cliffs. It is a mistaken belief that poverty and toil shut the shepherd's eyes from the loveliness of nature—nor is it true, that, because he is rude in speech, and possessed of little book-learning, he does not feel keenly, and translate faithfully, the beautiful language which she utters to the heart of man. Wordsworth has so exquisitely described what we are wishing to express, that we shall, without apology for the length of the quotation, repeat his words:—

"Grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Are things indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts:
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he has breathed
The common air—the hills, which he so oft
Has climb'd with vigorous steps—which have impress'd
So many incidents upon his mind,
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear,
Which, like a book, preserves the memory
Of the dumb animals whom he has saved,
Has fed or shelter'd; linking to such acts,
So grateful in themselves, the certainty
Of honourable gain;—these fields, these hills,
Which are his living being, even more
Than his own blood—what could they less?—have laid
Strong hold on his affections, are to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love—
The pleasure which there is in life itself."

It was with this well-spring of quiet happiness in his

breast, that David Riddell had gone from day to day among his flock, and returned to his cottage hearside. His wife Rachel was one of those women of whom, notwithstanding the habitual discontent and sneers of men, there are thousands in this world, in this kingdom—nay, among our own Border hills—who, like the stars of heaven during the daylight, hold on their course noiselessly and unseen, but are, nevertheless, shining with a sweet and steady radiance, every one in its place, in the firmament. Placid, pious, and cheerful, with a quiet but kind heart, that ever and anon displayed its workings in the sweet light of her eyes, or in the "heartsome" smile that arranged her still lovely features into the symmetry of benevolence; in adversity—for she had lost children, and had known sickness—in adversity, patient and resigned; in prosperity—for their flocks had flourished, and many of their harvests had been abundant—in prosperity, not too much elated, but happy with a calm and grateful joy; finally, possessed of a gentle and forbearing nature, which rendered innocuous the occasional sternness or irritability of her husband, and turned insensibly aside the shafts which might have otherwise struck deadly at their domestic peace:—such was the partner of the joys and the sharer of the sorrows of David Riddell for above a quarter-of-a-century. Thus situated, it could not be but that he had been a happy man. For, though care and trouble had not unfrequently entered his dwelling, they had never long remained; nor do they ever continue to haunt a house in which good-nature and true piety are inmates. Four sweet children had been taken from them, each at an age which seemed more interesting than the other, and sorrow had, for a time, darkened their dwelling; but the tears of those griefs were now dried, and, save an occasional sigh from the bereaved parents, as some casual circumstance recalled their lost little ones to their recollections, the only traces of their former afflictions were to be found in the

prodigality of affection which they lavished on their only remaining child. David Riddell was verging towards threescore, when William, the subject of the following narrative, was born. The old man's heart was entirely bound up in this child of his age. Frequently, not from necessity, but impelled by love, had he performed the ministrations of a mother to him; often, on a sunny day, had he carried him, like a lamb, in the corner of his plaid, up to the hills; and often, laying the unconscious infant on the purple heath upon the mountain-side, had he knelt down before him, beneath the solitary sky, and poured out his heart in gratitude to the God who had bestowed on him this precious gift. When little William was able to follow his father among the flocks, they became inseparable; and it was beautiful to behold the old man laying aside the gravity and sternness of his nature, and renewing, with his little boy, the sports which the lapse of half-a-century had well-nigh swept from his memory. They sought out together the nest of the lapwing and the moorfowl; they chased the humble-bee over the heath in company; or, loitering down the mountain streams, assisted each other in the pursuit of the speckled trout. The old man taught his boy, amid the secluded glens, or upon the naked hill-tops, to modulate his voice to the hymns consecrated to religion throughout Scotland; the rich melody of the "Old Hundred," or the "Martyrs," rose in concert from their lips; or, perhaps the aged shepherd played on the simple Scottish flageolet, on which he had been, in his youth, a skilful performer, some of the touching airs of his mother-land, and then, placing the pipe in William's hands, assisted him, by kind encouragement or skilful rebuke, to follow out the beautiful strain. Thus they lived together—

> "A pair of friends, though one was young,
> And Matthew seventy-two."

Linked closer and closer together by these sweet natural

ties, they were happy, and their affection was the grateful theme of all the inhabitants of the valley.

A little incident which occurred in William's childhood had determined his father to rear him for the ministry. While yet only five years of age, he was found one day by his father, with an old family Bible upon his knee, some of the leaves of which he had torn out, and was arranging after a fashion of his own. On being asked by his father what he was doing, he replied, "That he thought the evangelists differed in some portions of their history, and that he was trying to discover wherein the difference lay." * The old man retired with streaming eyes; and from that moment William Riddell was, like Samuel of old, vowed to the service of God.

As he grew in years, he displayed proofs of talent which astonished the shepherd, and filled old David's heart with exultation. Before he was fifteen, there was not a stream nor a legend that belonged to his native hills which he had not celebrated in song. His pen was always ready to assist the shepherd lads in their rustic loves; and the crabbed and grasping little tyrants of the valley had, more than once, winced under his satire or his ridicule. The old man, as we have said, rejoiced in the genius of his son, and had always, in his ample pockets, good store of the young poet's productions, wherewith to regale such of his companions as chose to listen. Rachel, however, with a more prophetic eye, saw, in the vivacity of her boy's nature, the germs of as much grief as joy to himself, and used commonly to shake her head and sigh, while her husband and his friends were convulsed with laughter at some of William's sallies.

At length the period arrived when he was to be sent to college.

* The same anecdote is related of Dr Thomas Brown, the philosopher.

I need not attempt to describe the feelings of the family when this little revolution in their domestic life occurred; the quiet but deep anxiety of Rachel—the restless and troubled looks and actions of the old shepherd—and the exulting anticipation of the bright world into which he was about to enter, which William displayed, tempered or repressed, every now and then, by natural sorrow, at leaving the hills and streams where his boyhood had been spent pleasantly, and the dear parents to whom he owed so deep a debt of love. The last words of David to his son, as he stood grasping his hand, at the foot of the glen where the path turns off to the next market town—while big tears stood heavily on his eyelashes, visitants unknown for twenty years—were almost those of Michael to Luke, in Wordsworth's exquisite poem—

> "Amid all fear
> And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
> Mayest bear in mind the life thy fathers lived,
> Who, being innocent, did for that cause
> Bestir them in good deeds."

The old shepherd and his son had never been separated for a single night—now they parted knowing that many months must elapse before they could behold one another again. It was a bitter moment, though full of the germs of joyful anticipation.

William had taken his farewell embrace, and, with convulsive sobs, had walked hastily away to a little distance; he turned, and beheld his aged father still standing on the spot, with clasped hands uplifted, and eyes fixed intently on his own receding form. He was unable to withstand the sight—he rushed back again, and threw himself, in an agony of affection, upon the old man's neck, weeping—though a manlier heart throbbed not—weeping like a child. But at length they parted; a sadder heart never entered into the solitudes of nature than old David Riddell

bore into the mountains on that evening—a purer never left the innocence of the country for the crowded city, than his son carried with him to the metropolis of Scotland.

For four years William attended college during the winter, and remained with his father during the summer months.

It was not that his labour was required by the old man; for he had now amassed a sufficient sum, with his moderate habits, to make him independent; but the sight of William was pleasant to the aged shepherd, among the hills where they had played together, and which were consecrated to their affections. The young student had distinguished himself highly at college, and had gained the esteem, both publicly and privately expressed, of many of his preceptors. His heart was still uncontaminated, his morals pure, and his habits simple, as when he was a boy. It was at this time that Rachel died. As her life had been peaceful, and, upon the whole, happy, so her death-bed was tranquil and resigned. She had rejoiced, with her husband, in the promising career of their son, and, as her dim eyes descried his manly form bent over her in an attitude of deepest grief, she could scarcely but feel her natural sorrow at leaving him quenched in the glad anticipations of his future prospects in life. Yet the misery which his ardent and imaginative nature *might* inflict upon him was still not shut out from her mind, and almost her last words were to warn him against indulging it too far. She died, and the old shepherd and his son were left to attempt to comfort each other. William was again about to depart to college, and he would fain have had his father to give up his duties, and accompany him to Edinburgh. He dwelt upon his increasing feebleness, his age, already beyond the common lot of man, the solitude to which he would be left, the comfort they would be to each other, if together. To all this the old man replied—

"Comfort, my boy, there is none for me in this world, except in thee. Gradually the circle of my love has been narrowed: first, my own parents, then my children, last, my beloved Rachel, have been swept away; and now thou only art left for my earthly affections to embrace. Gladly for thy sake would I go to the city; but I think these hills could not bear to look on another while I lived—this cottage to shelter another shepherd while I am able to fling my plaid around me. It is a foolish fancy for an old man to cherish, yet I cannot bid it depart. Go, then, alone, my dearest lad, and leave me in these scenes, which have become part of my being, to perform the duties in which my life has been spent. And still remember, William, when temptations assail thee, or bad men would lead thee by the cords of vanity or friendship into vice, that there is a grey-haired man among these hills, whom the tale would send in sorrow to the grave—a heart that for twenty years has been fed by its love for thee, which would break to know thou hadst become unworthy of that love. Farewell! and may that good Being who has brought me in safety out of the heart of a thousand storms preserve thee from the deadlier tempests of the world of vice!"

William returned to college, with a heart softened both by grief and love. Strange, that out of this wholesome state of mind should have sprung the elements of wretchedness and vice! Yet so it was. He had written a poem on the subject of his late affliction, and had breathed into it the very soul of sorrow. The wild and beautiful scenery amid which he dwelt, and which he loved and knew so well, had also given its hues to the language and the thoughts of his muse: his rich and now cultivated taste imparted elegance and harmony to his numbers; the poem was at once original, chaste, and imaginative; it gained him the esteem of the highest literary circles in Edinburgh, and he became a cherished guest in the houses of many distinguished men for

whom he had never hoped to indulge any feelings save those of distant and respectful admiration. He emerged into a new world, too beautiful and dazzling for him at first to see his way clearly through its mazes. His undoubted genius commanded the respect of the men—his manly feeling, and the ingenious eloquence of his address, presently made him a distinguished favourite with the female portion of his acquaintance. The tone of his thoughts and feelings underwent a perfect revolution. Once introduced into the society of the polite and the learned, the bashfulness and awkwardness of the shepherd-lad seemed to fall off from him, without effort of his own, but naturally, like the crustaceous envelope in the metamorphosis of insects. He felt as if he were a denizen of the clime in which he now luxuriated, and as if, till now, he had been living in a foreign land. He discovered, to his amazement, that those great men, whose very names he had been wont to utter with reverence, and before whose glance his eye had been accustomed to fall abashed, were the most easy, familiar, and communicative companions possible—that scarcely one of them was so severe in their morality as his old father—that they listened to his opinions with attention, and replied to them with respect. Then, again, among the satellites of these literary luminaries—those whom, till now, in the reflected light of their primaries, he had been wont to behold with respect, and almost with envy—he presently perceived weakness, dimness, and aberration; and he perceived, also, how capable he was of outshining them all; or, to speak in less metaphorical phrase, he found among the less distinguished literary persons who haunted the tables of the great, a degree of ignorance on subjects of general science, a slavishness of demeanour, and a petty jealousy, which he could not but despise, and which it required very little penetration to perceive that the great man despised also. He soon acquired, therefore, a confidence in his own powers, and a conscious respect for, I had

almost said pride in, the rectitude of his feelings, to which, till now, he had been an entire stranger. And if such was his success with the men, his conquest over his own timidity, in the presence of women, struck him with yet greater surprise. He who had been accustomed to blush and look down before a peasant girl, presently found himself able to gaze steadily into the eyes of a noble matron or maiden, undazzled by the jewelled coronet upon her head, or yet more brilliant charms in which nature and art had arrayed her brow, and neck, and bosom. The witchery of woman in all her loveliness, instead of, as he had often imagined, causing his heart to sink, and his cheek to burn, and his tongue to be dumb in his mouth, awoke the latent powers of his nature—it thrilled his heart with exulting admiration, and filled his eyes with a bold, steady radiance, and poured from his lips the eloquence which female loveliness can alone call forth. His nature was changed—that is, the external development of his nature, for his heart remained the same; and often, amid crowded assemblies and rich peals of concerted music, it called on his imagination to portray the old solitary shepherd, amid the hills of his boyhood, or to recall the simple strains which his father had taught him to play upon the rude Scottish pipe.

At the period to which we refer, the literary society of Edinburgh was by no means distinguished for its abstemiousness. A "good" fellow, and a clever one, were almost synonymous terms. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Guy Mannering," has matchlessly described the convivial habits of the Scottish advocates: the habits of the whole literary society of Edinburgh were pretty similar. Why should I detail the circumstances of William's seduction from sobriety? The example of those whom he had been accustomed to admire, respect, and love; the gay sallies of his younger associates; the witchery of the society of genius; the flowing feeling which followed the circulation of the

bowl; the song, the speech, the story, the flash of wit, the jocose roll of humour, and, above all, the forgiving approval (for how else should we designate it?) of the ladies—all assailed him at once, and, beneath their attacks, his reason and resolve,

"That column of true majesty in man,"

fell. Age, wisdom, youth, wit, humour, friendship, love, and beauty—what could a raw shepherd lad oppose to all these? "The request of his aged father, the injunction of the moral law, the direct command of God!" some stern, *perhaps* good man may reply. William tried to control his career by means of these; but the attacks were unceasing, various, distracting—the defence was in the hands of one, and he, alas! too often disposed to admit the enemy. We will pass rapidly over this part of our departed friend's career. He mingled, at first sparingly, at length more freely, in the convivial habits of his new friends; he felt the thrill of friendship; he was keenly alive to the social glow which the bowl awakens; his heart also was elated by the love of men of genius, and his vanity gratified by their loudly-expressed admiration. Unfortunately, he engaged to write for a new periodical which some of his friends were then attempting to establish. Amid the solitude of his native hills he had experienced the grateful and rapid awakening of noble ideas; he was surprised to find that, in the city, amid the distractions of ambition, music, love, and wine, he could only now and then call up his natural powers to his aid. He had pledged himself to support the new periodical to a certain extent; and, in order to fulfil his promise, at the instigation of an acquaintance, he stimulated himself to its accomplishment by means of brandy. This was the first time he had ever drank ardent spirits for the sake of the effects which they produce. The paper which he had written was universally admired, the sale of the periodical was very

much increased by its influence, and he was plied by the proprietors with new and lucrative engagements.

On the very morning on which he had received these proposals, he also received a letter from his aged father, informing him, that the brother of the old man, who was engaged in commerce, and for whom he had some time ago become surety, had failed, and that the whole of the little earnings of his past life would be required to liquidate the debt.

William closed with the proposal of the proprietors of the magazine, and wrote to the old man a letter, partly of condolence, but more of triumph. He was almost glad that the resources of his father were destroyed, now that he himself had the means of supporting him; and it was with a joyous heart that he sat down to write his paper for the new periodical. But alas! he felt what all who have so occupied themselves have felt, how the mind becomes weak, and the fancy flags, when compelled to action. He rushed into society, to escape from the dreadful depression which follows high mental excitement; the warmth of friendship with which he was met fell gratefully on his spirit; the glee and glory of social intercourse first relieved his wearied faculties, and then pleasantly excited them; the titillation of gratified vanity, and the exercise of intellectual power, combined to make the scene fascinating; he went more and more into society; it became more and more necessary to him—he was a *social man.* His father was a strange, I had almost said a stubborn man in some respects, and he might in some measure be blamed for this gradual sliding from sobriety of his son. To the affectionate letter of William, which beseeched him, now that his little hoard had been carried away, and now that his years were above fourscore, to come to Edinburgh, and dwell with his son, the old man answered, that God had yet left him vigour to mount the hills, and thread the valleys; and that, so long as this was the case, he would consider it unjust to become a burden to others.

There was a stern independence and lofty resolve in the determination of the aged shepherd which harmonised well with his character; but it fell like lead upon the bright dreams of William—it strangled many of his best resolutions of future virtue and industry. He did not know that his father had already heard of his relaxed habits, and had even had reported to him, in exaggerated phrase, the detail of some of his midnight carousals. William went on, gaining fame, but losing virtue. In the popular use of the word, it was *impossible* for him to resist the importunities of those who pressed him to partake of their bottle or their bowl. They grasped his hand cordially; they sang the songs which he loved, or perhaps had written; they drank his health with cheers of enthusiasm. It was *impossible* for him to resist the entreaties of those persons—it was *impossible* for him not to believe them sincere. Nor were they otherwise; but the value of the sincerity of the intemperate and the immoral, what is it?

"Ashes within beautiful fruit."

William Riddell passed the whole of his examinations, and was, as the students say, "ready for a church." Nor was he long in procuring one. Among the friends to whom his genius and character had recommended him was a nobleman, who had the gift of the very kirk to which William and his father had been accustomed to resort. The incumbent died; the nobleman presented the living to William. With the new duties which now devolved upon him, came a crowd of new feelings and springs of action. He gave up his engagement with the literary periodical, he retired from his social companions, and he devoted himself to grave and worthy study and contemplation. The struggle was severe; but he bore up against it under the excitement of the new responsibility which had fallen upon him. He went down to the country with some of the most distinguished members

of the Scottish Church, who officiated at his ordination. A proud, a tumultuously happy day was it for old David Riddell, who, with wonder and awe, felt his horny hand grasped by the great men whose very names he had considered subservient to his happiness of old time, and beheld his son, little William, the boy whom he had taught the alphabet upon Scaurhope Hill, with the pebbles that lie there—beheld him holding high discourse with these same dignitaries, saw that his opinions were listened to with respect, and that his thoughts, according as they were solemn or ludicrous, were responded to by these great men with gravity or broad grins. A delightful day was it to the old shepherd, as he beheld the first man in the General Assembly —the greatest man in the Scottish Kirk—lay his hand upon the youthful head of his beloved son, and consecrate him to the care of the souls who dwelt in the very valley where he had been born and reared, in which his genius was known, and his family, though humble, respected.

There was another, and an equally strong reason, for William's giving up his convivial habits and boisterous companions. He was in love.

It was at that least romantic of all places for a lover, a ball in Edinburgh, that William Riddell, the new pastor of Mosskirk, had first met Ellen Ogilvie, the daughter of the principal heritor of his parish, the owner of the hills on which his father had watched the sheep for above threescore years. Ellen had beheld him moving, a gay and welcome visitant, in noble halls; her hand had met his in the dance, in exchange with those of countesses and duchesses; she had heard his praise echoed from house to house, and from mouth to mouth; she was now alone in the country, with nothing but ignorant or coarse men around her: let it not seem wonderful that she, though the only daughter of a wealthy landholder, should bestow her love on the poor, handsome, manly, eloquent pastor of Mosskirk. And if

this does not seem wonderful, it will surely not appear singular that the proud, haughty, bigoted, and ignorant father of Ellen should forbid the match, and should threaten with his vengeance the usurper of his daughter's love.

His vengeance! How weak a word to such a being as William! Not that he would not have rejoiced, for Ellen's sake, and for the sake of decorum, to have had the old gentleman's approval; not that he would not have used every possible means, consistent with honour and the dignity of his own character, to have gained the good opinion of the father of his beloved; but the laird was a man of the world, of acres, and of hundreds; his litany lay in pounds, shillings, and pence; his affections were wrapped up in rents and lordships; and that a poor parson, however God had chosen to ennoble him by genius and generous sentiments —that a poor parson should have dared to look upon a child of his with the eyes of affection, upon the child who was the natural heir of all those riches which he had laboured for half-a-century to amass, smote him as a personal insult, as an indignity which nothing but blood could wipe out. The mother of Ellen had all along thought differently; and from the first moment in which she had perceived the affection that existed between them (and oh, how much quicker women are than men in discovering these things!) she had encouraged their intimacy.

William Riddell, the minister of Mosskirk, was out of the canons of the duello, and the laird, therefore, instead of calling him out, was compelled to be satisfied with disinheriting Ellen, who, under circumstances which fully exonerated her from her father's tyrannical wishes, became William's wife.

My friend William had always been one of those persons who abhorred the usual terms on which wives are sought and husbands achieved. "Keeping a wife," was a phrase of blasphemy to him, or at least it seemed desecrating wo-

men to the level of a dog, a horse, or a cow—the "keeping" of which appeared, according to their phraseology, a matter of the same general import as the cherishing a beloved partner of all in which the human heart takes an interest. Nor, although he was a shepherd's son, could he perceive much inequality in a minister who earned four hundred pounds a-year, by looking after the spiritual interests of some hundreds of individuals, and who was to become the confidant of their griefs, and the sharer of their joys, their supporter in sickness, and their guide in the common path of life—he could not perceive much presumption in such a man matching himself with the daughter of an ignorant and coarse person, whose worth lay only in his wealth, whose character was not esteemed by his neighbours, and whose sympathy for suffering human nature only developed itself now and then in his bestowal of a basin of hot soup upon a starving beggar at Christmas.

On the contrary, if William thought about the matter in this relation at all, he considered, and justly, that he was rather conferring an honour than receiving one from the father of Ellen. But the old gentleman thought, as the world thinks, differently; and accordingly, in his wrath, he disinherited her.

It was unfortunate for the full gratification of his malice, that William was impassible to this mode of punishment, and that he beheld the whole of the old gentleman's possessions conveyed over to a charitable institution, with as much pleasure as if he had signed them away of his own accord.

In the parish of Mosskirk, as in most of the country parishes in Scotland, there were a number of intelligent men who associated frequently together for the sake of cultivating scientific knowledge, and conversing on various subjects of interest in literature and philosophy. At the time when William was inducted into Mosskirk, all the ministers of

the neighbouring parishes were members of this society, and it was generally held on a convivial footing. Some of the members came from a distance, others were jolly fellows naturally; and thus it happened that their discussions frequently dipped deep into the night, and sometimes were not settled until cock-crow.

Into this society William Riddell was welcomed with enthusiastic honours, and was at once made perpetual president. His fame as a poet had gone before him, and his genial warmth as a man followed up with general applause the sensation which he had created. He had natural powers capable of supporting him in the sphere to which his reputation had raised him. He had wit, humour, pathos, and fluency; and, eager to earn the opinion of his parishioners, he exerted himself to gain it, and he succeeded. Throughout the whole of his parish, he was admired as a man of genius and eloquence, he was respected as a man of irreproachable moral worth, and beloved as a friend, who shared sincerely in the gladness, and sympathised in the sorrows, of his flock. Unfortunately, the habits of many of his parishioners, as well as of those of the literary club to which I have alluded, were the very reverse of temperate. For a time the attraction of his young wife, and presently that of his infant son, kept him from indulging in nocturnal potations. But afterwards these attractions lost their force; the glory and the glee of the musical and literary conclave overcame all his resolves; and, night after night, it happened that he returned to his manse at unseasonable hours, and greeted his wife with the leer of intoxication, instead of the steady glance of affection. We should have said that, before this, old David Riddell, moved by his son's entreaties, had given up his duties among the hills, and had come to live with him at Mosskirk Manse. A weekly delight was it to the old man to behold his son arrayed in his black gown, and with the smooth white bands drooping decently

upon his bosom, delivering from the pulpit of his native parish the words of eternal truth; and pleasant was it to the old shepherd ever and anon to recognise, in the elegant but simple language of the pastor, some of those sentiments which he himself had instilled into his mind, while he was yet a shepherd lad upon the moorlands.

But it could not long be concealed from him that William was irregular in his habits. When the fact first struck him, he almost swooned away; for the forebodings of Rachel rushed into his mind, and he saw, as it seemed, for the first time, that his son's destruction was sealed.

It was long, however, before he could bring himself to speak on the subject to William; he felt the shame which his son appeared to have abandoned; and his own temperate blood sent a blush into his withered cheek at the idea of addressing the child of his heart, the minister of God, on the subject of his intemperance. The miserable struggles of the old man before he gave utterance to his sentiments to William, we are utterly unable to describe—we leave them to our reader's imagination. At length, however, on a morning after the minister of Mosskirk had shamefully been supported home by two of his parishioners, in a state of deplorable intoxication, the old shepherd gathered up resolution to speak to his son. He did not denounce, insult, or even upbraid him; but, with tears in his eyes, delicately alluding to his misconduct, assured him that such another occurrence would cause him to leave the manse for ever; for that, though he might not be able to prevent, he was resolved never to sanction, the fearful immorality which drunkenness carries in its train, more hideous still when attached to a minister of the Gospel.

William, already disgusted with himself, and humbled before his own heart, was crushed to the earth by his old father's appeal. He threw himself upon his aged parent's neck, and entreated his forgiveness. "My forgiveness, my

boy!" replied the shepherd; "you cannot offend me, and therefore it is vain to ask for my forgiveness. My heart is so utterly bound up in thee, that, though it may deplore, it cannot denounce any conduct of thine. It is as it were but a servant of thine, and in good or in evil report, will follow in its train. But, if my sufferings, and the sneers of men, have no influence over thee, think, oh, my dear boy! think on death, the judgment, eternity!"

Will it be believed, that, after this appeal, the remorse which he suffered, and the resolutions of reformation which he made, a single week saw the minister of Mosskirk reel into his manse, assisted by the pastor of the Methodist Chapel, at two o'clock in the morning? Such was the distressing reality; and the next morning, without speaking to his son, but giving, amid heart-broken sobs and sighs, his blessing to his daughter-in-law and her children, old David Riddell removed from his son's roof: nor could all his entreaties induce him to return.

Let me hasten to conclude. The conduct of William became presently so notoriously shameful, that it could no longer be overlooked by his parishioners, and he was more than once called upon by some of them with remonstrances, which increased gradually in severity. Still the infatuated man proceeded, until at length his behaviour became a public slander to his own parishioners and to the whole church. He was yet, however, so much beloved for his generous warmth of heart, and admired for his talents, that a last effort was made to prevent the sentence of expulsion, which had been passed against him, from being carried into effect; and his punishment was commuted, if so it could be called, into making a public apology, from his own pulpit, to his people, for his shameful irregularities. On the day of this heart-rending exhibition, not more than one-fourth of the congregation were present; the remainder being absent that they might not behold the spectacle of their pastor's humiliation.

But old David Riddell was there, supported, for the first, and alas! for the last time, into church by a friend. Until now, the aged man had always walked unsupported, and with a firm, nay, with something of an elastic step, up to his pew; but during the past week, since he had heard the news of his son's public disgrace, and the public penance which he was to perform, his vital powers had sunk with fearful rapidity. To those even who had seen him, on the preceding Sabbath, move decently into his accustomed spot, and depositing the broad-brimmed hat, which, on the Lord's-day, he exchanged for the broad Lowland bonnet, smooth backwards his thin light-grey locks, he appeared scarcely like the same man. His form was now bent nearly double; he shuffled his feet painfully over the ground; his head shook from weakness, not from age; his eyes were red and dim; he looked like a man who was only three or four steps from the open grave. When, after the service was concluded, William began to read the humiliating apology which he had written, the aged shepherd crept painfully down upon his knees, and, burying his face in his clasped hands, remained absorbed in prayer. The last words had fallen from the minister's lips; there was a dead stillness throughout the church, for all were penetrated with sorrow and shame at their pastor's disgrace, when a deep groan broke from the old shepherd, and startled the congregation from the silence in which they were indulging. All eyes, and those of the minister among the rest, were instantly directed towards the old man; his frame remained for a moment in the attitude which we have described, and the next instant it fell heavily upon the floor—a corpse!

We shall not give pain to our readers, nor harrow up our own feelings, by attempting to describe the misery which this event caused William Riddell. It seemed to be one of those griefs which cannot, and ought not to be outlived—a punishment greater than man is able to bear. So thought William

—if the flash of this conviction across the settled gloom of his spirit could be called thought. Yet days, weeks, months, passed away, and he lived on, nay, performed his duties; and, at length, by the caresses of his wife and child, became even, as it were, sullenly reconciled to life. He found, however, that it was impossible for him ever to regain his former station in society. His brother ministers avoided him; and one or two of them, more harsh or orthodox than the rest, took occasion to allude to his misconduct in a public manner. The most respectable portion of his parishioners pitied, but, in general, kept aloof from him. Degraded and sunk as he was, William had a nature formed to feel, in all their most exquisite torture, these indignities and slights. The persons who came to comfort and sympathise with him, were unhappily those whose sympathy was more dangerous than their contempt. How shall we go on? William again, after severe struggles, gave way to the entreaties of some of those mistaken friends, and to the treacherous wishes of his own heart. He became a confirmed drunkard! He seemed to have at length cast behind him every thought of reverence for God and his holy vocation—every particle of respect for himself or his fellow-men. He had two or three attacks of brain fever, brought on by his excesses; and he no sooner recovered from them than he went on as before. His poor young wife exhausted every argument which reason could afford—every blandishment with which affection and beauty could supply her, to reclaim him, but in vain. He retained, or seemed to retain, even, all the warmth of his first love for her; and, in his hours of intoxication, he seemed most strongly to acknowledge her worth and loveliness; but the necessity for the violent excitement of ardent spirits had overcome all other considerations; she wept long and bitterly; then, as despair began to close in upon her, she (dreadful that we should have it to relate!) sought, in the

example of her husband to escape from her sorrow! Ellen Ogilvie, the young, the graceful, the beautiful, the accomplished, the gentle, feminine creature, whose very frame seemed to shrink from the slightest coarseness in speech or action, became a drunkard!

Many years had passed away between the time when the old shepherd had perished in the church and the time to which we now refer, and William had a family of two sons and three daughters. If Eller's father was unfavourable to her marriage at first, it will be easily imagined that he never now acknowledged them. His young family, therefore, had nothing to depend upon except their father's exertions, and they were about to be closed for ever.

The time arrived when it was impossible for William to be suffered any longer to remain in his charge. He was thrust out of his church, and expelled from the ministry. The messenger who delivered this message to him, delivered it to one more dead than alive. His excesses had at length brought on a fit of apoplexy; he was but partially recovered from it, and could only, in a dim manner, comprehend the purport of the message, when, with his wife and children, he was removed from the manse. A friend sheltered him for a time—afterwards he was conveyed over to Edinburgh. Within a twelvemonth he died, having been chained down to bed by his disease, one-half of his frame being dead, with mind enough to see poverty and inevitable misery ready to crush his helpless family, but without the power to use the slightest exertion in order to avert the impending calamity. It was in a garret in the High Street, upon rotten straw, the spectacle of an emaciated and shattered wife before his eyes, and the cries of his starving children sounding in his ears, that William Riddell breathed his last! What availed it then that he had been good and pure, full of generous sentiments, endowed with a graceful person, a noble genius, and a manly eloquence? These otherwise invaluable qua-

lities had been all sunk or scattered by the spendthrift extravagances of the Social Man.

It is now about five years ago, since, as we were hurrying past Cassels Place, at the foot of Leith Walk, we were attracted by a crowd who had gathered round a poor intoxicated woman. She had fallen beneath the wheel of a waggon, and both her legs were crushed in a terrible manner. As two or three assistants carried her past a gas-light towards the nearest house, we were struck by the resemblance—hideous, indeed, and bloated—which her features wore to some one whom we had known. We inquired her history, and, to our horror, discovered that this was indeed Ellen Ogilvie—the widow of our poor friend, William Riddell. It was useless attempting to save her; her vital energies were sinking rapidly beneath the injuries which she had received. She revived a little from the effect of some wine which we gave her, and began incoherently to speak of her past life. "You see me here, sir," said she, "a poor, wretched, degraded creature:—I was not always thus. There was not a happier heart in wide Scotland than mine was, ten years ago. But my husband, sir, was a Social Man!" A convulsive sob checked her words—her head sank back on the pillow—her lower jaw fell—the death-rattle sounded in her throat—and in a few moments the unfortunate woman expired.

THE TWO COMRADES.

Still and calm lay the sleeping waters of Loch Ard, as they reposed in their beauty on the morning of the 17th of August, 17—. The hour was early, and the rays of the rising sun had not yet dispersed the thick mists that hung on the bosoms of the surrounding hills. The scenery around, although of the most romantic character, and composed of the choicest materials for the picturesque, had an air of gloominess and rawness about it, that did but little justice to the thousand beauties which its simple elements of wood and water, rock and hill, were capable, by their various combinations, of producing. That scene yet wanted the life and soul, the cheering, spirit-stirring influence of the blessed sunlight, to bring out its loveliness, and to exhibit its details in all their fairy brightness. This want was not long of being supplied. The sun rose in all his splendour; the mist rolled away from the face of the hill; the calm, placid surface of the lake, like a mighty mirror, embedded in its rude and gigantic, but gorgeous framework of wooded mountains, shone with dazzling effulgence; and the hills and forests displayed themselves in their robes of brightest green.

As every one who has visited these romantic regions knows, the road that conducts to Aberfoyle from the west end of Loch Ard runs, for a considerable space, close by the margin of the lake on its northern side—and a most beautiful locality this is. The road is low and level; on one hand is the bright, smooth, sandy shore of the loch, with its clear, shallow water; and, on the other, steep mountains, shaggy with primeval woods. We have directed

the attention of the reader to this particular point of the landscape, for the purpose of saying, that, at the moment at which our story opens (namely, on the morning of the 17th of August, 17—), two persons were seen, at the early hour which our description would indicate, trudging silently along by the margin of the lake. They were two young men, and evidently prosecuting a journey of some length. Over the shoulder of each projected a stout oak stick, on whose extremity a small bundle was suspended; probably, small as they were, containing all the earthly possessions of their bearers. Yet, however poor the lads might be in world's wealth—for they were, as was sufficiently evident from their dress, of the humblest class—they were rich in the gifts of nature; for a couple of handsomer-looking young men than they were the Highlands of Scotland could not have produced. Strongly built, and exhibiting in their erect and springy gait the peculiar muscular energy of their mountain education, they appeared men capable of any fatigue, and, to judge by the air of calm determination and mild resolution expressed in their bold and manly countenances, of any deed of honourable daring. Such was the personal appearance—for, although differing in individual features, they resembled each other in their general characteristics—of James M'Intyre and Roderick M'Leod, which were the names of the two young men whom we have just introduced to the reader. The ages of the two seemed to be about equal—somewhere about five or six-and-twenty; in stature they were also nearly the same; but, if there was any difference between them in this particular, it was in favour of M'Intyre, who stood nearly six feet in height. M'Leod might be an inch shorter. They had been brought up together from their infancy; had a thousand times together climbed the heights of Cruagh Moran, and as often swam across the deep, dark waters of Loch Uisk, which lay just before their doors. Their parents were next-

door neighbours in the little village of Ardvortan, situated in one of the most beautiful straths in the West of Scotland. James and Roderick had not only been companions from their earliest years, but earned their scanty subsistence; and they were now, together, about to try their fortunes in a world to which they had hitherto been strangers. Stories of the warlike renown of their ancestors, with more recent tales of the achievements of their countrymen who had enlisted in the 42nd and other Highland regiments, had roused the martial spirit which they inherited from their fathers, and determined them to leave their peaceful glen and native hills, to seek, in "the ranks of death," for that which they had been taught to believe was the proudest gift of fortune—a soldier's fame.

It was a sad, and yet a proud day, for the mothers of the young men, that on which they left their native village. Natural affection deplored their departure, while maternal pride gloried in visions of the honours that awaited them on the fields of war. The plumed bonnet, the belted plaid, and all the other gallant array of the Highland soldier, presented themselves to the fond mothers; and they thought, as they gazed on the stately forms of their sons for the last time, how well they would look in the martial garb which they were about to assume. The young men, then, whom we have represented as wending their way by the margin of Loch Ard, and prosecuting a southward journey, were proceeding to Glasgow, one of the recruiting stations of the —th Highland regiment, to enrol themselves in that gallant corps, which was already filled with their friends and countrymen.

On arriving at Glasgow, which, although a distance of nearly forty miles from the spot where we first introduced them to the reader, they made out with perfect ease on the evening of the same day on which they left their native village, the young men repaired to a well-known resort of

the privates of Highland regiments which were from time to time quartered in Glasgow. This was a low, dark public-house in the High Street of that city, kept by a Serjeant M'Nab, an old veteran, who had seen service in his day; and who, although he had now retired into private life, continued to maintain all his military connections with as much zeal as if he was still in the discharge of his military duties; and, indeed, this he was to some extent, having still an authority to enlist. The house of M'Nab was thus filled from morning to night with soldiers of various grades of rank—serjeants, corporals, and privates—and of various degrees of standing, from the raw, newly-enrolled recruit, with his stiff black stock—the only article of his military equipment with which he had been yet provided—to the veteran serjeant, who had literally fought his way to his present rank. In every corner of every room in this favourite resort of the Celtic warriors, lay heaps of muskets resting against the wall; and on every table lay piles of Highland bonnets—their owners being engaged in discussing the contents of the oft-replenished *half-mutchkin stoup*. Occasionally, too, the scream of a bagpipe might be suddenly heard in some apartment, where the party by which it was occupied had attained the point of musical excitement, while, over all, except the sounds of the aforenamed instrument, prevailed the din of noisy, but good-humoured colloquy, in sonorous Gaelic; for no other language was ever heard in the warlike domicile of Serjeant M'Nab.

Such, then, was the house—further distinguished, we forgot to say, by the sign of the Ram's Head—to which James M'Intyre and Roderick M'Leod now repaired. They were met at the door by M'Nab, then in the act of bidding good-by to a batch of serjeants, who, adjusting their bonnets as they stepped, one after the other, from beneath the low doorway of the Ram's Head, were about to form a re-

cruiting party to beat up through the streets for young aspirants after military glory—a single drummer and fifer being in attendance for this purpose.

"Ah, Shames! Ou Rory!" exclaimed M'Nab, taking each of the young men, who were both well known to him (he being from the same part of the country), by the hand; "what has brought you" (we translate, for this was spoken in Gaelic) "to this quarter of the world?"

The lads smiled, and said they would inform him of that presently. Accustomed to such visits, for such a purpose as M'Intyre and M'Leod now made, M'Nab at once guessed their object, and, without any further remark, conducted them into his own private apartment, where, the tact of the recruiting serjeant and the natural hospitality of the man combining, he entertained them liberally with the best his house afforded. During this refection, the young men made known the object of their visit. The serjeant highly approved of their spirit, descanted on the glories of a soldier's life, stirred up their ambition of military fame by recounting various exploits performed by relations and acquaintances of their own with whom he had served, and concluded by tendering them the ominous shilling. It was accepted, and James M'Intyre and Roderick M'Leod became soldiers in His Majesty's —th regiment of foot.

Desirous, however, as the young men were of enlisting, there was a condition which they insisted on being conceded them, before they finally committed themselves. This was, that they should continue comrades after they became soldiers; that is, as is well known to every one in the least conversant with these matters, that they should occupy the same bed, and be placed in a position to render each other the little services of domestic intercourse in quarters.

M'Nab at once promised that their wishes in this respect should be complied with; and the promise was faithfully kept. The two lads were allowed to continue as comrades

after they had joined the regiment; and in this situation maintained that feeling of tender friendship for each other, which had distinguished the previous part of their lives.

Two handsomer or finer-looking soldiers than James M'Intyre and Roderick M'Leod, after they had donned the full costume of the corps to which they belonged, and had acquired the military air of their new profession, could not have been found, not only in their own regiment, but perhaps in the whole British army. Modest in their manners, quiet and civil in their deportment, cleanly, sober and attentive to their duties, they were beloved by their equals, and looked upon with especial favour by their superiors; they were, in short, the pride and boast of the regiment—no small honour in a corps where there was an unusual proportion of stout and steady men.

For some years, the military life of M'Intyre and M'Leod was unmarked by any striking vicissitude. The usual movements of the corps from place to place occurred; but hitherto they had not been called on to take any share in active service. Their turn, however, was to come—and it did come. They were ordered to America, shortly after the commencement of the first war with that country and Great Britain. Previous to their embarking for the seat of war, the two comrades obtained three days' leave of absence—it was all that could be allowed them—to visit their friends in the Highlands. The time was short—too short for the distance they had to travel; but, as the point of embarkation was Greenock, they thought they could make it out; and, by travelling night and day, they did so. They presented themselves in their native glen in the full costume of their corps, and gratified their mothers' hearts by this display of their military appointments. A few short hours of enjoyment succeeded; another bitter parting followed; and the two comrades were again on their way to rejoin their regiment. On the second day after, they were cross-

ing the ocean with their regiment, to the seat of war in the new world.

In this new scene of experience, the two friends distinguished themselves as much by their bravery as they had before by their exemplary and soldierly conduct. In all the actions in which they were engaged, they made themselves conspicuous by their gallantry, and by several instances of individual heroism. But they rendered themselves still more remarkable by the tenderness of their friendship, made manifest in a thousand little acts of brotherly love. They stood together foremost in the fight, and attended each other with unremitting kindness and assiduity, when wounds and sickness had alternately stretched them on the couch of suffering. Their affection for each other soon became, in short, a subject of general remark, exciting a singular degree of interest, from the romantic character with which the bravery of the two friends had invested it.

About this time—that is, about the middle of the war—the regiment to which M'Intyre and M'Leod belonged had the misfortune to lose their commanding officer, who was killed in action. To the regiment this was a misfortune, and one of the most serious kind; for the gallant soldier who had fallen was the friend as well as the commander of his men. He studied and adapted himself to their peculiarities; knew and appreciated their character; and was beloved by them in return, for the kind consideration which he always evinced for their best interests. He was, moreover, their countryman—a circumstance which formed an additional tie between him and the brave men whom he commanded.

But the death of Colonel Campbell was a double mischance to the regiment; inasmuch as to his loss was added the misfortune of his place being supplied by a man of totally opposite character. His successor, stern, and un-

forgiving, endeavoured to procure that efficiency in his corps through fear, which his predecessor had commanded through love. He was an Englishman; and was a perfect stranger to the feelings and national peculiarities of the men over whom he was thus so suddenly placed; neither was he at any pains to acquire so necessary a piece of information, nor in any way to conform his system of discipline to the peculiar spirit of the mountain band which was now under his harsh and undiscriminating control.

Unfortunate, however, as was the circumstance of this officer's being put in command of the —th regiment to every soldier in that gallant corps generally, there were two individuals to whom it was indeed a misfortune of the most melancholy and deplorable kind, and these two the most meritorious and deserving men in the regiment. Need we say that these were James M'Intyre and Roderick M'Leod? But we must detail the circumstances as they occurred.

To do this, then, let us mention that, after a weary night-march of many miles over a mountainous road covered with snow, the —th regiment, with several others, found itself within cannon-shot of one of the enemy's positions. The ground destined for the British troops having been gained, the whole were ordered silently to bivouac, till the morning light should enable them to advance to the attack, which was the particular object of the movement. It was yet, however, some hours till morning; and it was thus necessary, in case of sudden surprisal, to establish a chain of outposts around the position occupied by the troops. Amongst those selected for this duty was Roderick M'Leod, who was placed alone in a solitary post at one of the most remote points of the circle formed by the British sentinels. It was a perilous and important position; and for these reasons was it that M'Leod was chosen to occupy it—every reliance being placed on his courage, vigilance, and well-known steadiness.

Aware of the importance of his trust, Roderick, with his

shouldered firelock, commenced pacing smartly—for the night was intensely cold—in the limits of his appointed place, and keeping a sharp look-out in the direction of the enemy. This position he had occupied about half-an-hour, when he thought he heard footsteps approaching. Roderick brought down and cocked his piece, and stood ready to fire. The sounds became more audible. He raised his musket to his shoulder, and placed his finger on the trigger. He saw some persons approaching, apparently with confident step. He challenged, and was answered. It was a picket of his own regiment, commanded by a serjeant, a particular acquaintance and friend, the son of one of his father's neighbours. He was making a round of the outposts, to see that all were on the alert, and to inquire if anything had been stirring.

"All quiet, Roderick?" said Serjeant More M'Alister, on approaching the former.

"All quiet, serjeant," replied M'Leod.

"Cold work this, Rory," rejoined the serjeant, at the same time drawing a flask from his bosom, and handing it to the former; "here, take a mouthful of that, to keep the frost out."

M'Leod, perishing of cold, gratefully acknowledged the very timous kindness, placed the flask to his mouth, and unguardedly took a hearty pull of the brandy it contained. Shortly after, the visiting party moved off on their rounds, and, for a little time subsequently, M'Leod felt himself renovated by the spirits he had taken. The excitement, however, was but temporary; reaction took place; a degree of lassitude came over him, which, aided as it was by the fatigue of his previous march and the severity of the cold, he found himself unable to shake off. In this state of feeling, he leaned against a tree which stood close by his post, and, ere he was aware, fell into a profound sleep. At this unfortunate moment, his commanding officer, accompanied by a small party, rode up to M'Leod. He was found asleep; and, still more heinous offence, when awakened, he was found to

be the worse of drink—a momentary incoherence, and the smell of his breath, which betrayed the presence of ardent spirits, being held as conclusive proof by his superior that he was drunk.

"I am not drunk, sir," replied M'Leod, calmly, on being harshly charged with that offence by Colonel Maberly.

"You *are*, sir," was the peremptory rejoinder. "Besides, you have been asleep at your post. Men, disarm that fellow, and make him your prisoner."

The order was instantly obeyed. M'Leod's musket and bayonet were taken from him; another man was placed on his post; and he was marched away, to abide the consequence of his dereliction of military duty. As the intended attack on the enemy took place on the following morning, no proceedings were instituted in M'Leod's case for some days after; but all dreaded the most fatal result from these, when they should occur, from the ferocious and unforgiving nature of Colonel Maberly.

We fear we would but weaken the effect of the reader's more impressive conceptions, were we to attempt to describe the feelings of M'Intyre during the days of agonising suspense between the period of his comrade's arrestment and the judgment which followed. He refused all sustenance; and, from being one of the most active and cheerful men in the regiment, became careless in his duties and morose in his temper, and seemed as if he courted, or would willingly have done something calculated to expose him to the same fate which he had no doubt awaited his unhappy comrade. The two unfortunate men—for the one was scarcely less an object of compassion than the other—had frequent interviews previous to M'Leod's receiving the sentence which was thought due to his offence; and these were of the most heartrending description. These men, of stout frame and lion heart, who side by side had often marched unappalled up to the cannon's mouth, wept in

each other's arms like women. Words they had none, or they were but few.

At length the fatal judgment was passed. M'Leod was condemned to be shot; and the sentence was ordered to be carried into execution on the afternoon of the same day on which it was awarded. The unhappy victim of military law shrunk not at the contemplation of the miserable fate that awaited him. He heard it announced with unmoved countenance and unshrinking nerve; his only remark, simply expressed in his native language, being, "that, as to being shot, he minded it not; but he could have wished that it had been on the field of battle." Although prepared for the dreadful intelligence which was to inform him of the doom of his comrade—for he had no doubt from the first that it would be so—M'Intyre knew not yet the one-half of the misery that awaited him in connection with the impending death of his friend. It was possible to aggravate to him the horrors of that event tenfold, and to increase inconceivably the torture of his already agonised mind—and poor M'Intyre found it was so.

We leave it to the reader to conceive what were his feelings, when he was informed that he was to be one of the firing-party—one of his comrade's executioners! This was a refinement in cruelty which had been reserved for Colonel Maberly. It was unparalleled. But his order had gone forth. He had willed it so, and it was known that he never yielded a point on which he had once determined. It was believed also, that his usual obstinacy and hard-heartedness would be increased in this case, from an idea that he was adding to the terror of the example, by the savage proceeding just alluded to. The idea, however, of compelling one comrade to assist in putting another to death, was so revolting to every feeling of humanity, so wantonly cruel, that the men of the regiment determined on sending a deputation to the colonel, to entreat of him to rescind his

order, and to relieve M'Intyre of the horrible duty to which he had appointed him. This deputation accordingly waited on the commanding officer, and, in the most respectful language, preferred their petition. They did not seek a remission of the unfortunate man's sentence; for they felt and acknowledged that, however stern and cruelly severe it was, it was yet according to military law; but they implored that his comrade might not be compelled to share in its execution. The petition was preferred in vain. Colonel Maberly was inexorable. "He had given his orders," he said, briefly and impatiently, "and they must be obeyed."

Finding it in vain to urge their request farther, the deputation sadly withdrew, to communicate to M'Intyre, who was awaiting their return in a state of mind bordering on distraction, the result of their mission. When it was told him, he said nothing, made no reply, but seemed lost in thought for some moments. At length—

"I will go to the colonel myself," he said; "and, if there be any portion of our common nature in him, he will not refuse to hear me. If he does not ——"

Here he clenched his teeth fiercely together, but left the sentence unfinished. Acting on the resolution which he had thus formed, M'Intyre sought out Colonel Maberly. When he found him—

"Colonel," he said, touching his bonnet with a military salute, "you have ordered me to be of the party who are to shoot"—here his voice faltered, and it was some seconds before he could add—"my comrade, M'Leod."

"I have, sir—and what of that?" replied the colonel, fiercely; but he quailed when he marked the deadly scowl that now gleamed in the eye of M'Intyre.

"It was cruel, sir," replied the latter, with a desperate calmness and determination of manner; "and I implore you, as you hope for mercy from the God that made you, to release me from this horrible duty."

"Sir," exclaimed Colonel Maberly, furiously, "do you mean to mutiny?—do you mean to disobey orders?"

"No, sir, I do not. I merely ask you to relieve me from the dreadful task of being my comrade's executioner."

"Then I'll be d—d if I do!" said the military tyrant.

"You had better, sir, *for your own sake*," replied M'Intyre.

"What, sir! Do you threaten me?" exclaimed Colonel Maberly, in an outrageous passion.

"Oh no, sir," replied M'Intyre, with an air of affected respect; but it was one in which some deep mysterious meaning might have been discovered. "Will you absolve me from this duty?"

"No, sir; I will not," replied Colonel Maberly, turning on his heel, and cutting the conference short by walking away.

"Your blood be upon your own head, you cruel, merciless man!" muttered M'Intyre, as he looked after Colonel Maberly, himself continuing to stand the while in the spot where the latter had left him.

M'Intyre soon after returned to his quarters, and was seen calmly and silently preparing his arms for the dreadful duty which they were about to be called on to perform. In making these preparations, he was observed to be particularly careful that everything should be in the most serviceable condition. He fitted several flints to his piece, snapping each repeatedly, before being satisfied with its efficiency, and was even at the pains to dry and pulverise a small quantity of powder for priming, to insure a more certain explosion than could be counted on in its original state of grittiness.

In the meantime, the hour of execution approached, and at length arrived. The entire regiment was drawn out to witness the example which was about to be made of the consequences that attended such departures from duty as

M'Leod's misconduct involved. Being formed in military order, and the prisoner placed in a conspicuous yet secure position, the whole were marched off, to the music of fife and muffled drum, to a level piece of ground at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the quarters occupied by the regiment. M'Leod's conduct on this trying occasion was in perfect keeping with his general character. It was calm, firm, and manly. His step was steady and dignified; and his whole bearing bespoke at once a resigned and undaunted spirit. Yet it might not, nay, it certainly would not, have been so, had he known that the comrade of his bosom was to be one of his executioners. This, however, had been mercifully concealed from him. It was all his fellow-soldiers could do for him; but, to a man, had they all anxiously and carefully kept from him the appalling secret; for they knew it would have unnerved him in the hour of trial—in the hour of death.

All unconscious, therefore, of the additional misery with which the cruel order of his commanding officer was yet to visit him, M'Leod marched undauntedly on to his doom. His mien was erect, his eye calm and composed, and a slight paleness of countenance alone bore testimony to his consciousness of the awful situation in which he was placed. On reaching the locality intended for the scene of execution, the corps was formed into three sides of a square. In the centre of that which was vacant, the prisoner was placed; and, at the distance of about twenty yards further in the square, stood the firing party. On the left of these, and between them and the prisoner, stood Colonel Maberly, who, in consequence of having seen some very marked symptoms of disgust with his severity in the corps, had determined on presiding at the execution in person.

It was now, for the first time, that M'Leod became aware that his comrade was to be of the number of his executioners. He saw him amongst the firing-party. Un-

knowing the fact, and never dreaming of the possibility of such an atrocity as that which M'Intyre's position involved, M'Leod calmly asked a serjeant who stood near him—"What does James do there?" The serjeant evaded a reply, or rather affected not to hear him. At this moment the chaplain of the regiment came up to the unfortunate man, to administer the comfort and consolation of religious aid to the doomed soldier. But, ere he could enter on his sacred duties, M'Leod, on whose mind some approximation to the horrid truth as regarded the part assigned his comrade had now flashed, put the same question to the chaplain as he had done to the serjeant.

"Mr Fraser," he said, "I guess the truth; but I would fain be assured of it. Why is my comrade, James M'Intyre, amongst the firing-party?"

The chaplain, as the serjeant had done, endeavoured to evade a reply, by directing the unhappy man to matters of spiritual concernment; but he would not be evaded, and again repeated the question. Thus pressed, the chaplain could no longer avoid the explanation he sought. He told him M'Intyre was one of the firing-party by order of the commanding officer.

"I guessed as much," said M'Leod, calmly. "It is a piece of dreadful cruelty; but may God forgive him, as I freely do!"

He then, without making any further remark, entered solemnly and composedly into the devotional exercises prescribed by his spiritual comforter. These concluded, and everything being ready for the last fatal act of the tragedy, the firing-party were ordered to advance nearer, when M'Intyre, stepping out from his place amongst them, advanced towards the colonel, and again implored him to release him from the dreadful duty imposed on him. The colonel's reply was as determined and peremptory as before.

"Do your duty, sir!" he said, waving his hand impatiently

as a signal to M'Intyre to return to his place, and stepping a pace or two away from him as he spoke. "Do your duty, sir, or I'll compel you; I'll have you in the same situation with your friend."

M'Intyre obeyed the ruthless order without saying another word. He returned to his place. The prisoner's eyes were now bandaged. The firing-party had levelled their muskets, and were waiting the fatal sign. It was made. Colonel Maberly himself made it. The volley was discharged, and M'Leod fell; but he fell not alone. In the same instant, the commanding officer of the —th regiment was also stretched lifeless on the plain. The well-aimed musket of M'Intyre had sent its ball through the heart of the ruthless tyrant. On perpetrating the deed, the former threw his piece on the ground, exclaiming, "Roderick is avenged, and the mercy the tyrant showed to others has been meted out to himself!" and offered himself up, an unresisting prisoner, to whoever might choose to execute that duty.

It was some minutes—so sudden and unexpected had been the catastrophe—before any one made the slightest movement; all looking on in silent and fixed amazement, but we cannot add with much regret; till at length a serjeant stepped out of the ranks, and seized M'Intyre by the breast.

"Right, Serjeant Thompson, right," said the latter, calmly; "you are doing your duty. I know what awaits me, and I am prepared for it. I did not do what I have done without making up my mind to the consequences."

These were indeed inevitable. On the third day thereafter, the roll of the muffled drum announced that M'Intyre's hour was come; and he fell, but not unpitied, beneath the bullets of a party of his fellow-soldiers, on the identical spot where, three days before, his unfortunate comrade had met a similar doom.

THE SURTOUT.

"THE decreet's oot the morn, Mr Fairly, against that man Simmins," quoth an equivocal-looking gentleman, with a stick under his arm, a marvellously shabby hat, a rusty black coat, waistcoat pinned up to the throat, and followed out by a battered stock, glazed and greasy, with its edges worn to the bone; and thus making an unseemly exhibition of the internal composition of said article of wearing apparel. No shirt, or at least none visible; countenance bearing strong marks of dissipation; voice loud and ferocious; look equivocal. Such was the personage who conveyed the information above recorded to Mr Fairly; and, considering the very particular nature of that information, together with certain other little circumstances thereafter following, the reader will be at no great loss, we should suppose, to guess both the nature of his profession and the purpose of his call. In case, however, he should not, we beg to inform him that the speaker was one of those meritorious enforcers of the law, called, in Scotland, messengers —in England, bailiffs.

Mr Fairly, again—the person spoken to—was a fashionable tailor in a certain city not a hundred miles from Arthur's Seat. He was a little, active man, sharp and keen as a razor; and altogether a dangerous-looking customer to those who found it inconvenient to settle his demands in due time; he was, in short, the dread and terror of dilatory payers. In such cases, he hung out the black flag, and gave no quarter. He was, in truth, just as merciless a tailor as ever cut cloth, and well were his savage propensities known to, and much were they respected by, a

certain class of his customers—meaning those who stuck too long on the left-hand side of his ledger—the fatal ledger. Such, then, was our other interlocutor, Mr Fairly. We have only to add, that the scene which we have opened was in a certain parlour in that gentleman's house, and then to proceed with the conference which this necessary digression has interrupted.

"The decreet's oot the morn, Mr Fairly, against that man Simmins," said his visiter, Mr John Howison; "what do ye mean to do? Are we to incarcerate?"

It was a needless question; for Fairly incarcerated everybody, right and left, in such circumstances, sparing neither sex nor age.

"Incarcerate!" he repeated, with a ferocious emphasis. "Surely, surely. Nab the scoundrel. Don't give him a minute beyond his time. Let me see what were the articles again." And he proceeded to turn over the leaves of his ominous ledger. "Ay, a surtout, extra superfine Saxony blue, richly braided, &c. &c., £4 : 15s., due 21st December, and this is the 19th January. A month past date! Nab him, Howison. Nab the villain, and we'll give him six months of the cage, at any rate, and that'll be some satisfaction."

Howison grinned a grin, partly of satisfaction at the prospect of a job, and partly of approval of his employer's wit. "But I don't know the chap exactly," said the former. "I only saw him once."

"Oh, that's easily sorted," replied Fairly. "Although you don't know him, you may know my surtout, which he constantly wears—having no other coat, I verily believe, to his back. Here, see, here is the neighbour of it." And he ran into a back apartment, whence he shortly returned with a very flashy article of the description he referred to, and, expanding it before Howison, bade him mark its peculiarities. "Sir," he said, "it's one of a thousand.

The only one of the same cut and fashion in the whole city. *That* I know. I would pick it out, blind, from amongst a million."

Howison having carefully scanned the garment, declared that he was ready to take his chance of recognising his man—other circumstances corroborating—by its particular cut and adornments; and, in truth, he needed have little hesitation about the matter; for, indeed, the surtout was, as Fairly had said, one of a thousand. It was altogether a very marked sort of article, especially in the department of braiding, that being singularly rich and voluminous; and if, as its maker had also said, it had not its fellow in the town (barring, of course, the duplicate which he was now exhibiting), there could be no difficulty whatever in identifying the devoted debtor.

Matters being thus arranged, the messenger, after having obtained Simmins' address, took leave of his employer, with full authority to visit the unhappy owner of the surtout with the utmost vengeance of the law, and with a promise on his own part that he would duly inform the latter of his subsequent proceedings in the case—meaning thereby, that, so soon as the bird was caged, he would give due intimation thereof.

Leaving the process just detailed at the point to which we have brought it, we beg to introduce the reader to another personage who figures in our little drama: this is Mr Jacob Merrilees, a student of medicine, a gentlemanly young man, of limited means, but fair prospects, and, withal, talented and promising. He was at this moment pursuing his studies at the college of ——, and was making a progress in professional learning that augured well for his future success in the world. But, with this part of his history we have little or nothing to do—our interest in him being on a totally different account.

Talented, however, as our young friend was, he had, like

other men, his little weaknesses; one in particular—but it was a natural and a harmless one—this was a rather excessive fastidiousness on the score of dress. He loved, of all things, to be smartly attired; and was thus, upon the whole, something of a dandy in his way. Unfortunately for poor Jacob, however, this was a taste which he was not always able to indulge in to the extent he could have wished. His circumstances, or rather his father's penuriousness, prevented it; and the consequence was, that he frequently found himself considerably below his own standard of perfection in the article toggery. It is true, that one less particular in this matter would hardly have agreed with him; but such were his own feelings on the subject, and that was enough.

Having mentioned the little weakness above alluded to—if, indeed, it can be called a weakness—it becomes our duty to show cause for having called the reader's attention to it. This duty, then, we will forthwith discharge; but we must be allowed to do so in our own way. We have said that our friend Merrilees was making rapid progress in his professional education; he was so, but he was advancing with no less celerity in another and fully more congenial study—namely, the study of love. What fair maiden, in the eyes of Jacob Merrilees, could compete with Miss Julia Willoughby? None. She was peerless! She was the fairest of the fair! Miss Julia Willoughby, then, was the chosen of Jacob's heart; but he had yet no assurance that his tender feelings towards her were reciprocated. Little else than the ordinary courtesies of society had yet passed between them, although these were certainly rapidly melting into more familiar intercourse. Still, as we said before, Jacob could not positively fix on the precise position which he held in the affections of Miss Julia Willoughby. He was still in a state of uncertainty; for no particular mark of favour had yet been bestowed upon him by the

coy fair one. Judge, then, good reader, of the joyous feelings of the enamoured Jacob Merrilees, when he received the following note, written on glazed pink paper, sealed with the impression of a heart pierced by an arrow—said heart being supported by two pigeons—and folded into something of the fashion of a love-knot. Judge, then, good reader, we say, of his feelings on receiving this precious billet, the first palpable hint of his acceptability with which he had ever been favoured by his fair inamorato:—

"Dear Mr Merrilees,—Would you make one of a party to visit the wax-work to-morrow? I should be happy if you could. There will be several young ladies of my acquaintance with us, and one or two gentlemen. We propose meeting at our house. Hour, twelve of the clock precisely. It *will particularly gratify me*, if you can make it convenient to be one of the party," &c. &c.

"Julia Willoughby."

"Dear, delightful creature!" exclaimed Jacob, in an ecstasy of rapture, and kissing the delicious document with the fervour and enthusiasm of a rapt and devoted love. "Make it convenient?" he exclaimed, with expressive energy. "Ay, that I will, adored and beloved Julia! although ten thousand difficulties were in my way. All engagements, all considerations, all duties, light of my life, idol of my adoration, must give way to thy slightest wish. It will particularly gratify thee!" he exclaimed, with a laugh of wild ecstasy. "Will it, will it?—oh! will it? Then am I a happy man indeed!" and he began to pace the room with the light rapid step of sudden and excessive joy.

In this process Jacob had indulged for several minutes, without adverting, as he usually did, in similar circumstances, to the representation of his own handsome person in a large mirror, which hung on one side of the apart-

ment. As his fervour, however, began to abate, he threw glances at the glass *en passant*, and, with every turn, these glances became more earnest, and of longer duration, until he at length fairly planted himself before the faithful reflector, in order to submit his person to a thorough and deliberate inspection. The survey was perfectly satisfactory to Jacob; and he was turning away, highly gratified by its results, when his eye fell on the sleeve of his coat. "Ha," said Jacob, "getting scuffy, by all that's annoying. Had no idea. Won't do, won't do—that's clear. Can never go through the streets with Julia and her fair bevy of acquaintances in such a coat as this—never, never, never."

And, in great perplexity at the discovery he had made, Jacob flung himself down in a chair, and, with his hand placed on his forehead, began to think profoundly on the means of remedying the evil of a shabby coat. The time was too short to admit of his providing a new one; and, indeed, although it had been longer, this was an experiment on his tailor on which he could hardly have ventured, that gentleman having lately shown symptoms of restiveness which were by no means encouraging. What was to be done, then?

"I have it!" said Jacob, starting up: "I will borrow a coat for the nonce from my friend, Bob Simmins. He will supply me with the desiderated garment."

No sooner conceived than executed. Down Jacob immediately sat, and forthwith indited the following billet to his friend Bob:—

"Dear Bob,—Being invited for to-morrow to a party, in which there is to be a large infusion of the fair sex, and finding, after a careful inspection, that my coat is not in the most healthy condition, might I request the favour of your lending me a corresponding piece of toggery for the occasion, if you have such an article to spare, and said article be of a kind creditable to the wearer.

"We are about a size, I think, and can therefore calculate on a fit. Yours truly, JACOB MERRILEES."

Having written this note, Jacob forthwith sealed it, and put it into the hands of the maid-servant, with a request that she would see to its immediate delivery. The request was complied with. In ten minutes after, the girl was in the presence of the redoubted Bob Simmins; for redoubted he was, Bob being one of the most dashing fellows of his time, nevertheless of a rigid adherence to the praiseworthy rule of never paying a copper to anybody for anything.

Having opened his friend's note, and scanned it over—

"Ah yes, let me see"—and he stroked his chin, threw himself back in the chair, gazed on the roof, and thought for a moment. At length—"My compliments to Mr Merrilees," he said; "I will send him what he wants to-morrow morning."

In due course of time, to-morrow morning made its appearance, and with it came to Jacob's lodgings the promised article of dress. A bundle neatly put up, and whose outward covering was a yellow silk handkerchief, was handed in to Mr Merrilees, as he sat at breakfast. At once guessing at the contents of the package, Jacob started up, undid the knots by which it was secured, with an eager and impatient hand, took up the article it contained, shook out its folds, and gazed with ecstasy on a splendid surtout. It was Simmins'. Jacob knew it again. He had seen it a thousand times on his friend, and as often had praised and admired it. The cut, the braiding, the elegant fur neck—all had been marked, and cordially approved of. How good of Simmins, poor fellow! to send him his best coat! It was an obligation he would never forget.

Having unfolded the surtout, Jacob's next proceeding was to try it on. It was a beautiful fit. Not the hundredth part of an inch too short, too long, or too wide. It was, in fact, just the thing. Couldn't have been better,

although it had been cut for him by Stultz's foreman. Convinced of this pleasing truth, Jacob stood before the glass for fully a quarter-of-an-hour, throwing himself into various attitudes, in order to bring out all the beauties of the much-admired garment; and every change of position increasing the favourable opinion which he entertained of his own appearance. Satisfied with the contemplation of himself in the mirror, Jacob now commenced a series of turns up and down the apartment; sometimes throwing his arms akimbo, sometimes folding them across his breast, and anon glancing down with a smile of ineffable admiration on the flowing skirts of his surtout. This new test of the merits of the borrowed garment having also been found satisfactory, and every other ordeal to which it could be subjected having also been had recourse to, and it having stood them all, Jacob put the last finishing touch to his person, gave a last look at the glass, and, with mincing step, went forth to conquer and to captivate. And never did man or woman either take the field for such a purpose with greater confidence in their own powers, or with greater certainty of success.

Before proceeding, however, to the place of meeting, Jacob bethought him of making a run the length of his friend Bob's, just to thank him for his kindness, and to show him how the surtout fitted. Obeying this impulse, he was, in a few minutes after, in the presence of the obliging Simmins. A lively chat ensued between the two friends, and continued with unabated energy, until Jacob, suddenly pulling out his watch, found that his appointed hour had passed. On making this discovery, he started from his chair, seized his hat, rushed out of the house, and, at the top of his speed, made for the residence of his beloved Julia Willoughby. Notwithstanding his speed, however, he was a little late. The party were already assembled. This was a trifle awkward; but it had its advantages, as we shall

presently show. The approach to Miss Willoughby's residence was through a garden of considerable length, and thus all visiters might be fully, fairly, and minutely scanned as they advanced. Now, Jacob being a little late, as we have already said, the party, particularly the ladies, in their impatience for his arrival, had clustered around the windows, and were anxiously looking for his advent; so that the moment he opened the gate, both himself and his surtout were in full view of some half-dozen or more admiring spinsters. It was a complete triumph to Jacob, and he felt it to be so. He saw that all eyes were bent on him as he approached the house; that his surtout had attracted particular notice, and had become a subject of general remark and general approbation. He felt, in short, conscious that he had excited a sensation amongst the fair spectators of his approach. He saw the flutter of agitation. He marked the blush, the averted eye. He was delighted, elated. His surtout was triumphant. It had produced all the effects, so far as others are concerned, for which a surtout can be coveted. Conscious of the impression he had made, through the medium of his surtout, Jacob's step became more buoyant, his head more erect, and his whole mien more elevated and dignified.

Thus he entered the parlour, where the waiting party were assembled; and here, again, he had the satisfaction of finding his surtout an object of general observation. But let us ask, while Jacob is thus enjoying the favouring smiles of the fair, and thus revelling in his own delightful feelings, who and what are they, these two fellows who are skulking about Mr Willoughby's garden gate, as if waiting the egress of some one? Why, it is Howison—no other; and another professional gentleman, a concurrent. They are upon business. They have got scent of prey, and are following it out, with noses as keen and purpose as fell as those of a sleuth-hound. There can be no doubt of it. Hear

them; listen to the gentle small talk that is passing between them.

Howison loquitur, and wiping his perspiring forehead with his handkerchief: "Feth, Davy, that was a rin; and no to mak him oot after a'. But we'll nail him yet."

Concurrent respondent: "But are ye sure it was him after a'?"

"Oh, perfectly! I canna be mistaen. It's the surtout, beyond a' manner o' doubt; and of course it's the man, too, seein he cam oot o' the house we were directed to."

The reasoning being quite satisfactory to the concurrent, he ventured no further remark on the subject of identity; and we avail ourselves of the temporary pause which now took place between the speakers, to explain, that they had seen Jacob emerging from Simmins'. They were just approaching at the moment; but the rapid rate at which the former was going prevented the closer intimacy which they intended, and hence the chase.

"Will we pin him in this house, then?" inquired Davy, again resuming the conversation.

"No; they might deny him. We'll wait whar we are a bit, till he comes oot. Dog him, if he taks the direction o' the jail, and nab him at a convenient opportunity."

"He may bilk us."

"We'll tak care o' that. We'll gie him heels for't, Davy, if that's his gemm."

A pause in the conversation, which was not for some time interrupted, here ensued. After a short while, however, it was again broken in upon.

"Whisht! whisht! Back, Davy, back!" (The two professional gentlemen were ensconced in a close or entry directly opposite Mr Willoughby's garden-gate.) "Back, Davy, back!" said Howison. "There's somebody comin. I hear folk speakin and lauchin in the garden."

Davy listened an instant, then acknowledged there were

good grounds for the assertion, and immediately drew himself farther into his hiding-place, like an alarmed snail into its shell.

Howison, as the principal, now placed himself in front of his assistant, squeezed himself as close as he could to the wall, until he stuck as close to, and as flat on it, as a bat. He then, by a dexterous movement, thrust his head in a lateral direction, till his nose just cleared the corner of the close, when, closing his left eye, and concentrating his whole powers of vision in his right, he planted the solitary optic with eager vigilance on the garden gate, to watch the coming forth of those who were on its opposite side. For this he had not long to wait. In a few moments the gate flew open, and out sallied, with frequent bursts of merriment, one of the gayest and most joyous parties that a bright summer day ever brought forth; and gayest and most joyous of the whole was Jacob Merrilees. Of the whole squad his laugh was the loudest, his motions the liveliest, his looks the most cheerful. Jacob was in his element. He was in the midst of a bevy of ladies. One hung on each arm; while others, to whom fortune had not been so propitious in allowing them to get nearer his person, contented themselves with taking the arms again of their more favoured sisters—of those two enviable spinsters who had secured the posts of honour, the immediate vicinity of the admired Jacob Merrilees. Jacob was thus in the very centre of the gay band of fair spinsters; and a proud man was he of his enviable position. He talked!—ye gods, how he talked! —and chattered away in a manner most delightful to hear; at least so it seemed, from the frequent bursts of laughter which he elicited from his lively protegées. He smirked, and he smiled, and he bowed, first to one side and then to another, after his most captivating manner, and, in short, did all that a man who was pleased with himself, and desired to please others, could possibly do to maintain these

agreeable feelings. He was the king of the roost—that was evident; the very centre of attraction; the delight, the glory, the leading star in the galaxy of beauty of which he formed a part.

The party having cleared the gate, took the road with a circular sweep round, and a burst of merriment that sufficiently betokened the lightness of heart and of heel of those of whom it was composed.

"Deek yon, Davy," exclaimed Howison, at this interesting moment, and now addressing the worthy just named, who had by this time come up alongside of him, and was also indulging himself in a bird's-eye view of the party round the corner of the close. "Deek yon, Davy. He's aff like a paitrik; but we'll bring him up wi' a short turn, I'm thinkin. We'll pit a slug through his wing. Little does he ken wha's watchin him."

"Wull we gie chase?" said the concurrent, who stood at this instant like a dog in the slip, with his neck on the stretch, and every nerve braced for the run.

"No, no; gie him the start a bit till he gathers confidence, and then we'll pounce on him. Wary, Davy, wary! keep in a bit. Dinna shute oot your head so far. If he gets a glisk o' ye, he'll tak to his trotters in a minnit, and gie us an infernal rin for't. See what lang legs the sinner has."

"I think I could rin him ony day," replied Howison's concurrent, "and gie him a start o' a hunner yards to the bargain."

"I'm no sure o' that," rejoined Howison, shaking his head doubtingly; "ye dinna ken hoo a man can rin wi' a caption at his heels. It maks them go at a deevil o' a rate. I've seen great, fat, auld chaps, that ye wadna hae thocht could rin a yard an't were to save their lives, flee like the win before a 'Whereas.'"

"Noo, noo, Davy," continued Howison, and now recalling his neighbour's attention to business, "let us be jog-

gin. He's takin the richt road, so we'll just pin him at our leisure."

Saying this, the pair started, and in a short time were hovering on the skirts of the heedless party, and their heedless and unwary leader, the devoted Jacob Merrilees.

Wholly unconscious, as the reader will readily believe, of the plot that was thickening over his head, or, rather, at his heels, Jacob was continuing the career of banter, and lively small talk, and smart repartee, which distinguished his first appearance at the garden gate, when he suddenly felt himself gently touched from behind on the left shoulder. He turned round, but without quitting the arms of the fair ladies who hung upon him, and looked frowningly on Howison.

"What do you mean, sir?" inquired Jacob, indignantly, and now glancing also at Howison's companion, who stood close by, with his stick tucked under his arm.

To this query the only reply was a knowing wink, and a significant wag of the forefinger, which, when translated, meant—"Come here, friend, and I'll tell you."

"Get along with you, sir!" said Jacob, contemptuously.

"Thank you, but I won't," replied Howison, saucily.

"No! Then what the devil do you want?"

"You," said the former, emphatically. "But you had better conduct yourself quietly, for your own sake."

"Now, my good fellow," replied Jacob, in a satirically calm tone, "*do* tell me what you mean?"

"Do ye ken such a man as Fairly the tailor?" inquired Howison, who always affected a degree of playfulness in the execution of this department of his duties. "Do ye ken Fairly the tailor?" he said, with an intelligent smile.

"I know no such man, sir; never heard his name before," replied Jacob, angrily, and now urging his fair protegées onwards—the whole party having been stopped by the incident just detailed.

"Not so fast, friend," exclaimed Howison, making after his prey, and again slapping him on the shoulder, but now less ceremoniously. "You are my prisoner, and here's my authority," he added, pulling out a crumpled piece of paper. It was the decreet against Simmins. "Although *you* don't know Fairly, *I* happen to know Fairly's surtout. The short and the long of the matter is, sir," continued Howison, "that I arrest you at the instance of John Fairly, tailor and clothier, for a debt of £4 : 15s., with interest and expenses, said debt being the price of the identical surtout which you have just now on your back. So come along quietly, or it may be worse for you."

We do not suppose it is necessary that we should describe the amazement of the unhappy wearer of the surtout in question, on so very extraordinary and incomprehensible a statement being made to him, nor that of his party, from the same cause. The reader will at once conceive what it was, without any such proceeding on our part.

Confounded, however, and amazed as he was, Jacob's presence of mind instantly showed him that he was in a dilemma, a regular scrape. That he must either acknowledge—and, in the presence of all his fair friends, there was death in the idea—that the surtout he wore, and which had procured for him so much admiration, was a borrowed one, or quietly submit to be dragged to jail as the true debtor. Jacob further saw exactly how the case stood. He saw that his friend Simmins had never paid for the very flashy article in which he was now arrayed (a discovery this, however, which did not in the least surprise him), and that *he* was the person for whom the honours of Howison were intended.

Having, however, no fancy for incarceration, Jacob finally determined on avowing the distressing fact, that his surtout was a borrowed one, and that, not being its true owner, he was, of course, free of the attentions of Mr

Howison. With a face, then, red as scarlet, and a voice expressive of great tribulation, Jacob made a public acknowledgment of this humiliating truth, and was about to avail himself of the advantage which he calculated on deriving from it—namely, that of proceeding on his way—when, to his great horror and further confusion, he found that Howison determined on still sticking to him. In great agitation, Jacob again repeated that he was not Simmins, and that he had merely borrowed the surtout from that gentleman. To these earnest asseverations, Howison at first merely replied by an incredulous smile, then added—"It may be sae, sir; but that's a matter that maun be cleared up afterwards. In the meantime ye'll go wi' me, if you please; and, if no o' your ain accord, as I wad advise ye, by force, as I'll compel ye." Saying this, he plunged his hand into one of his pockets, and produced a pair of handcuffs, like a rat-trap. The exhibition of these ornaments, and the dread of getting up a scene on the public street, at once decided the unfortunate surtout-borrower to submit to his fate, and to walk quietly off with his new friends, Mr Howison and concurrent.

In ten minutes after, Jacob found himself snugly quartered in an airy chamber, with grated windows, commanding a pleasant view of a tread-mill in full operation; and here he remained, until the following morning brought such evidence of his indentity as procured his liberation. On once more snuffing the fresh air, Jacob swore he would take care again whose coat he borrowed, when he should have occasion to ask such a favour from a friend; and we would advise the reader to exercise the like caution, should he ever find himself in similar circumstances.

THE SURGEON'S TALES.

THE SUICIDE.

It is a vain question, that which has been often stirred among men of our profession and metaphysicians, whether insanity—including under that word all the modes of derangement of the mental powers—is strictly a *disease*, the definition of which, according to the best authorities, is "an alternation from a perfect state of bodily health." Both parties may, to a certain extent, be right; for the one, including chiefly the metaphysicians, can successfully exhibit a gradation in the scale of derangement: beginning at the slightest peculiarity; passing on to an eccentricity; from that to idiosyncrasy; from that to a decay or an extraordinary increase of strength in a particular faculty—say memory; from that to a decay or an increase in the intensity of a feeling, an emotion, or a passion; from that to false perception—such as monomania, progressing to derangement as to one point or subject, often called madness, *quoad hoc;* and so on, through many other changes, almost imperceptible in their differences, to perfect madness—all without the slightest indication of a pathological nature being to be discovered or detected by the finest dissecting-knife. On the other hand, again, it is indisputable—for we medical men have demonstrated the fact—that a certain *degree* of madness is almost always accompanied with derangement in the cerebral organs—the most ordinary appearance being the existence of a fluid of a certain kind in the chambers of the brain.

The best and the cleverest of us must let these questions alone; for, so long as we remain—and that may be, as it

likely will be, for ever—ignorant of the subtle principle of organic life—the nature of the mysterious union of mind and matter—we will never be able to tell (notwithstanding all our mental achievements) whether madness has its primary beginning in the body or in the mind. We must remain contented with a knowledge of exciting causes, and with that melancholy lore which treasures up—alas! for how little good!—the dreadful symptoms which distinguish this miserable state of proud man from all other conditions of his earthly sorrow; exhibiting him conscious of being still a human creature impressed with the image of God, yet incapable of using the proudest gift of Heaven—his reason; susceptible of and suffering the most excruciating of all pains—imaginary evils, torments, agonies—yet placed beyond the pale of human sympathy; bent upon—following with cunning and assiduity the cruellest modes of self-immolation; and sometimes calmly *reasoning* on the nature of the mysterious power that impels to a horrible and revolting suicide.

I have been led into this train of thought by the circumstances of the case I am now about to relate. It is one of a calm, reasoning, determined self-destroyer, in whom, with the single exception of wishing to die by violent and bloody means, I could discover no mental derangement. The case occurs every day; but there are circumstances in this of a peculiar nature, which set it apart from others I have witnessed, and seen described; and, as it bears the invaluable stamp of truth, my description of it may be held to be a chapter, and a melancholy one, in the wonderful history of human life, wherein, perhaps, the succeeding capital division may consist of an account of our own tragic fate, not less lamentable or less awful. Such creatures are we lords of the creation!—so completely veiled are the destinies of man!

It was, I think, in the month of December in the winter of 18—, that a man in the garb of a farmer called upon me,

and requested me to visit George B——, a person, he said, of his own craft, who held a small sheep-farm back among the hills about three miles distant. I asked the messenger if the man was in danger, and if he wished me to proceed instantly to his residence, or if a call the first time that I passed that way, which might be next day, would suffice. He replied that his friend was not in immediate danger, and did not wish me to travel three miles for the special purpose of seeing him, but would be contented with, and grateful for, a visit from me on any early day that suited my convenience.

On the following day, I happened to be in that quarter of the country, and called at the house to which I had been directed. The day was cloudy, raw, and cold, and a stern north wind whistled among the brackens of the hills. I was struck with the situation and appearance of the house. It had formerly been a mansion-house, and was much larger than the ordinary residences of small sheep-farmers among the hills. The situation was peculiarly bleak, sequestered, and even dismal: no trees could be discovered in any direction; there was no outhouses attached to the dwelling; and no neighbouring residence was to be seen. The house stood alone, big, gaunt, cold, and comfortless, in the midst of bare hills, exposed to the bitter wind that careered through the valleys and ravines. Nor, as I approached, did I discover any signs of domestic stir or comfort. Several of the windows were closed up—the under part of the house apparently being only inhabited by the inmates, who showed no anxiety to ascertain by looking out who it was that had accomplished the task of getting to this barren and sequestered place.

On knocking at the door, it was opened by a young woman about eighteen years of age. She appeared to be delicate—being thin in her person, pale in her complexion, and of an irritable temperament, for she started when she saw me.

An expression of melancholy pervaded features not unhandsome, and attracted particularly my attention, by almost instantly exciting my sympathy. I asked her if George B—— was in the house. She answered that her father, for such he was, had just gone to bed, having been for some time ailing. I told her that it was upon that account I had come to see him. She seemed then to know who I was, and thanked me for my attention. I stepped in; and, as I followed the young woman through a long passage to the room occupied by her father, she told me that her mother had died about a year before, and that there was no other individual living in the house but her and her remaining parent. A gloomy, unhappy pair! thought I, as I looked on her sombre face, and heard the wind moaning through the big, open house.

On entering the room, which was cold and poorly furnished, I observed George B—— sitting up in his bed reading a book, which I discovered to be a large Bible. He had a napkin bound round his temples. His face exhibited the true melancholic hue, being of a swarthy yellow; his eyes wore the heaviness generally found in people of that temperament; the muscles were firmly bound down by the rigid, severe, and desponding expression of dejection, generally found associated with these other characteristics; and throughout his face and manner there was exhibited an indifference to surrounding objects, which was only very partially relaxed by his recognition of me as I entered. There was, however, nothing of the look of a diseased man about him; for his face was full and fleshy, his nerves firm and well strung, his eye steady and unclouded, and his voice, as he welcomed me in, strong, and even rough and burly. His face resembled very much the *ideal* of that of the old Covenanters; and the large Bible he held in his hands aided the conception, and increased the picturesque effect of the whole aspect of the man.

He knew, or took it for granted, that I was the surgeon he had sent for, pointed to a chair, that I might sit down, and beckoned to his daughter Margaret, as he called her, to leave the room. The young woman retired slowly, and I observed, as she proceeded towards the door, she threw back two or three nervous looks, which I thought indicated a strong feeling of apprehension, mixed with her filial sympathy. As the door shut, it sounded as if it had lost the catch; the father caught the sound, appeared angry, and requested me to rise and shut it effectually, and, as he added, carefully. I complied, and he seemed to listen for some time, as if to try to ascertain whether his daughter had proceeded along the passage to the kitchen. He was uncertain, and listened again, but was still unresolved; at last, he said he was sorry to give me so much trouble, but he felt he could not enter upon the subject about which he wished to consult me until he was satisfied, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Margaret was not listening. I rose and went to the door. On opening it, I saw the young woman standing behind it. On perceiving me, she retreated precipitately and fearfully along the dark passage. I shut the door; and, being unwilling, in my ignorance of the cause of all this mysterious secresy and suspicion, to betray the poor girl, who had perhaps some good legitimate object in solicitude, I said simply that there was now nobody there. He was satisfied; and I again sat down.

I then asked him what was the particular complaint about which he wished to consult me.

"That is precisely what I wish to know," he replied. "I hae nae complaint aboot *my body*, which, God be thanked! is just as strong as it used to be. But there is a change in my mind, different frae the healthy griefs, and sorrows, and pains o' mortals. My wife, the best o' women, died a year ago. In a short time after, I lost the greater number o' my sheep in a storm, which prevented me frae

payin my Candlemas rent. But mony a man loses his wife, and mony a shepherd his sheep, without tellin a doctor o' their loss. I laid my account wi' sufferin grief as heavy as mortal ever suffered; and in this house, in this bed, on these hills, in the kirk, and at our cattle trysts, I hae struggled wi' my sorrow. But, sir," leaning his head towards me, and speaking low, "*it winna a' do.*"

He paused, and, as he fixed his eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, as if he had already, as it were, broached a subject that was fearful to himself.

"What mean you?" said I.

"I mean, that *I canna live!*" he replied, energetically, seizing the Bible with a spasmodic grasp—closing it—throwing it to the back of the bed—then falling in an instant into a state of real dejection, with his arms folded over his breast, and his eyes cast down.

"Grief often produces these gloomy thoughts," said I; "but they are the mere fancies of a sick mind—generated in sorrow, and dying with the time-subdued cause that produces them. There is not a bereaved husband, wife, parent, or child in the land, that does not, in the first struggle with a new grief, entertain and cherish, for passing moments of agony, such sick fancies of rebelling nature. You have not yet given time and your energies a fair trial. You must have patience."

"There is some consolation in that," he replied. "I am glad when I think that the thought that haunts and alarms me is no sae dangerous as it sometimes appears to me. This book (sweet comforter!) tells me that Tobit prayed to be dissolved, and become earth, because o' his sorrow. It tells me, also, that Job, in his agonies, cried, 'My soul chooseth strangling and death rather than life.' My experience o' the ills o' life (and a man o' sixty-five must have some portion o' that) informs me o' the truth o' what you have told me, that an extraordinary burden o' grief often

wrings frae the sick soul a wish to dee and be at rest. But oh! I fear my situation is different. I hae *mair* than a wish to be dissolved; for sure none o' my brethren in sorrow"—here his voice fell almost to a whisper, and tears rolled down his cheek—"ever lay wi' the like o' that"—holding up a razor—"under his sick pillow."

I was alarmed, being utterly unprepared for this exhibition.

"You need be under nae alarm," he continued, wiping the tears from his eyes. "My courage is not yet strong enough. God be praised for it! Moments o' fearfu fortitude sometimes come owre me, and I have held that instrument in my clenched hand—ay, within an inch o' my bared throat; but the resolution passes as quickly as it comes, and terror, cowardice, and a shiverin cauld—dreadfu to suffer—come in their place. Lay it past, sir—lay it past."

I obeyed; and, as I proceeded to place the instrument on the top of a chest of drawers, I heard the noise of some one in the passage, with suppressed ejaculations of—"O God! O God!"

"I wadna hae shown you that," he continued, as I sat down, "but that it is my wish to tell you the warst; for nae man can expect assistance, if he is ashamed or afraid to show his necessities and his danger. I didna send for you to cure my body, but to examine my mind, and tell me if it is sound and healthy, or weak and diseased, and therefore I will conceal naething frae ye that may show you its state and condition."

I was pleased to find I had so tractable a patient. I paused for a moment, to consider in what way I should draw him out, and on what side I should attack him—whether I should argue calmly with him, and endeavour to stimulate his feelings of duty to his Maker, to himself and his poor daughter; or shake him roughly as a vain and sinful dreamer who had voluntarily swallowed a pernicious

soporific, and try to awaken him, and keep him awake, after the manner of our remedial endeavours to save those who have attempted to poison themselves by laudanum. I saw, in an instant, that he was by far too strong-minded a man to be operated upon effectually by the mere charm of the imputed reach and strength of our cabalistic lore—an agent, if well employed, of great good in our profession—and too determined (for such resolutions are always, in some degree, a false result of reasoning powers) to be put from his purpose either by a firm pressure of logical authority, or the subtle and more dangerous means of good-humoured or severe satire. My course was clearly to endeavour to affect the form of his own reasoning, and, if possible, to invest it with a character which might be recognised as true by the peculiar, and, no doubt, morbid perceptions he possessed of moral truth. I began by securing his eye, which I saw was, at times, inclined to wander, or take on that unmeaning, dull, glazed aspect which people in the act of brooding over intense sorrows—as if the optic nerves were thereby paralysed—so often exhibit.

"What train of mind are you in generally," said I, "when the wish to die, accompanied with the fortitude you have mentioned, comes upon you in its strongest form?"

"I first fall into a state of low spirits," said he, "and then nae effort I can use will tak my mind aff my dead wife. I think for whole hours—sometimes on the hills, sometimes in the house, and sometimes in my bed—of our courtship, our marriage, our happy life, and her miserable, painful, untimely death. This feeds my sorrow, which grows stronger, and descends deeper and deeper, till it reaches my brain, and I am sunk in the darkness o' despair. To escape frae thoughts o' past sorrows that are owre strong to be borne, I try to look forward to the future; but, alas! I see naething there but the pain o' livin for a number o' comfortless years o' auld age, draggin after me, a

memory clogged wi' past ills, and naething afore me but a jail, and want, and lingerin death."

"These are false views of life," said I—"overstrained and morbid. I must teach you to think better. You have a daughter who will comfort you, and whom you are bound to support and protect."

"True, true," he cried; "I hae a dochter, and a better never sacrificed her ain thochts and feelins to the comforts o' a father. The idea o' leavin her, young, faitherless, poor, and full o' sorrow, in the midst o' a bad world, has before this" (lowering his voice) "brought down that rebellious hand from this throat. But, alas for the inconsistency and mutability o' man's fancies!—dearly as I love that creature, and she is now my only comfort, my very affection for her sometimes sinks me deeper into that sorrow which produces the dreadfu purpose o' takin awa my ain life; for I think—oh! how weak is man's proud reason, when the heart is broken wi' grief!—that an auld parent under the ban o' poverty is a burden to a child. His death (so in these unhappy moments do I think) relieves the unhappy bairn o' twa evils—that o' toilin maybe in vain to support him, and that o' witnessin age, decrepitude, pain, misery, and want, wringin frae his shrivelled and diseased body groans o' agony, strikin the heart o' his child wi' mair pain than would be caused by the knell o' his death."

He now sank his face in the bedclothes, which he grasped with a spasmodic hand, and groaned so deep and loud that the sounds might have reached the passage. I again heard a noise from that quarter, as if of stifled sighs and hysterical sobs. I was placed between the groans of a father bent against his own judgment on self-destruction, and the terrors and griefs of a daughter listening to the horrible recital of her parent's designs against his life. The loneliness of the house, and the solitude of the unhappy pair—with no one to aid the young woman, in the event of

any appalling extremity to which the unnatural purpose of her father might drive him—struck me forcibly. I had no recollection of ever experiencing a scene of grief so peculiar, with such fearful and uncertain issues, so irremediable and heart-stirring. The groans of the one and the sobs of the other seemed to vie with each other in the effect they produced upon me; but, great as the pain of the father was, the sufferings of the daughter, perhaps as peculiar and touching as any that could be conceived, engaged to the greatest extent my sympathy. It was my duty and wish to try to remove the fundamental cause of all this suffering; and I waited the end of the paroxysm of the father's sorrow in order to resume the conversation.

"These views," said I, as he calmed, "which you take of life, and its duties and affections, are all false and distorted. It is our duty to try to regulate our thoughts as well as our actions by some steady supporting principle, which mankind have agreed in considering as true, whether it be derived from the direct Word of God or from the written tablets of the heart. The taking away of our life—originally given to us as a trust, or imposed on us by the Author of all good, for certain ends and purposes which are veiled from our view—is undoubtedly in many respects, as regards God himself, ourselves, our children, and our neighbours, a great, flagrant, horrible crime. It is against the law of God, the law of our country, the organic law of our physical constitution, and the moral law of our minds. It is indeed the only act that can be mentioned that is against *all* these. It does not require me to tell you that suicide, with other murders, was denounced by God himself, speaking in words that all mankind have heard, from the 'thick cloud' that hung over Mount Sinai. You are, I presume, a Christian, and the Sacred Book containing that denunciation lies at your side; and yet you have made the dreadful confession to me, that you have dared to meditate on the

breaking, the despising, the contemning of the command of Him who by less than a command—ay, than even a word, by the lifting up of his finger—may consign you to an eternity of agony, in comparison of which all the sorrow you now suffer is less than a grain of sand to the sand-banks of the sea."

"It is true, it is true!" replied the unhappy man. "I know, I *feel* that every word you have uttered is true, maist true and undeniable as are the sentiments o' this holy book," grasping again the Bible; "but can ye—wha, by the command o' books and education, can dive farther into the nature o' the mind than ane like me—explain this mystery, that, when my soul is filled wi' the darkness o' sorrow, and my rebellious purpose o' self-murder whispers in my mind treachery and war against God, thae truths ye hae uttered, for they hae occurred to me before, tak flight like guid angels, and leave me to warsle wi' a power that subdues me? It is then that I am in danger, and the hand that has held up to my throat that fatal instrument I had under my pillow, has the moment before been lifted up vainly in prayer to God, to throw owre my mind the light o' thae grand truths. What avails it, then, that there are times when I love them, and am guided by them, and thank Heaven for the precious gift o' knowin, feelin, and appreciatin them, if there are other moments when they flee frae me, and I am left powerless in the grasp o' my enemy?" Pausing, and falling again into a fit of dejection. "I fear, I fear the best o' us are only the slaves o' some mysterious power. But"—starting up, as if recollecting himself—"I put a question to you—answer me in the name o' Heaven; for if I gie mysel up to the belief o' an all-powerful necessity, I am a lost man and a self-murderer."

He was now clearly approaching a rock whereon many a gallant bark has been shivered to atoms. Even healthy-minded men cannot look at the question of the necessity of

the will without staggering and reeling; and hypochondriacs love to get drunk by inhaling the vapours of mysticism that rise from it, destroying as they do all moral responsibility, and concealing the vengeance of heaven and the terrors of hell. It was necessary to lead him from this dangerous subject, which it was clear he had been studying and dreaming about, with all that love of subtlety and mysticism which melancholy generates.

"No sensible man," said I, "believes in the absolute necessity of the will. After the will is fixed, the liberty is already exercised, and there is indeed *no will* in the mind at all, until it takes the form of an active, moving, propelling principle. But these are abstruse fancies, which you must fly, if you wish to possess a healthy mind. Sorrow, or any other feeling of pain, will extinguish while it lasts the burning lights of principle or sentiment. The pain of the amputation of a limb prevents, while it lasts, the natural working of the mind; but *grief may be averted*, and the great healing secret of that is, that the mind *must* be occupied. Renounce all abstruse thinking, all day-dreaming, all sorrowful remembering, all sentimental musing—look upon application, exercise, work, as a duty and a medicine, and I will answer for your expelling from your mind that dreadful purpose that entails upon you misery, and disgraces the nature of man."

"Your advice is excellent," replied he, somewhat roused; "but, unfortunately, I hae got the same frae my ain mind; and, what is mair, I hae tried it—I hae tried it again and again;—the medicine is worth nae mair to me than a bread pill. My efforts to exercise my mind, when a fit o' sorrow presses upon it, only mak the sorrow the heavier, by makin the mind less able to bear it. My soul is for ever bent on that question o' the necessity o' the will which you despise and avoid. I will, God is my witness, argue it with you, calmly and reasonably."

"Unless you agree to renounce that question," said I, "I can do you no good."

"Then," replied he, with a groan, "I am left to Heaven and my unavoidable fate. May God have mercy on my soul!"

And he again relapsed into a fit of dejection, his head leaning on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the bed.

I could, I found, make no more of him that day, and my other avocations required my departure. I told him I would call again, and bring or send him some medicine.

"It is an unnecessary waste o' your valuable time," he said, lifting up his head, "to call again upon a wretch like me. I am much obliged to you for advice; but the only medicine for me is—*death*."

He pronounced the fearful word with an emphatic guttural tone, which gave it a terrific effect. I opened the door to depart, and was surprised to find that it would not go back sufficiently to allow me to pass freely. The probable cause of the interruption flashed upon my mind in an instant. Without speaking a word, I edged myself through, and saw, lying at the back of the door, the body of the unfortunate young woman, in a state of insensibility. I had presence of mind enough not to carry her into the room where her father lay; but, seeing the light of the kitchen at the further end of the long gloomy passage, I snatched her up in my arms, and hastened with her thither. Having laid her on a small truckle bed, whereon, I presume, she usually slept, I found she was in a deep swoon; and, notwithstanding that it was getting dark, and my time was expired, I waited her recovery. As she lay before me, pale as a corpse, and as I thought of the cause of her illness, and looked round in vain for any one to give her assistance or consolation (the groans of her father, which I indistinctly heard, being the only answer that would have been given to a call for aid in a house more like a haunt for

ghosts and spectres than a residence for human beings), I felt the impression of her peculiar misery pass over me, making me shudder as if I had been seized with a fit of the ague. The frail, brittle creature lying there, a victim of hysterics, fit only to be cherished and guarded by a doting mother—placed in a large, empty, gousty mansion—doomed to guard alone a suicide and a father, and, perhaps, to wrestle with him through blood—her parent's blood!—for the preservation of a remaining spark of a self-taken life! She at length recovered, exhibiting the ordinary precursors of returning consciousness—convulsive shiverings, rolling of the eyes, and beating about with the hands. On perceiving me indistinctly, she articulated—

"Death! death!—that was the word he spoke sae wildly. —Ah! I know it now!—James H—— has lang tried to conceal it frae me; but I hae discovered it at last. Can you save him, sir?—can you save the faither o' her wha has scarcely anither freend on earth?"

A flood of tears followed this ejaculation. She tore her hair like a maniac. I tried everything in my power to pacify her; but terror had completely mastered her weak nerves, and she shook as the successive frightful images suggested by her situation passed through her excited and still confused mind.

"Is there no one in those parts," said I, "that can attend your father, and assist you? Who is the James H—— you just now mentioned?

"He is my cousin," replied she. "He lived with us for some time; but my father and he quarrelled about a *razor*, which he said James wanted to steal from him. But I see it now. There was nae theft. James, poor James, was innocent, and wanted to save him; but they concealed it frae me, and my cousin was turned away."

The mention of the word razor made me start. I had left the instrument on the head of the drawers, and I had

even now heard the wretched man's groans. I hurried to the room, and entered softly. He was in a fit of dejection, groaning, at intervals, deeply, like a man in bodily pain. I took up the instrument without being noticed, and returned to the kitchen. It was now almost dark. I had three miles to ride through wild hill paths, and I heard some threatening indications of a night-storm. The young woman was still lying on the couch, with her terrors undiminished; but I could do nothing more for her, and to have impressed her with the necessity of watching her parent would have created additional alarm, without increasing her zeal in a cause that concerned too nearly her own heart. I told her, therefore, that I required to depart, and was in the act of leaving to go to the door, when, in a paroxysm of terror, she started up, and seized me, clutching me firmly, and crying loudly—

"Will you leave me alone wi' him in this house, and throughout the dark night? He will do it when you are gone. Heaven preserve me frae the sight o' a father's blood!"

I tried to calm her, and to reason with her; but it was in vain. She still clung to me; and I found myself necessitated either to use some gentle force to detach myself from her grasp, or remain all night. I adopted the former expedient, and rushing out, shut the door after me, mounted my horse, and proceeded home. She had come out after me; for I heard her cries for some time as I rode forward in the dark.

Though soon out of sight of the house, I felt myself unconsciously turning my head once or twice in the direction of the deserted mansion. With all my efforts to think of some other subject—and my own safety among these wild hills might have been sufficient to occupy my attention—I could not, for some time, take my mind off the scene I had witnessed, and the prospective misery that, in such different

forms, waited these two individuals. When I had gone about a mile and a-half on my journey, I was accosted by a man, who asked me familiarly how George B—— was. I recognised in him at once the individual who had asked me to call for him. I told him that he was well enough in his body, but had taken some wild and distorted views of life, which might place him in danger of his own hands, while there was nobody in the house to watch him but his daughter, who did not seem to me to be well fitted for the task, seeing she was weakly, hysterical, and timid. He told me he knew all I had stated; that his name was James H——; that he was a cousin of the young woman's, George B—— having been married on his mother's sister; that he had resided in the house, and had discovered the tendency of his uncle's mind; and that, on one occasion, he had snatched out of his hands a razor with which he intended to destroy himself—an act for which he was expelled the house, though he was the acknowledged suitor of the young woman, whom he intended to wed. I told him he should marry her, protect her, and save the father; but he replied that the old man would neither allow him to live in the house, nor take his daughter from him; so that she was compelled to remain in the dreadful condition in which I had found her. I told him to call upon me next day, and proceeded homewards.

Before James H—— called, which he did about two o'clock, I revolved in my mind what should be done for the unfortunate man. I recollected that, in a conversation I had with Dr D—— of Edinburgh, he told me of a case of melancholy, and accompanying determination to commit self-murder, which he had successfully treated by presenting to the mind of the patient such horrific stories and narratives of men who had taken their own lives, and suffered in their death inexpressible agonies, and such shocking pictures of murders where the wretched victims were brought

back, by the hand of their offended Maker, from the gates of death, with their consciences seared by the burning iron of his vengeance, that the man got alarmed, was cured of his thirst for his own blood, and never again spoke of self-destruction. I resolved upon trying this expedient, and could not think of a better book for my purpose than that extraordinary record of human vice and suffering, the "Newgate Calendar." I fortunately possessed a copy, with those fearfully graphic pictures, that suit so well, in their coarse, half-caricatured, grotesque delineations, with the dreadful narratives they are intended to illustrate. I picked out the most fearful volume, that contained, at the same time, the greatest number of attempted self-murders, where the victims were snatched from their own chosen death, and, after their wounds were healed, devoted to that pointed out by the law as due to their crimes. When James H—— called in the afternoon, I gave him the volume, and requested him to hand it to the patient's daughter, with directions to put it into the hands of her father, as having been sent to him by me. He said he would take the first opportunity of complying with my request.

I had no visits to make that required my presence in that part of the country for two or three days. On the second day after I had sent the book, I had another call from James H——, who said that he had been requested by the patient's daughter to return the volume, and to request another one, which the patient desired, above all things, to be sent to him that day. I accordingly sent him another volume, although I did not know whether to augur well or ill from this anxiety; but I was inclined to be of opinion that the symptom was an auspicious one. Two days afterwards, the messenger called again, with a repetition of his former request for another volume as soon as it could be sent. I complied with it instantly; sending, however, on this occasion, two—for I thought my medicine was operat-

ing beneficially, and it was of that kind that could be of no use unless administered in large doses, so, as it were, to surfeit and sicken the disease, and force it, by paralysing its energies, to relinquish its grasp of the patient's mind and body.

Two days more having elapsed, I felt anxious to ascertain the effect of my moral *emetocathartics*, and set out on the special errand of visiting my patient. The house, as I approached, exhibited the same still, dead-like aspect it possessed on my first visit. On knocking at the door, it was opened timidly and slowly by the daughter, who appeared to be paler, more sorrow-stricken, more weak and irritable, than on the occasion of my former visit. Her eye exhibited that terrorstruck look which nervous people, kept on the rack of a fearful apprehension, so often exhibit. Her voice was low, monotonous, and weak, as if she had been exhausted by mental anxiety, watching, and care. There was still no one in the house but her and her father; the same stillness reigned everywhere—the same air of dejection—the same goustiness in the large empty dwelling. On asking her how her father was, she replied, mournfully, that he had scarcely ever been out of his bed since my last visit; that he lay, night and day, reading the books I had sent him; that he had eaten very little meat, and had fallen several times into dreadful fits of groaning, and talking to himself. She added that he felt, at times, disinclined to see her; but at others, his affection for her rose to such a height, that he flung his arms about her neck, and wept like a child on her bosom. She had proposed to him, she said, to bring some person into the house; but he got into a violent rage when she mentioned it, and said he would expel the first intruder, whether man or woman. She had therefore been compelled to remain alone. She had lain at the back of his room-door every night, watching his motions, whereby, in addition to her grief, she had caught a

violent rheumatism, which had stricken into her bones. When, for a short time, she had gone to sleep, she was awakened by terrific dreams and nightmares, which made her cry aloud for help, and exposed the situation she had taken, for the purpose of watching her parent, and defeating his purpose of self-murder.

I proceeded to the patient's room. When I entered, which I did softly, I found him lying in bed, with his head, as formerly, bound up in a handkerchief; a volume of the "Newgate Calendar" lying on his breast. So occupied was he with his enjoyment of this *morceau* of horrors, that he did not notice my entry or approach to his bedside. I stood and gazed at him. He had finished the page that was open before him—exhibiting John Torrance, the blacksmith of Hockley. His eye rested at least five minutes on this horrific picture; and, as he continued his rapt gaze, he drew deep sighs—his breast heaving with great force, as if to throw off an unbearable load. He turned the page, and noticed me.

"You are very intent upon that book," said I. "I hope it *interests* you."

"Yes," replied he. "My mind has been dead or entranced for a year. This is the only thing in the world I have met wi' during my sorrow capable o' putting life into my soul. It seems as if all the energies that have been lying useless for that period had risen at the magic power o' this wonderfu book, to pour their collected strength upon its pages."

"Then it has served its end," said I, doubting greatly the truth of my own statement. "I sent it for the purpose of entertaining you—that is—interesting you."

"Entertaining me!" he ejaculated. "You mean, binding my soul wi' iron bands: my heart now loves the misery it formerly loathed. But, sir, I am not *fed* with this food. I devour it wi' a false and ravenous appetite; and were

there a thousand volumes, I think I could read them a' before I broke bread or closed an ee."

He rolled out these words with a volubility and an enthusiasm that surprised me. It was clear that I had poisoned the mind of this poor man. I had stimulated and partly fed his appetite for horrors. Familiarity with fearful objects kills the terror, and sometimes raises in its place a morbid affection—a fact established in France at the end of the last century by an empirical test of a horrific character, but which no knowledge of man's mind could have dreamed of *à priori*. Why had I forgotten this matter of history, and allowed myself to be led astray by vain theories and partial experiments? What was I now to do? The man's appetite for the bloody narratives was so strong, that, even while I was thus cogitating, his greedy eye had again sought the page. It was necessary that I should conceal from him my apprehensions, and take up his words on a feigned construction.

"This kind of reading," said I, "interests you, I presume, because it fills your mind with a salutary disgust and terror—makes you loathe the act of the suicide—and mans your soul against the hateful purpose you entertained against your own life."

He looked to the door, and beckoned to me to see if it was shut. I went and satisfied him that it was, while I was myself assured that she whom he was so anxious to deceive was again at her post behind it.

"You ask me," he continued, "if this book has disgusted or terrified me against my purpose o' deein. Are we disgusted and terrified at what we love? I hae seen the day when thae stories had sma' attraction for me. But, alas! alas! I am a changed—a fearfully changed man. My soul now gloats owre tales o' crime and scenes o' blood. To me there is an interest, an indescribable, mysterious interest in this book, beyond the charm o' the miser's wealth, or the

bridegroom's bride—ay, sir, or what I ance thocht was in life to the deein sinner. It is a medicine; but"—pausing, and eyeing me sorrowfully—"do you mean it to *kill* or *cure?*"

"To save you from self-destruction," said I—"the most fearful and the most cowardly of all the terminations of human life."

"If you could keep me readin this *for ever*," he said, "yer object would be served."

"I can give you no more of it," said I, conscious that, by indulging his morbid appetite for blood, I had been leading him to his ruin.

"Then I must read thae volumes owre, and owre, and owre again," said he; "and when I hae dune, I hae naething mair to interest me in this dark, bleak warld."

He fell now into one of his fits of dejection, assuming his accustomed attitude of folding his hands over his breast, and fixing his eyes on the bed, while deep sighs and groans were thrown from his heaving breast. It was necessary, I now saw, to take from him the book which had produced an effect the very opposite of what I had intended and expected. I took it up and placed it beside the other volume that was lying on a side-table, with a view to take them away with me—blaming myself sorely and deservedly for the injury I had done by experimenting so rashly on the life and eternal interests of a human being. As I moved away the volume, he observed me, and followed it wistfully and sorrowfully with his eye.

"Ye hae dune weel," he said—"ye hae whetted my appetite for my ain life; and it matters naething that the whetter and the whet-stane are taen awa when they're nae mair needed!"

I felt keenly the reproach, for it was just. I might have taken credit for a good intention; but my sympathy for the wretched being restrained any wish I had to defend myself.

I endeavoured to change the subject of our conversation, and turn his mind to a subject which I knew engaged his interests and feelings more than anything else on earth.

"Your daughter," said I, "is unwell. She seems to be miserable. I know a change upon her both in mind and body, since I called here only a few days ago. Her body is thin and emaciated, her cheek is blanched, and her eye dimmed. These signs do not visit the young frame for nothing. I fear she has heard of the deadly intention you still persist in entertaining—to take away your own life. It is clear to me that her sickly constitution cannot long stand against a terror and an apprehension which even the aged and the strong cannot endure without grievous injury to all the faculties of the body and mind. Sir, take heed"—pausing and looking at him seriously and impressively—"you may become *a dăughter's murderer* before your *cowardly* courage enables you to become *your own!*"

"Hold, sir!—hold!" cried the roused man. "You now speak daggers to me! I could hae borne this when you were here last; but ye hae unmanned me—ye hae made me familiar wi' him, the king o' terrors, wha waits for me. I know him in his worst shapes. He is nae langer hideous to me; and, being his friend, I canna be my dochter's faither and guardian! Why cam you here to revive a struggle that was past? My mind was made up. Owre the pages o' that book, my resolution was fixed; now you wad re-resolve me back to my doubt, my pain, my insufferable agony, by bringin up into my mind the tender image o' a sufferin, sorrowin, starvin dochter. My Margaret—my Margaret!—her mother's image—the pledge o' a love dearer than life——"

The door opened, and the young woman, who had been listening at the back of it, rushed in and flung herself on the bosom of the agonised man.

"O father!" she cried, "I ken everything. Yer dreadfu purpose has been revealed to me. Ye intend to tak awa

yer ain life, which my mother, yer beloved Agnes, on her death-bed, bade ye preserve for my sake. But ye canna do that without takin also mine. Yer death will be my death. I hae already seen yer bleedin body in my dreams—the image haunts me like a spirit, and leaves me nae rest. The doctor says true—ye will kill me before yer dreadfu purpose is fulfilled; but if, in God's will, I should be left when ye are awa, wha is to guard me, wha is to comfort me—without freends, without means, and without health?"

The scene now presented to me transcended anything I had ever seen during my long intercourse with suffering humanity. The excited girl clung with a firm grasp to the neck of her parent, and sobbed intensely; while he, struggling to be liberated, and holding away his face to the back of the bed, groaned and appealed for relief in broken, guttural, half-choked aspirations to Heaven. I saw his eyes turned to the throne of mercy, and big tears rolled down his rugged cheeks. In my anxiety to aid this struggle, and assist him to the return to his natural love of life and duty to his God, I was afraid to interfere with the sacred service of a bursting heart, turned in its agony to the only source of consolation and healing virtue; while, if I allowed this opportunity to escape, I might not have another for adding a mortal's means and energies (sometimes God's instruments) to the workings of nature, and the silent but powerful voice of religion speaking from the innermost recesses of his moral constitution.

"This is nature and truth," said I, after a pause—"powers a thousand times stronger than the brain-sick fancies of a diseased mind. It is the voice of God himself, sounding through the heart, and, like the electric energy, heaving it with convulsive throes, as if to cast forth from it the impious daring and unnatural purpose you have cherished in it so long that no lesser power will expel it. I rejoice in these throes; cherish them and aid them, for they are the expul-

sers of a poison that, having got into your blood, and reached the heart, the seat of life, madly stimulates it to self-destruction. This is the time—here is the vantage-ground of a return to all that is right, true, and good, from cowardice, cruelty, irreligion, and even rebellion against God!"

"Listen to him—listen to him!" cried the young woman, still sobbing. "Hear thae words o' truth, for they are sent from Heaven. Receive them into your heart, and it will be changed, and I will live to see my father enjoy life and be happy."

"*When?*" groaned the miserable man, satirically, as if roused by the sound of the distasteful word "happy." "When I am sittin at the window o' a prison, thinkin o' my dead Agnes, and lookin at the red settin o' my sixty-fifth sun?"

These words showed that the struggle had been ineffectual. Released from the grasp of his daughter, who sat at the side of the bed, he doggedly and sternly folded his arms, and relapsed into a silent fit of dejection. No effort would make him open his lips. There seemed to be no principle of reaction in his moral economy; all was penetrated by a fatal lethargy, which closed up every issue, broke every spring of living thought, feeling, or motion. My professional knowledge was entirely useless, my personal services unavailing. I called to him loudly to answer me, and got no reply but deep groans. I even shook him roughly, and tried to bend his head to his weeping daughter. My efforts were quickened by a sense that bore in upon me with fearful strength and importunity, that I had, by experimenting on his mind, and filling it with images of horror, increased the disease I intended to cure. Pained beyond measure, I was anxious to redeem my fault and correct my error by getting him again engaged in conversation, whereby I might have a last opportunity of drawing him into a train of thought which might lead to a sense of his awful condition,

and a prospect of escaping from its present misery, and its horrible consequences. But my medicine had operated too powerfully. There he sat, unmoved, immoveable—a sad and melancholy victim of the worst species of hypochondria —that which exhibits as one of its pathognomonic symptoms, the desire, the determination, persevered in through all difficulties, all oppositions, all wiles and schemes, to commit self-murder.

I waited for a considerable period, standing at the side of his bed, to see if he would exhibit any signs of returning moral vitality; but in vain. My other pressing avocations demanded imperiously my presence in quarters where I could be of more service. The daughter was herself buried in despondency, her face being hid in her hands, and broken ejaculations escaping from her lips. I took up the book which had produced so much harm, and whispered lowly in her ear, to request James H—— to call for me next day. At the sound of this name she started, and looked up wildly. I was afraid I might have to encounter another scene like that I had witnessed on the occasion of my last departure. I therefore hurried away, giving her no time to reply, where conversation was apparently useless. My intention was to try and devise some means of introducing a person into the house—though against the determined will of the father—to guard him and assist the daughter; but that could only be done through the medium of the messenger who went between me and the young woman.

When I had got some distance from the house, I could not resist the feeling that on the occasion of my prior visit compelled me to look back upon this miserable dwelling. I had seen diseases of all kinds grinding the feelings of unhappy man; but in the worst of them there is some principle, either of resistance or resignation, that comes to the aid of the sufferer, and enables him to pass the ordeal, whether for life or death. The duty he is called upon to per-

form is to *bear;* for no man I ever yet saw on a sick-bed can get quit of the thought—however much he may try to philosophise about physical causes, or to conceal his sense of a divine influence—that he is placed there by a superior Hand *for the very purpose of suffering*, with a view to some end that is veiled from his eye. Every pang, therefore, that is borne carries with it, or leaves after it, some feeling of necessity to *bear*, and a satisfaction of having endured, and to a certain extent obeyed, the behest of Him that sent it. In many, this feeling is strong and decided, yielding comfort and consolation when no other power could have any effect; and though in others it may be less discernible—being often denied by the patients themselves, and attempted to be laughed at and scorned—it is, I assert, still there, silently working its progress in the heart, and spreading its balm even against the sufferer's own rebellious will. But the case of the suicide is left purposely by Him against whose law and authority the unholy purpose is directed, in a solitary condition of unmitigated horror; for the desire to get quit of pain—the inheritance of mortals—is itself the very exclusion of that resignation which is its legitimate antidote, while the devoted victim, obeying a necessity that forces him to eschew a misery he is not noble-minded enough to bear, not only has *no good* in view, but is conscious that he is flying *from* evil, *through* evil, *to* evil; so that from behind, around him, within him, before him—wherever he casts his eye—there is nothing but darkness, pain, and utter desolation. To complete the scene—there is, perhaps, no living *natural* evil more peculiar and acute, and less capable of generating resistance or resignation, than the rack of apprehension and terror of an only daughter watching, alone and unaided, the issues of a purpose that is, in all likelihood, to force her through the energies of the strongest instinct—filial affection—to stop, with her trembling hands, the flow of a father's life-blood. Yet all this evil, this misery, was

to be found in that house, standing alone in the midst of these bleak hills, like a temple dedicated to sorrow.

Next day James H—— called upon me, having seen the young woman, unknown to the father, on the previous night, and received from her the instructions I left for him. He saw himself the necessity of something being done towards the amelioration of the condition of the two unhappy individuals; but he acknowledged the difficulty of effecting it. He perceived (what was true) that, if any watch were set over his uncle, it might only make certain that which at present was doubtful; that the watchman could only proceed on the principle that he was mad, and bind him, or confine him, or otherwise treat him as insane; and that, besides, he knew no one who, without pay (and there was no money), would undertake so unpleasant a duty, which might last for weeks, or months, or even years. No concealed surveillance could be kept over him; for he suspected in an instant the object of any one visiting him, and had ordered one or two individuals, who had come from a distance to call for him, out of the house, suspecting (such is the way of all his unhappy tribe) that they came for the purpose of observing his motions. The difficulty was greatly owing to the lonely position of the house: the cloak of friendly intercourse might have covered the frequent visits of near neighbours; but there were none such—for the nearest house was two miles off; and as for relations, they were in another part of the country, distant in locality as well as blood.

The case was hedged with difficulties. Violent diseases require strong remedies. I recollected that James H—— said, on a former occasion, that he was the suitor of the young woman, and wished to wed her. I came to a resolution on the instant—firm, decided, and sound. I told him that, if he wished to save the father and the daughter, he must accelerate his intended marriage with the latter, even in the midst of the unfortunate circumstances in which she

was placed, and under the unfavourable auspices of an event of joy being shadowed with a cloud of sorrow. This would give him a claim on the daughter; and if the old man would not permit his son-in-law to remain in the house, and assist him as formerly with the labours of his land, he could threaten to take her from him altogether—a threat that would not, in all likelihood, fail to make him consent to his becoming an inmate in the house. The young man was pleased with an advice that quadrated with his wishes, and left me, to consult with some other friends on the propriety of instantly following it.

I heard the banns proclaimed next Sunday in the parish church, and was somewhat surprised at the rapidity with which my advice had been adopted, and the plan put into execution. The intelligence was promptly communicated to me by the bridegroom himself, who informed me also that the fact of the proclamation of the banns had been communicated to his uncle, who had expressed himself strongly against the match. He had, in fact, taken up a strong prejudice against his nephew, in consequence of the latter's interference with his purpose of self-immolation. He had never allowed the young man to come near him since the day on which he had taken the razor out of his hands by force; and the intelligence that he was to marry his daughter, and deprive him of her society, roused him to fury. He denounced the union, and said that it added another drop of bitterness to the cup of his misery, which was already overflowing. I told the young man that the anger into which his uncle had been thrown would, in all likelihood, do him more good than harm: it might stimulate a mind, dead or dormant, from the effects of brooding over imaginary evils, which produced ten times more self-murders than the real misfortunes of life. He told me the marriage would not, on account of his uncle's anger, be put off; that it was fixed for the 15th of the month, and would

be celebrated in private. I informed him that I required to go to a distant part of the country, and could not, for some time, see his uncle, and that he must endeavour, by all means, to support and comfort the unhappy bride in her watchful care over her unfortunate father, who, according to his account, was still under the cloud from which he threatened every instant to draw down the lightning that was to strike him to death.

When I returned from my journey, I called again upon the unfortunate man, in the hope of finding some amelioration in his condition, as well as that of his daughter. I found him still in bed, though he had been up and out on several occasions since I visited him. I saw no signs of improvement. I endeavoured to get him engaged in a conversation about his own condition; but I saw that, in place of being fond of dwelling on the state of his mind, talking of his sorrows, and contemplating the purpose he entertained against his existence, he showed an utter repugnance to the subject, having become perfectly taciturn, sullen, and morose, giving me monosyllables for answers, and sometimes not deigning even to show that he attended to me, or understood me. The only thing that seemed to interest him was his daughter's marriage—looking dark and gloomy when the subject was broached, and muttering indistinct words of reproach and anger. The condition of his daughter was changed; but it was only a new form of anguish. Some days previous, she had observed him with another razor in his hand; but he had secreted it somewhere, and all her efforts had as yet been ineffectual to get it. Her watch had therefore been more unremitting—her apprehensions were increased, while her strength was greatly diminished. She was reduced to a shadow; the pale skin that covered her face seemed to be in contact with the bones; while her eyes burned with fever and excitement. Yet *her marriage* was fixed to take place two or three days after! She could

not avoid it; she had pledged her word, and her father's safety depended in a great degree upon it. She could bear her condition no longer—all her powers of suffering were worn out; and if her father would not permit her husband to remain in the house, she would, she said, allow the latter to exercise what authority he pleased, in endeavouring, by force, to save his father-in-law and his wife from the ruin that seemed to await them. The gloom that enveloped her mind was deepened by the contrast of the light of a happiness she had long sighed for, now changed into a refinement of peculiar pain. She shuddered when she thought of her marriage with the man she loved, and feared that the power of Heaven would fall on her, for presuming to bring joy into the chamber of mourning, if not death. As she spoke, tears moistened her burning eye, and ran down her thin, pallid cheeks. She wished the ceremony over, as an evil to be endured, and then fate must take its course, though she feared the termination would be miserable, as well for her father as for her. His life was hanging by a thread; hers was worn out by watching, fainting, and suffering, till it was on the very eve of leaving the body, which was no longer able to support or contain it. These were the misfortunes in the inside of the house; but there were others without-doors. The landlord had sequestrated the stock belonging to her father—a circumstance that had plunged him deeper in his despondency and misery, and explained the very altered state in which I had found him. The attorney, a hard man, *laughed* at the *device* of threatened self-murder, resorted to for the purpose of exciting his sympathy, and robbing his client's pocket.

"Yes," she concluded, "he *laughed*"—and she repeated the word "laughed" with a hysterical action of the throat, as if it choked her, and next moment burst into tears.

Two days afterwards, a man on horseback arrived at my door, and rapped with great violence; his horse was heated,

and foaming at the mouth, as if it had been hard pressed, and he himself was flushed and excited. He told me, in a hurried manner, that I was wanted instantly at George B——'s; he had been sent to me by another man, and could tell me nothing beyond the fact that something very alarming had taken place, and that, if I did not hasten thither on the instant, and with my very greatest speed, I could be of no use. I took with me what I conceived might be wanted, for my suspicions were more communicative than the messenger, and proceeded, with all the expedition in my power, to the house where I had lately seen so much suffering.

On my entering the house, a most extraordinary spectacle presented itself. On the small truckle-bed that stood opposite the door in the kitchen lay a female figure, dressed in white, with both her hands wrapped up in cloth, from which issues of blood rolled on the bed; and her face, not less pale than her dress, was spotted and besmeared with the same element. It was Margaret B—— in her *marriage dress*. A young woman, her bridemaid, was beside her, looking in her face as if to see whether life was still in her body. A young man, also dressed as if for the marriage, hurried me to the apartment of George B——, where a scene not less awful was presented to me. The unhappy man was lying in the middle of the floor, on his back, with his throat cut, and James H——, in his bridegroom clothes, was bending over him, with his hands busily occupied in stanching a wound that would have let out ten lives, if he had had as many to destroy; the floor was literally swimming in blood, and on a chair in the corner of the room lay the fatal instrument, still open. My services were useless: the man was dead; his attendants were engaged in stopping blood already curdled with death. I hurried to the patient that was still living. She had lost almost the whole blood of her body, and it was difficult to detect in her any symptoms of life.

I unloosed the cloths from her hands; they were cut in a fearful manner—the blade of the razor, which she had, in her struggles with her parent, endeavoured to wrest from him, having been *whisked* through them when hard clenched. No one had been in the house; her marriage-dress was still incomplete—her bosom bare, and her head uncovered; a proof that she had been called from the mirror wherein she saw a half-dressed bride, to see a father kill himself by his own hand against her efforts to save him. Her screams were heard by the bridemaid and the bridegroom, as they approached the house; but, before they entered, the struggle was nearly over; they found her bending over the body of her father, which lay on the floor, grasping the open wound with her hands. So spoke the attendants as I dressed the wounds. I took up several arteries; but there was one in the left wrist which, for a long period, defied my efforts, unassisted as I was with professional aid, to stem its torrent. I succeeded at last—so, at least, I thought—in my endeavours to stop all the issues. Vain thought! *Death* had stopped them!

This was the first time I had seen a *dead bride.*

THE GHOST OF HOWDYCRAIGS.

> "*They* gather round, and wonder at the tale
> Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly."—BLAIR.

AFTER all that has been written, printed, and circulated, in the way of "Statistical Accounts," "Topographical Descriptions," "Guides to Picturesque Scenery," &c., there are still large tracts of country in Scotland of which comparatively little is known. While certain districts have risen, all at once, into notoriety, and occupied for a time the efforts of the press and the attention of the public, there are others, perhaps little inferior to them in point of scenery, through which no traveller has passed, no writer drawn his pen, and upon which no printer has inked his types. Among other neglected regions, the Ochil Hills may be mentioned—at least the eastern part of them. These, so far as we know, have not been fruitful of battles, and consequently the historian has had nothing to say concerning them. They are traversed by few roads; the few that do exist are nearly impassable, except to pedestrians of a daring disposition; and the novelist, never having seen them, has not thought of making them the home of his imaginary heroes. They have given birth to no poet of eminence—none such has condescended to celebrate them in his songs; and, except to the few scattered inhabitants who nestle in their hollows, they are nearly unknown.

This, however, is not the fault of the hills themselves, but of the circumstances just alluded to; for here heroes might have found a field on which to spill whole seas of blood; novelists might have found all the variation of hill, valley, rock, and stream, with which they usually ornament their pages; and Ossian himself, had it been his fortune to

travel in the district, might have found "grey mist" and "brown heath" to his heart's content, and, in the proper season, as much snow as would have served to deck out at least half-a-dozen "Morvens" in their winter coat. These hills, on the east and south, rise from the adjoining country by a gradual slope, surmounted, in some instances, by thriving plantations, while, in others, the plough and harrow have reached what appears to be their summit. On the north, they are terminated by a rocky front, which runs nearly parallel to the river Tay, and afterwards to the Earn, thus forming the southern boundary of Strathearn, which is perhaps one of the most fertile districts in Scotland. The elevation on this side is partly composed of the rocky front just mentioned; partly of a cultivated slope at its base; and partly of a green acclivity above, which, when seen from the plain below, seems to crown the whole, while it conceals from the eye those barren altitudes and dreary regions which lie behind. But, after having surmounted this barrier, the prospect which then opens may be regarded as a miniature picture of those more lofty mountain-ranges which are to be found in other parts of the island. Here the ground again declines a little, forming a sort of shoulder upon the ascent, as if the Great Architect of nature had intended thereby to secure the foundation of the superstructure which he was about to rear above. It then rises into frowning eminences, on which nothing seems to vegetate except coarse heath, a few stunted whin-bushes, and, here and there, an *astrogalus*, a *lotus carniculatus*, or a white *orchus*. These, however, with the exception of the first, are too scanty to produce any effect upon the colouring of the landscape; and the whole looks withered, brown, and, in some instances, even black, in the distance. But, on passing these barren altitudes, or on penetrating one of the gorges by which the central district communicates with the country around, and of which there are several, the eye is

saluted with extensive tracts of plantation—some composed of the light-green larch, others of the sombre-looking Scottish pine; and, where the soil is more favourable to the growth of corn, portions of cultivated land, interspersed with streams, giving a fresher green to their banks, clumps of trees standing in sheltered positions, and the isolated habitations of men.

The last of these may be said to constitute a sort of *little world*, enclosed by a mountain rampart of its own—holding little or no communication with the great world without; and consequently escaping all the contamination which such intercourse is supposed to imply. But, if its inhabitants had escaped the contamination, it were reasonable to infer that they had missed that stimulus which mind derives from mind, when brought into close contact; and also many of those improvements and more correct modes of thinking which almost every passing year brings forth. In such a region, children must travel far for education; and men, not unfrequently, live and die in the prejudices in which they were nursed. To conclude this imperfect sketch, it may be observed that the scenery of these hills is bleak, rather than bold; barren, rather than wild; and though some parts of them possess a sort of dreary interest, in general they can lay no claim to that quality which has been denominated the *sublime*.

The particular district of Fifeshire in which the following incidents occurred lies between the villages of Strathmiglo and Auchtermuchty on the south, and those of Newburgh and Abernethy on the north. From the last of these places, which is still known as the metropolis of the ancient Pictish empire, a deep and narrow gorge, called *Abernethy Glen*, stretches southward amongst the Ochils for more than a mile. On leaving the open fertile country below, and getting into this pass, the contrast is striking. In some places the footpath winds along the face of a bank so

steep, that, but for the circumstance of its being composed of earth, it might have almost been termed a precipice; and here, if the passenger should miss his footing, it would be nearly impossible for him to stop himself till he reached the bottom, in which a turbulent stream brawls and foams over rocks and stones, disturbing the silence and the solitude of the place with sounds which have a tendency to inspire feelings of superstitious fears. The scene, from its nature and situation, appears to be well suited for those transactions which, according to popular brief, "surpass Nature's law;" and it has been regarded as the favourite haunt of *witches*, *fairies*, *ghosts*, and other mysterious beings, from time immemorial. Numbers of the inhabitants of the village below had been scared, in their nocturnal rambles, by the orgies of these uncouth neighbours; many a belated traveller had seen strange sights, and heard stranger sounds, in this haunted dell; many a luckless lad, in journeying through it, to see the mistress of his heart, had met such adventures as to drive love nearly out of his head for whole weeks to come; and even maids, upon whom the sun went down in the dangerous pass, had seen things at the mention of which they shook their heads, and seemed unable to speak. Nor were there awanting instances of individuals who, in returning at the "witching time of night" from a delightful interview, in the course of which the marriage-day was settled, had been so terrified that they forgot every word of what had been said; and, when the minister and the marriage-guests arrived, behold they were found in the barn or in the field, or, what was worse, they had gone upon a journey, and were not to be found at all. Those of the villagers who had not seen and heard of these unearthly doings for themselves, had been told of them by their mothers and grandmothers; and thus one generation after another went forth into the world completely armed against sceptics and unbelievers of all sorts.

If any one ventured to doubt the veracity of these statements, or to call in question the cogency of the arguments by which they supported them, they had only to appeal to the testimony of their fathers and grandfathers, their mothers and grandmothers, and the most sceptical were convinced at once. No man durst venture to cast the shadow of a doubt upon such incontrovertible evidence, because to have done so would have been to implicate their relations in the charge of speaking beside the truth, and these, they said, "were decent, respectable folk, and never kenned for lee'rs in their lives."

In this metropolis, and near the scene of these memorable events, Nelly Kilgour was born—the exact date of her birth we do not pretend to determine, though it must have been some time in the eighteenth century—and had lived, running about, going to school, and serving sundry of the lieges who were indwellers thereof, till she had arrived at years of discretion—in other words, till she had seen three-and-thirty "summers," as a poet would say, and nearly the same number of winters, as our reader may guess. It has been said that there are three distinct questions which a woman naturally puts to herself at three different periods of her life. The first is—"Who will I take?"—a most important question, no doubt; and we may reasonably suppose that it occurs about the time when the attentions of the other sex first awaken her to a sense of her own charms, and she is thus ready to look upon every one who smiles on her as a lover, and every young fellow who contemplates her face while talking to her as anxious to become her husband. The second question, which is scarcely less important, is—"Who will I get?" and this, we may again suppose, begins to be repeated seriously, after she has seen the same individual smile upon half-a-dozen damsels on the same day, and after she has learned that it is possible for an unmarried man to contem-

plate her own fair face with the deepest interest, and converse with her on the most interesting subjects on Monday morning, and then go and do the same to another on Tuesday evening. But the last, and perhaps the most important, as it certainly is the most perplexing of these questions, is —"*Will I get onybody ava?*" and this, there can be little doubt, begins to force itself upon her attention, after the smiles of her admirers have become so faint that they are no longer able to climb over the nose; when, instead of talking of love, they begin to yawn, and speak about the weather; in short, after she becomes conscious that her charms are at a discount, and that those who are coming up behind her are every day stealing away her sweethearts.

Through the whole of the previous stages Nelly Kilgour had passed; and she had now arrived at this important question, which, as has been just said, is the last a woman can put to herself. She had seen her admirers, one after another, come and look in her face, and continue their visits, their smiles, and their conversation for a season, and then go away and leave her, as if they had got nothing else to do. She had spent a considerable portion of her life, as has been already observed, in serving the lieges in and about the place of her nativity—to no purpose, as it appeared; at least, in so far as the getting of the husband was concerned, nothing had been effected. The proper season for securing this desideratum of the female world was fast wearing away; something, she saw, must of necessity be done; and, thinking that women, like some other commodities, might sell better at a distance than at home, she engaged herself as a servant on the little farm of *Howdycraigs*—a place situated among that portion of the Ochils already noticed.

When she entered upon this engagement, which was to last for a year, she was spoken of as "a weel *reikit* lass"—the meaning of which phrase is, that she had already pro-

vided what was considered a woman's part of the furnishing of a house; and some of the sober matrons "wondered what had come owre a' the lads noo," and said, "they were sure Nelly Kilgour wad mak a better wife than ony o' thae young glaikit hizzies wha carried a' their reikin to the kirk on their back ilka Sabbath." But, of Nelly's being made a wife, there was no prospect; she was *three-and-thirty;* so far as was known, no lover had ever ventured to throw himself upon his knees before her, begging to be permitted to kiss her *foot,* and threatening, at the same time, to *hang himself,* if she did not consent to be his better half; still there was no appearance of any one doing so; and those who delighted in tracing effects back to their proper causes, began to recollect that her mother, "when she was a thoughtless lassie," had once given some offence to one of the witches, who were accused of holding nightly revels in the glen; and the witch, by way of retaliation, had said, that "the bairn unborn would maybe hae cause to rue its mother's impudence." Nelly had been born after this oracular saying was uttered; and the aged dames who remembered it doubted not that this was the true cause of her celibacy. And when they heard that she was engaged to go to Howdycraigs at Martinmas, and that Jock Jervis was engaged to go there also, they said that, "if it hadna been for the witch's ill *wisses,* they were sure Nelly would mak baith a better sweetheart and a better wife to Jock, than that licht-headed limmer, Lizzy Gimmerton."

From this the reader will perceive that Jock and Nelly were to be fellow-servants; he was the only man, and she was the only woman—the master and mistress excepted—about the place; and much of their time was necessarily spent together. During the stormy days of winter, when he was thrashing in the barn, she was employed in *shakin the strae* and *riddlin the corn,* which he had separated from the husks; and in the long evenings, while she was wash-

ing the dishes, or engaged in spinning, he sat by the fire, telling stories about lads and lasses, markets and tent-preachings, and sometimes he even sung a verse or two of a song, to keep her from wearying. On these occasions, she would tuck up the sleeves of her short-gown an inch or two beyond the ordinary extent, or allow her neckerchief to sink a little lower than usual, for the purpose, as is supposed, of showing him that she was not destitute of charms, and that her arms and neck, where not exposed to the weather, were as white as those of any lady in the land. In such circumstances, Jock, who was really a lad of some spirit, could not refrain from throwing his arms about her waist, and toozling her for a kiss. This was, no doubt, the very reverse of what she had anticipated; and to these unmannerly efforts on the part of the youth, she never failed to offer a becoming resistance, by turning away her head, to have the place threatened as far from the danger as possible—raising her hand, and holding it between their faces, so as to retard the progress of the enemy, at least for a time; and, lest these defensive operations should be misunderstood, uttering some such deprecatory sentence as the following:—"Hoot! haud awa, Jock! If ye want a kiss, gang and kiss Lizzy Gimmerton, and let me mind my wark." But it has been ascertained by the ablest engineers that the most skilfully-constructed and most bravely-defended fortifications must ultimately fall into the hands of a besieging army, if it be only properly provided, and persevere in the attack. This theory is no longer disputed, and the present case is one among a number of instances in which its truth has been experimentally proved. Jock was provided with a certain degree of strength, and a most laudable portion of perseverance in these matters, and, in spite of all the resistance which Nelly could offer, he was in general triumphant; after which she could only sigh and look down, as she threatened him with some ter-

rible vengeance, such as — "makin his parritch without saut," or "giving him sour milk to his sowans at supper-time," or doing something else which would seriously annoy him. At these threatenings the victor only laughed, and not unfrequently, too, he renewed the battle and repeated the offence, by robbing her of another kiss. To reclaim him from these wicked ways, she could only repeat her former threatenings—adding, perhaps, to their number anything new which happened to come into her head; but then, like those mothers who think threatening is enough, and who, by sparing the rod, sometimes spoil the child, she always forgot to inflict the punishment when the opportunity for doing so occurred; and Jock, as a natural consequence of this remissness on the part of the *executive*, became hardened in his transgressions.

But, when not engaged in these battles, Jock was rather kind to Nelly than otherwise; sometimes he assisted her with such parts of her work as a man could perform; and sometimes, too, when the evening was wet or stormy, to save her from going out, he would take her pitchers of his own accord, and "bring in a raik o' water." This kindness Nelly was careful to repay by mending his coat, darning his stockings, and performing various other little services for him. When the faculty of observation has few objects upon which to exercise itself, little things become interesting; this interchange of good offices was soon noticed by the wise women of the neighbourhood, and, as they knew of only one cause from which such things could proceed, to that cause they attributed them, making certain in their own minds that the whole secret would, some day or other, be brought before the parish by the session-clerk. Such was the general belief; and whether it was "the birds of the air," as Solomon saith, or whether it was the beggars and *chapmen*, occasionally quartered at Howdycraigs, who "carried the matter," is of little importance;

but in time the whole of the facts, with the inferences drawn therefrom, reached Nelly's former acquaintances, and then, for some reason which has never been satisfactorily explained, they saw occasion entirely to alter their previous opinion. Instead of saying, as they had done before, that "Nelly *wud* mak a guid wife to Jock—'*at she wud*," they now said, that "Jock, wha was scarcely outgane nineteen, was owre young ever to think o' marryin an auld hizzie o' three-and-thirty like her;" that "the carryin o' the water, and the darnin o' the stockins, *wud* a' end in naething;" that "Jock *wud* be far better without her;" and when they recollected the implied malediction of the witch, they considered that it was as impossible for her to be his wife, as it is for potatoes to grow above ground; and concluded the discussion with a pious wish "that she micht aye be keepit in the richt road."

In the course of the winter, Jock had been absent for several nights, during which he was understood to have braved the terrors of witch, ghost, and fairy, in going to see Lizzie Gimmerton; but Nelly took no further notice of the circumstance than by asking "if he had seen naething about the glen." On these occasions he promptly denied having been "near the glen;" and Nelly, whether she believed him or not, was obliged to be satisfied. But this gave her an opportunity, of which she never failed to avail herself, to give him a friendly caution to "tak care o' himsel when he gaed that airt after it was dark;" nor did she forget to assign a proper reason for her care over him, by reminding him of as many of the supernatural sights which had been seen in this region as she could remember. These hints were not without their effect; for, as the spring, which was said to be a particularly dangerous season, advanced, Jock's nocturnal wanderings were nearly discontinued. But Abernethy Market, which, time out of mind, had been held between the 20th and the 30th of May, was now approaching,

and to this important period the parties in question looked forward with very different feelings. *Markets* have frequently changed the destinies of lads and lasses in the same manner as *revolutions* have sometimes changed the dynasties of kings—the latter always aiming at subverting an established government; the former is often the means of overthrowing an empire in the heart; and, for these reasons, both should be avoided by all who would wish to live at peace. Jock looked forward to the pleasure which he should have in spending a whole day with the peerless Lizzie Gimmerton—stuffing her pockets with *sweeties* and gingerbread, and paying innumerable compliments to her beauty the while; and poor Nelly apprehended nothing less than the loss of every particle of that influence which she had some reason for supposing she now possessed over him. In this dilemma, she resolved to accompany him to the scene of action, and there to watch the revolutions of the wheel of fortune, if peradventure anything in her favour might turn up.

"Jock," said she, on the evening previous to the important day, "I'm gaun wi' ye to the market, and ye maun gie me my market-fare."

At this announcement Jock scratched his head, looked demure for a little, and appeared as though he would have preferred solitude to society in the proposed expedition. But he could find no excuse for declining the honour thus intended him. He recollected, moreover, that, as he had been the better for Nelly's care in time past, so her future favour was essential to his future comfort, and that it would be prejudicial in the last degree to his interest to offend her. After having thought of these things, in a time infinitely shorter than that in which they can be spoken of, Jock sagely determined to yield to "necessity," which, according to the common proverb, "has no law." He also determined to watch the revolutions of the wheel of for-

tune, in the hope that his own case might come uppermost. But, for the present putting on as good a grace as he could, "Aweel, aweel, Nelly," said he, "I'll be unco glad o' your company; for to say, the truth, I dinna like very weel to gang through the glen my lane. If it hadna been for you, the feint a *fit* would have been at my stockings langsyne; and as ye aye darned them, and mendit the knees o' my breeks, and the elbows o' my coat forby, it would be ill o' my pairt no to gie you your market-fare. Sae we can e'en gang thegither; and if we dinna lose ither i' the throng, I'll maybe get you to come owre the hill wi' at nicht."

"Mind noo ye've promised," said Nelly, highly pleased with the reception her proposal had met;—"mind ye've promised to come hame wi' me; and there's no ane in a' the warld I would like sae weel to come hame wi' as our ain Jock."

"I'll mind that," said Jock. But, notwithstanding what he said, he had no intention of coming home with Nelly; his thoughts ran in another direction; he had merely spoken of the thing because he fancied it would *please;* the idea of her presence, as matters now stood, was anything but agreeable to him; and he trusted to the chapter of accidents for "losing her i' the throng," as himself would have said, and thus regaining his freedom.

On the following day they journeyed together to the scene of popular confusion—whiling away the time with such conversation as their knowledge of courtships, marriages, births, baptisms, and burials, could supply. Nelly frequently looked in Jock's face, to try if she could read his thoughts; but somehow, in the present instance, his eyes were either turned upon the ground, or seized with an unwonted wandering. At one time he kept carefully examining the road, as though he had lost a shilling; at another he surveyed the tops of the distant hills with as much care as if he had been speculating upon their heights and dis-

tances. And while these intelligencers were thus employed, she could read but little; yet, nevertheless, his manner was courteous; and in their conduct and conversation they exhibited a fine specimen of that harmony which, in most instances, results from a wish to please and to be pleased on the part of the female.

On arriving at the market, Jock soon discovered the mistress of his affections in the person of Lizzie Gimmerton. But, in the plenitude of her power, and the extent of her dominion, she had become capricious, as despotic sovereigns are very apt to do; and nettled, as it appeared, at the long intervals which had lately occurred between the times of his making obeisance at her throne, she had chosen another sweetheart, whom she now dignified with the honour of leading her from place to place, and showing her off to the admiring multitude. Supported by this new minister, she seemed to pay no attention to the smiles and sly winks with which Jock greeted her; but still he did not despair of being the successful candidate, if he were only left at liberty to offer the full amount of his devotion; and to this object he now began to direct his thoughts.

A certain chapman had displayed a number of necklaces, and other showy trinkets of little value, upon his stand, which was thus the most brilliantly-decorated of any in the market. This had drawn together a crowd of purchasers, and other people, who were anxious to see the sparkling wares. Men civilly pushed aside men, and maidens pushed aside maidens, while each appeared eager to have a peep at some particular article, or to learn the price thereof; and to this place Jock drew Nelly, under pretence of giving her her market-fare from among the gewgaws which it afforded. But, while she was looking about for something which "she might wear for his sake," as she said, and which, at the same time, would be an easy purchase, he contrived to jostle rather rudely the people on both sides of him, making them

jostle those who stood next them, and those again perform the same operation on others at a greater distance. This, as he had anticipated, soon produced a universal hubbub; every one, to be avenged for the insult or injury he had sustained, thrust his elbows into the sides of such as he supposed were the aggressors. These were not slow to retaliate. In a short time the innocent and the guilty were involved in the same confusion; and, while the precious wares of the packman, and the persons of his customers, were both in imminent danger, Jock started off, leaving Nelly to make the best of her way out of a bad bargain. He had now obtained his freedom; and in a twinkling he was by the side of Lizzie Gimmerton, whom he found at another stand, receiving the benediction of her new jo in the form of a "pennyworth of *peppermint-drops*."

"How are ye the day, Lizzie?" said he, in tones so tender, that he had supposed they would melt any heart which was less hard than Clatchert Craig.

"No that ill, Jock," was the reply; "how are ye yersel? and how's Nelly?"

And therewith the damsel put her arm in that of her companion, whom she now permitted, or rather urged, to lead her away; and, as he did so, she turned on Jock a side-long look, accompanied by a sort of smile, which told him, in terms not to be mistaken, that he was not her only sweetheart, and that, at present, he was not likely to be a successful one.

If we could form such a thing as a proper conception of one who, in attempting to ascend a throne, stumbled, fell below it, and, in looking up from thence, saw another seated in his place, perhaps we should have some idea of Jock's feelings on this occasion. Like a true hero, he, no doubt, thought of thrashing his rival's skin for him; but then this was by no means doing the whole of the work, for it was Lizzie Gimmerton who had led away the man,

and not the man who had led away Lizzie Gimmerton; and, though the man were thrashed into chaff, Lizzie Gimmerton might very probably find as many more as she pleased, willing to be led away in the same manner, which, in the end, might entail upon Jock the labour of thrashing half the people in the market, not to mention the risk which he would run of being thrashed himself. Finding that this plan would not do, it were difficult to say if he did not entertain serious thoughts of making a pilgrimage to the River Earn, for the purpose of drowning himself, or of taking signal vengeance upon the hard-hearted maiden in some other way; but, as farther speculations upon the subject, in the existing state of our information, must be purely conjectural, it were absurd to follow them. In the beginning of his despair, he looked down, as men very naturally do; but, in the middle of it, he looked up, to see what was to be done, and there he saw Nelly, who was not so easily "lost i' the thrang" as he had imagined, standing close beside him, and regarding him with a look of real compassion, which contrasted strongly with the malicious smile of the other damsel.

"Dinna vex yersel owre sair, Jock," said she, "though Lizzie's awa wi' anither lad; when he leaves her, I'll warrant she'll be glad to see ye again."

"The deil confound her and her lads baith!" said Jock, his despair beginning to pass off in a passion. "If ever I gae near her again, may I fa' and brak my leg i' the first burn I cross! Ye're worth at least five dozen o' her yersel, Nelly; and, if ye can let byganes be byganes, and gang wi' me through the market, I'll let her see, afore lang, that I can get anither sweetheart, though she should gang and hang hersel!"

This sudden change in Jock's sentiments must have been produced by what is commonly called a *reaction*. But Nelly, who had no inclination for being thus shown off,

tried to persuade him to desist from his present purpose.

"Na, na, Jock," said she, "we'll no gang trailin through the market like twa *pointers* tethered thegither wi' a string, for fear the youngest ane should rin aff. But, if ye like, Ise try to keep sicht o' ye; and, if ye like too, we'll gang hame afore it's late, for it wad vex me sair to see you spendin your siller *unwordily*, and still sairer to hear tell o' ye gettin ony fricht about the glen. Sae, if ye think me worth your while, we can gang hame thegither, and I'll tak your arm after we're on the road. If a lad hae ony wark wi' a lass, or a lass ony wark wi' a lad, it's no the best way to be lettin a' the warld ken about it."

With her care, and the wisdom of her counsel upon this occasion, Jock felt sensibly touched.

"Aweel, Nelly," said he, "I'll e'en tak your advice; ye never counselled me to do a wrang thing in your life, and I'll gang hame wi' ye ony time ye like. But come away," he continued, "and look out some grand thing for your market-fare. I've ten shillings i' my pouch—no ae bawbee o't spent yet; and, be what it like, if that'll buy't, yese no want it."

In compliance with his wishes, they began to look about for the article in question; but Nelly, who had lived long enough to know the value of money, would suffer him to purchase nothing of an expensive nature; and, after some friendly expostulation, a pair of scissors was agreed upon, for which he paid sixpence, and she put them in her pocket, observing, at the same time, that "they would be o' mair use to her than twenty ells o' riband, or a halo pouchfu o' *sweeties*."

"I've often wondered," said she, "if a lass could hae ony *real* likin for a lad, when she was temptin him to fling awa his siller, buyin whigmaleeries, to gar her look like an *antic* amang ither folk, or how she thought a lad wha

would let his siller gang that gate, could ever provide for the wants o' a house, if they should come to hae ane o' their ain."

Jock readily acknowledged the good sense of all this; he also acknowledged to himself that young women with such sentiments were not over and above being rife; and, though Nelly was not very young, he thought her a more discerning lass than he had ever done before. They therefore kept together during what remained of their stay; and, as Jock's greatest fault was a propensity to spend his money on trifles, Nelly easily persuaded him to accompany her home before the afternoon was far advanced.

They accordingly journeyed up the glen together; and, without encountering either ghost, witch, or fairy, they had reached a part of the road from which a house, a barn, and a byre, were to be seen. The husband and wife were already home from the market, whither they had gone to buy a cow, and standing at the end of the house with their three children, the oldest of whom appeared to be a stout girl, beside them. Such scenes seem to have a peculiar charm for women, and Nelly was the first to notice it.

"Look, Jock," said she, "yonder's Andrew Braikens and his wife hame frae the market already. Dinna ye see them standing at the end o' their house there, and their three bairns beside them, and baith lookin as happy as the day's lang? Noo, Jock," she continued, looking in his face as she spoke, "tak an example by them, and when ye get a wife, if she's a guid ane, aye tak her advice afore ony ither body's, and ye'll never hae cause to rue it. Afore Andrew was married, he ran to a' the markets i' the round; he could never win hame that day he gaed awa; his pouches were aye toom, and his duds were aften like to bid him guid-day. Folk ca'd him a *weirdless cratur* and a *ne'er-do-weel;* and when he fell in wi' Tibby Crawford, some o' them said, if they were her, they wouldna tak him, and ithers leugh at

him for drawin up wi' an auld hizzie like her; but Tibby took Andrew, and Andrew took Tibby's advice; and noo they've a haudin o' their ain, wi' plenty o' baith meat and claes, and three bonny bairns into the bargain."

Jock seemed to listen more attentively to this harangue than he had ever done to a sermon in his life. During the latter part of it he appeared thoughtful; and, when it was concluded—"I've been thinkin," said he, "that, as Andrew and Tibby hae come sae weel on——" Here he seemed to have forgotten what he was about to say, and was silent.

"Weel, Jock," said the other, "as I was gaun to say, there's Betsy Braikens, a stout lassie already; she's Sandy Crawford's cousin, as ye ken brawly, and troth I wouldna wonder muckle at seein her ——"

"Ou ay, Nelly," interrupted Jock; "but, as I was gaun to tell ye, I've been thinkin——" Here, however, he again halted, and seemed to have nothing farther to say.

"I dinna ken what ye've been thinkin," said Nelly, after a considerable pause; "but I think they would need to hae a hantle patience that listen to your thoughts, for ye're unco lang o' coming out wi' them. But, whatever they are, ye needna hesitate sae muckle in tellin them to me, for I never telled a tale o' yours owre again in my life."

"It's no for that either," said Jock, laughing; "but I just thought shame to speak about it, and yet there's nae ill in't, after a'. I've been thinkin, aye since ye wouldna let me gie half-a-crown for yon *strowl* o' lace i' the market, that you and me micht do waur than make a bargain oorsels. I wad just need somebody like you to look after me; and noo, Nelly, if you would promise to be my wife, I would never seek anither."

Nelly's countenance brightened up with a glow of satisfaction, such as it had not exhibited for years, at hearing these words. But, striving to suppress those unwonted

feelings which were rising in her bosom, and endeavouring to appear as unconcerned as before—"Hoot, Jock," was her reply, "what need I promise?—though I were to mak twenty promises, ye ken brawly that ye would just rin awa and leave me, to follow the first bonny lass ye saw, at the next market or the next tent-preachin; and then, *guid-day to ye, Nelly.*"

These words, though apparently intended to discourage Jock in his suit, were spoken in such a manner as to produce a quite contrary effect. We need not, however, repeat his vows and promises, and the solemn oaths with which he confirmed them: they were such as have been a thousand times made, and, sad to say, nearly as often broken, upon similar occasions. But when they were concluded, though Nelly did not speak, she *looked* a promise which, to Jock, was satisfactory! she also allowed him to have a kiss without the customary battle, or, at least, without a battle of the customary length; and for what remained of that and the two following days, though she was three-and-thirty, she looked almost as young as if she had been only two-and-twenty.

But "pleasures," which everybody now likens to "poppies spread," are, in most instances, short-lived. On the third day from Abernethy Market, Betsy Braikens, in returning from Auchtermuchty, whither she had been on some errand, called at Howdycraigs, "to speer for her cousin, Sandy Crawford, who was the herd laddie, and to tell Nelly Kilgour, of whom she had also some acquaintance, that Grizzy Glaiket had haen a bairn to Geordy Gowkshanks. No ane kenned a single thing about it afore it cam hame," continued the girl; "and, as he has naething to enable him to pay for it, and her father is determined no to let him gang, the folk say that he'll just hae to marry her."

Geordy Gowkshanks was no other than the beau who

had been seen gallanting Lizzie Gimmerton through the market; and Nelly felt a strange misgiving when she heard his name mentioned in the present affair, for she doubted not, when matters stood thus, that some attempt would be forthwith made to recall Jock to his former allegiance. Nor was she long left in suspense; for Jock himself soon came in for his dinner, and the girl exclaimed—"Losh, Jock, I'm glad I've seen ye, for, if ye hadna come in, I would forgotten to tell ye that I saw Lizzie last nicht, and when I telled her that I was comin owre here on the morn, and that I would maybe see you, she bade me be sure to speer if ye had gotten ony fricht wi' the witches about the glen, or if ye was feared for the *croupie craws* fleein awa wi' ye after it was dark, that ye never cam owre to see your auld acquaintances about Abernethy noo!"

These questions, and the new light which they threw upon an old subject, made both Jock and Nelly look thoughtful, though it is reasonable to suppose their thoughts ran in very different channels. The effects of *reaction* have been already noticed; but, after *reaction* has *acted*, there are such things as the *actions* themselves beginning to *react*. Jock was now under the influence of the last-mentioned principle. Its exact operations need not be particularised; but, from that hour, his kindness to Nelly began to abate, and she began to feel less comfortable under the change than might have been expected from a discreet damsel of her years. On the following night she slept but little; and next morning she rose earlier than was her usual, and was just beginning to kindle up the fire, when she heard Jock engaged in a low but earnest conversation with the *herd laddie*. She was separated from them only by a thin partition, or *clay hallan*, as it was called in those days, so that she could easily hear what was passing; and, reprehensible as her conduct in this respect may seem, she could not refrain from listening.

"I need a new bannet," said Jock; "and I'm gaun owre to Abernethy for ane the morn's nicht—but mind, Sandy, ye maunna tell Nell whar I am; and, if she happens to speer, ye can just say that I'm awa down to Auchtermuchty for a pickle snuff."

"Aweel, aweel," said the other, "I can haud my tongue. But what need can there be for makin lees aboot it? I'll warrant Nell winna care how aften ye gang to Abernethy."

"I hae nae time to tell ye aboot it enow," said Jock; "but I'll maybe tell ye afterhend—and mind, as your name's Sandy Crawford, dinna ye speak aboot it; and I'll gie ye as muckle market-fare as ye can devour, *gin* midsimmer."

As this conversation concluded, Nelly contrived to get into her bed again without noise; and, covering herself up with the bedclothes, and pretending to sleep, Jock passed through the kitchen without in the least suspecting that she had become a party to his supposed secret. From what she had heard, however, she saw plainly what was *brewing*, and whither fate was tending. She saw that Lizzy Gimmerton's scheme for once more attaching Jock to her interest had already succeeded; and that, if he should "break both his leg and his neck in the first burn he crossed," he had determined to go again and see her. But what could she do to prevent things from taking their course? Like other disconsolate maidens, she might lament in secret, and shed tears of disappointment and sorrow without number—but this would by no means mend the matter. Jock, she thought, would make a good husband, if he had only a wife who knew how to manage him; but, unless something extraordinary interposed, he was likely to get one who was a still greater fool than himself; and, at this distance of time, it were difficult to say how far *benevolence*, and a wish to prevent him from making himself a mis-sworn man, might

have a place in her cogitations. She thought, also, that she would make a good wife, if it were only her good fortune to get a husband; but, then, something or other had always come to thwart her wishes in this respect; and even now, when the prize seemed almost won, without a miracle, or something, at least, out of the ordinary course of events, she stood a fair chance for being again left in the lurch. She felt that it was a sore matter to have hope from time to time deferred in this manner; but what to do she could not exactly determine. She, however, determined to leave nothing undone; and, after her, let none despair!

Whether upon that morning the cows had given an extraordinary quantity of milk, or whether Nelly had forgotten to empty the milking-pail of water before she began to milk them, is not known; but, on coming in from the byre, she could not, by any means, get the cogs to hold the milk. Her mistress was called; and, after some consultation, Nelly recollected that "Margaret Crawford" —who was the *herd laddie's* mother—"had plenty o' milk-dishes; and she would maybe lend them a cog or twa."

"The drap milk that the cogs winna haud may stand i'. the water-pitcher afore supper-time," she continued; "and Sandy may rin owre to Gairyburn, after he comes in, and stay a' nicht wi' his mither, and get the cog, and be back next morning in time to tak oot the kye."

This plan seemed at least feasible; and the farther prosecution of it was left to Nelly.

"What's the matter wi' the milk the nicht?" inquired Sandy, as Nelly was hastening him with his supper.

"I ken o' naething that can be the matter," was her reply —"but what's the matter wi't, say ye?"

"I dinna ken either," said the boy; "but it's turned terrible blue-like, isn't it? I can compare it to naething but the syndins o' my mither's sye-dish."

"Hoot! never mind the milk," rejoined Nelly; "but sup ye up yer supper as fast as ye're able, and rin owre to yer mither, and tell her the mistress sent ye to see if she could gie ye a len o' ane o' her milk-cogs, for a fortnicht or sae, till the *first flush* gang aff Hawky. Ye can stay a' nicht at Gairyburn," she added; "and ye'll be back in braw time next morning to gang *out*."

The boy seemed glad of an opportunity to spend a night in his paternal home. His supper was soon despatched, and away he went.

The shortsightedness of mortals has been a theme for the moralists of all ages to descant upon; and Nelly, had her history been sooner known, might have afforded them as good a subject as any which they have hitherto discussed. Attached as she evidently was to Jock, had her foresight extended so far as to show her what was to follow, she would certainly have strained every nerve to prevent him from being left alone on that momentous night. Alone, however, he was left; and—as he lay dreaming of Lizzy Gimmerton, and the happiness he should experience from finding himself again reinstated in her favour—exactly at the solitary hour of midnight a most terrible apparition entered his apartment. How it entered was never known; for the *outer* door was securely locked; and the good people of the house being, one and all, fast asleep, saw it not; but, as doors, windows, walls, and roofs, afford no obstruction to an immaterial essence, its entrance need not be matter of surprise. It was, in all respects save one, a most legitimate ghost. A winding-sheet was wrapped round what appeared to be its body; its head was tied up in a white handkerchief; and its face and hands, where they were visible, were as white as the drapery in which it was attired; but, then, in its right hand it carried *a candle* —a thing which ghosts are not accustomed to do. But, as there are exigencies among mortals which sometimes oblige

them to deviate from the common rules of conduct, the same things may, perhaps, occur among ghosts. In the present instance, indeed, something of the kind seemed to be indispensable; for, without such aid, more than half its terrors would have been invisible. The candle, moreover, was evidently the candle of a ghost; for it showed only a small point of white flame in the middle, while around the edges it burned as blue as *brimstone* itself. In short, the light which it gave must have been a thousand times more appalling than that of those flames which Milton emphatically calls "darkness visible."

Jock, however, still continued to sleep, till it uttered a hollow groan, which awakened him; and then, rubbing his eyes, to make certain that he was not still dreaming, he stared at it in inexpressible terror. It returned his stare with a steady look of defiance and a horrible grin, which seemed to make the blood curdle at the remotest extremity of his body. It, however, appeared willing to abide by the law of ghosts, and to wait in silence till it should be spoken to. But Jock had already lost the power of speech. His erected hair had nearly thrown off his nightcap; his tongue seemed to have fallen back into his throat; not even a scream of terror could he utter, far less an articulate sound; and it might have waited till morning, or till the end of time, before an accent of his had set it at liberty to deliver its message. But here it showed itself possessed of something like "business habits," or at least of ten times more sense than the majority of those ghosts who, "at the crowing of the cock," have been obliged to run off without having effected anything except perhaps frightening some rustic nearly out of his wits. When *it* saw no prospect of being spoken to, it spoke; and in this its example should be imitated by all future ghosts.

"Jock Jervis," it said, in tones so hollow and so sepulchral, that no further doubts could be entertained of its

authority—"Jock Jervis, ye ken the promises and the solemn oaths ye've made already to Nelly Kilgour; and if ye dinna fulfil thae promises, and mak her yer married wife afore a fortnicht is at an end, ye maun gang to hell-fire, to be burned for a mis-sworn loon. And mair than a' that, if ye prove fause-hearted, I'll choke ye wi' this windin-sheet, and fling ye owre my shouther, and carry ye to Arangask kirkyard, and gie ye to the witches, to pike your banes ahint the aisle, afore ye get leave to gang aff the earth."

Having uttered this terrible malediction, it shook its winding-sheet, and then waved the candle round its head. The *white* part of the flame immediately disappeared; the *blue* parted into a thousand fragments, and flew through the apartment in as many directions, like infernal meteors.

While these appalling phenomena were passing before the eyes of the terrified spectator, the ghost had disappeared, he could scarcely tell how, and in a moment more all was dark —awfully dark. But of those terrific sparkles which the candle had emitted in going out, one had fallen on Jock's hand, which happened to be lying out of the bedclothes, and there it continued to sputter and to burn most distressingly blue, till the pain, which, in this case, amounted to torment, and the absence of the ghost, restored his speech; or, at least, restored him the use of his tongue. He roared out most lustily for comfort in his distress, and for assistance against his spiritual enemies, in case they should reappear; and the noise which he thus made soon alarmed Nelly, who, with her under-petticoat hastily thrown on, and wanting the whole of her upper garments, came into the apartment, holding a half-trimmed lamp in her hand, rubbing her eyes, and alternately speaking to herself and him.

"Sic a noise I never heard i' my life; and yet I dinna like to gae near him afore I get my claes on; but that's awfu —Jock, man, what's the matter wi' ye? Na, no ae word will he speak, but roar and cry as if somebody were stickin

him. Jock, man, it's me—it's your auld acquaintance, Nelly, but tell me, Jock, hae ye gane clean out o' yer judgment?"

"O Nelly, Nelly!" said Jock, "is't you—is't you?—gie's a haud o' yer hand, woman—oh, gie's a haud o' yer hand, for I canna speak."

"Atweel no," said Nelly; "if ye had on yer claes, and were butt at the kitchen fire, I micht maybe gie ye my hand, if it were to do ye guid; but, as lang as ye lie there, and roar and squall that gate, ye needna look for a hand o' mine."

"Aweel, Nelly, I canna help it," said the other. "I'll never be at the kitchen fire again, I fear; and if ye dinna gie me your hand, ye'll maybe repent it when it's owre late; for I canna stand this lang, and I'll no be lang to the fore. My hand's burnin as if it were in a smiddy fire; but that's naething. Oh, if I could only touch somebody, to let me ken it's flesh and blood that I'm speakin till."

On hearing that he was really in pain, Nelly could no longer stand back. "Dear me," said she, "what can be the matter wi' ye?" and, as she spoke, she took his hand in hers to examine it with the lamp. "It's burned, I declare!" she continued, in a tone of sympathy, which appeared somewhat to comfort him; "how did that happen? But I maun rin for some *sour 'ream* to rub it wi'."

"No, no, Nelly," said Jock, grasping her hand firmly in his, to detain her, and now considerably relieved by the consciousness that he was in the presence of one who had hands and arms, and a body of flesh and blood like his own; "dinna leave me," he continued, "and I'll tell ye a' about it. It's no five minutes yet since I saw a ghaist—oh dear, oh dear! it gars my very blood rin cauld o' thinkin on't—and it said, if I dinna marry you in less than a fortnicht, I maun gang to hell-fire to be burned, for the promises I made i' the glen. O Nelly, Nelly, tak pity on me, and let the marriage be on Monanday, or Tysday at farrest."

"You're surely wrang, Jock," was the reply; "if the ghaist kenned onything ava, it would ken brawly that ye had nae wark wi' me. It had been Lizzie Gimmerton it bade ye tak, and ye had just taen up the tale wrang."

"Na, na," rejoined the other; "it was you—it was Nelly Kilgour. Oh, I'll never forget its words!—and if ye winna tak pity on me, what am I to do?"

"Ye needna speer what ye're to do at me," said Nelly; "but it seems the ghaist and you maun think that ye can get me to *marry* ony time ye like, just as ye would get a pickle strae to gather up ahint your horse on a mornin. But I daresay, after a', the ghaist would ken brawly that it needna sent you to Lizzie upon sic an errand, for the first lad that would gang awa wi' her, she would gang awa wi' him, and leave you to whistle on your thumb or your forefinger, if it answered you better; and yet ye micht gang owre *the morn's nicht*, and gie her a trial."

The awful words, "hell-fire," and "pick your banes at the back o' the aisle," were still ringing in Jock's ears. Nelly's observation seemed to preclude all hope of escape from the terrible doom which they plainly denounced, and he groaned deeply, but did not speak: this was what the other could not endure, and she now tried to comfort him in the best manner she could.

"I'm no sayin," she resumed, "but I would tak ye, rather than see ony ill come owre ye, if ye would only promise to gie up your glaikit gates, and to do your best to keep yoursel and me comfortable." Here she was interrupted by the guidman, who, like herself, had been awakened by the first alarm; but, in coming into the kitchen, and hearing only Jock and her conversing together, he had thought it best to dress himself before he entered upon an investigation of the matter. He was now at the bedside, however, and anxious to learn what had occasioned such an uproar. And Jock, who had been partly recovered from his terror by Nelly's presence,

and partly by her assurance that she would become his wife rather than see him carried away by his spiritual foe, began to give them a most sublime account of the ghost.

"I canna tell ye hoo it cam in," said he, "for it was i' the middle o' the floor afore I was waukin. But when I first opened my een, there it stood wi' three or four windin-sheets about it, and its head rowed up in a white clout, and its face and its hands a hantle whiter than either the wind-in-sheet or the clout — only I thought I saw some earth stickin on that side o' its nose that was farrest frae the licht. But what was a thousand times waur than a' that, it had a cannel in its hand that micht weel hae terrified a hale army o' sodgers; and I aye think yet, it had been the deevil himsel, and nae ghaist, for the cannel had just a wee *peek* o' white low i' the middle, and a' round the edges it burned as blue as a blawort, and bizzed and spitted, and threw out sparks like blue starns. And after it had telled me what I've telled you, it gae the cannel a wave round its head, and then the hale hoose, wa's, roof, and riggin, gaed a' in a blue low; and I saw the ghaist flee up through the couple bauks as clear as ever I saw the owsen afore me when the sun was shinin! But I could stand nae mair, for I steekit my een, and I'm sure I lay dead for near an hour. But when I cam to life again, the hale house was filled wi' a smell o' brimstane that would putten down a' the bees'-skeps i' the yard; and my richt hand was burnin just as if ye had dippit it in a tar-kettle, and then set a lunt till't; but it was ten times waur than tar, for it had the smell o' brimstane, and it would scarcely gang out. The pain garred me roar as I never roared in a' my life afore; and I'm sure I'll never forget the relief I felt when Nelly cam to see what had happened."

As an evidence of the truth of this account, Jock showed them his hand, upon which a portion of the skin was really burned as black as a cinder. The goodman and the good-

wife, both of whom were now present, stood astonished at this circumstance; but Nelly, who had evinced a considerable degree of composure in this trying scene, now appeared less dismayed.

"Hoot, man!" said she, addressing Jock, "dinna gang out o' your wits though ye've gotten a fear; mony a ane has seen a ghaist, and lived to see their bairns' bairns after a'—sae may ye, if ye would only tak heart again."

"O Nelly, Nelly," said Jock, "I micht maybe tak heart, if ye would only promise faithfully, afore witnesses, to let yoursel be married next week."

"What need I promise," rejoined Nelly, "when, for onything I ken, ye may be gaun to see Lizzie Gimmerton *the morn's nicht?*"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" ejaculated Jock. Again the terrible denunciation of the ghost rang in his ears, and again he groaned in an agony of despair. But here the master and mistress interposed in his behalf, and, by their mediation, Nelly was at last brought to consent to that important change in her condition which alone would save him from perdition. She still insisted, however, on making conditions; and these were, *first*, that he should not go to a market except when he had some business to transact; *second*, that, upon these occasions, he should always take her along with him, if she was willing to go; *third*, that he should never enter upon any important concern without first apprising her of it; and, *fourth*, that he should always come home to his own fireside when his day's work was done.

These conditions were readily subscribed by Jock, or, which is the same thing, they were agreed to before witnesses, after which Nelly frankly consented to be his wife. When this had been settled, she would have made out another set of conditions, specifying what her own conduct was to be, and what he might expect of her in certain situations; but Jock had determined on making an unconditional

surrender of himself and his effects into her hands; and all she was permitted to say was, that "she would do her best to mak a guid wife to him."

Matters were thus far satisfactorily adjusted; but still Jock could not rest till his promised bride was *contracket*, as he phrased it; and, to free his mind from those remains of terror under which he still laboured, the master of the house went in quest of the dominie as soon as daylight began to appear. Dominies are seldom slow in these matters; a contract of marriage was forthwith drawn up in the usual form; due proclamation of their intentions was made in the church next Sabbath; and, as the case was an urgent one, they were cried out in the same day. On Monday the marriage was solemnised in a becoming manner; and, when the parties were put to bed, Jock, who had up to that moment been rather feverish on the subject of the ghost, declared that "he wasna feared noo."

Had this marriage been brought about by ordinary means, it might have staggered some of the lieges in their faith—at least it must have taxed their ingenuity to reconcile the event, happening as it had done, in the face of a plain prediction, with the unlimited power which the witches certainly possessed; but, as it was, the matter needed no comment. The decision of the witch had evidently been reversed in the court of the ghosts, who, from being a superior order, had power to do such things; and thus Nelly Kilgour had got a husband, even after she had been predestined, by the former of these authorities, to a life of single blessedness.

Jock had also good reason to congratulate himself on the intervention of his spiritual *friend*—the ghost being no longer regarded as an enemy; for, in less than six months from the date of his marriage, Lizzie Gimmerton was discovered to be in a condition which would have been rather derogatory to his fame, had she been his yoke-fellow. It

was acknowledged upon all hands, however, that he had got a better bargain. In a few weeks after the marriage, his appearance was so much improved, that people, of their own accord, began to call him *John;* and, in another month, his wife was the only individual who still persisted in calling him *Jock*. But this, in her case, was, as it appeared, "habit and repute," and could not be easily altered. Whoever had an empty snuff-box, Jock's was always full; whoever might be seen at church with coarse or ill-washed linen, Jock was not among the number; whoever went to the public-house, or to the houses of their neighbours, for amusement, Jock came always home "to his ain fireside;" and, when others were heard to complain of the thriftlessness of their wives, he only said that "he had aye been a hantle better since he got Nelly than ever he was afore."

In conclusion, it may be remarked, that, though Nelly was evidently the *managing partner*, she gave herself no airs of superiority. She seldom did anything without taking her husband's advice; but, while she sought, she tried to direct his opinion into the proper channel, by pointing out what was likely to be results of the affair, if it were conducted in such a manner; and thus his advice was, in general, only an echo of her own sentiments. If Jock, in the presence of others, directed her to do anything, she, in general, did it, without questioning its propriety; but, if she thought it was wrong, she represented the case to him when they were by themselves—telling him, at the same time, that "she just did it to please him, though she thought it was wrang." Upon these occasions, his common reply was—

"Deed ay, Nelly, I daresay ye're richt. I dinna aye see sae far afore me as ye do; but I'm sure, wi' a' my fauts, ye canna say but I like ye as weel yet as ever I did."

"Deed do ye," was frequently Nelly's rejoinder; "and proud am I to think that my ain Jock aye likes his ain wife better than ither folk."

Within a year after their marriage, Nelly made her husband the father of a female child, who was christened Jenny Jervis. In a few years, their united industry enabled them to stock the little farm of Rummledykes—of which they were so fortunate as to obtain a *tack*. The place consisted, for the most part, of pasture ground; but Jock laboured assiduously to improve and cultivate it. Nelly, by her management of the dairy, contributed materially to increase their possessions; and here we must leave them, contented and happy, for the present—promising, however, to give the reader some glimpses of their subsequent history—and perhaps some hints, too, which may enable him to form his own conjectures as to those supernatural appearances which brought about their union—in a future story.

THE GHOST OF GAIRYBURN.

In the fulfilment of our promise of "a future story," which we made at the termination of "The Ghost of Howdy-craigs," we may premise thus:—

It would be both trite and bombastic to say, as some orators have done, that "time rolls on;" and yet it is wholly owing to their having been so often repeated, that such sayings excite no interest, and the subjects to which they refer pass unnoticed; for, however we may forget the truth, or however the regular recurrence of evening and morning, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, may make us callous to the result which these revolutions are destined to produce, nothing can be more certain than that Time never pauses in his career. His progress may be observed, not only in those great events which give birth to new eras in the history of the world—in the overthrow of ancient empires, the extinction of ancient dynasties, and the discovery of new countries: it may be traced in the occurrences of every year, every month, and almost of every day. The connections of families, the numbers of which they are composed, their relative position in society, and their prospects in life, are undergoing perpetual changes. Changeable as are the fortunes, so are the minds and the emotions of men: one hour they laugh, another they weep; and, perhaps, the very next hour they laugh again; while events the most important and the most trifling, the most solemn and the most ludicrous, mingle together, and follow each other by a law which fools our powers of investigation, and baffles our understanding.

Eighteen years had nearly elapsed since the period at

which the former part of this history concludes; and *the Ghost of Howdycraigs* was nearly forgotten. Betsy Braikens, who was then only a girl, was now a full-grown woman, who, for the last eight or nine of the above-mentioned years, would not have been irreconcilably offended with a well-looking sweetheart for proposing to make her his wife. Her brother James, who, in the same interval, had arrived at man's estate, had been endeavouring, not very successfully, for some time past to establish himself as a merchant in Perth; and his cousin, Sandy Crawford, whom the reader will recollect as the herd laddie at Howdycraigs, had, by the death of his father, been promoted to be tacksman of Gairyburn; upon which place he resided with his mother. Jenny Jervis, too, with whose birth the preceding story concludes, was by this time a lass upon whom those who were neither too young nor too old might have looked with as much interest at least as it is common to bestow on a maiden in her eighteenth year. It is also probable that she herself had begun to steal an occasional glance at the young men of the district, as she saw them passing on the road, or assembled at their rustic sports; and to recollect, when her mind was otherwise unoccupied, that one was tall, that another had dark eyes, that a third had a smiling countenance; and, perhaps, that a fourth united all these charms in his proper person.

It was the middle of winter, or what is commonly called "the daft days," which has long been a season of festivity to the rich, and, in so far as circumstances will permit, to the poor also. The cottagers were invited to each other's houses, to spend an evening in forgetfulness of care. Cakes, cheese, and ale, supplied them with a cheap, and, at the same time, a cheery repast. The old people talked of bygone times, and the feats of dexterity or strength which they had performed in their youth, with all the enthusiasm of heroes when "fighting their battles over again;" while

the young ones looked in each other's faces, and laughed heartily at little jests. Unpremeditated compliments were paid in off-handed profusion; old and incredible stories were revived; and, in the words of Goldsmith, "news much older than their ale went round;" but, whatever might be their age, at such seasons they were certain to produce as much merriment as upon the occasion when they were first produced. To conclude the picture—

> "The nappy reek'd wi' mantling 'ream,
> And shed a heart-inspiring stream;
> And luntin pipe and sneeshin mill
> Were handed round wi' richt guid-will.'

Sandy Crawford and his mother had been invited to "get their cakes," and spend the evening with John Jervis and his wife. They came, according to custom; and, after the cheese, the oaten bread, and the ale had been sent round in the usual manner–

"Troth, Nelly," said Margaret Crawford, addressing her hostess, "your Jenny's turned a perfect woman, I declare. Sic an odds there's on her within the last twalmonth! Mony a time I look at her when she's gaun past; and, to say the truth, ye may weel be proud o' yer dochter, for I dinna see a bonnier lassie i' the hale countryside than she is."

"Beauty is only skin-deep," said Nelly, with a smile of satisfaction, which showed how highly she appreciated the quality in her daughter which she pretended to undervalue. "But the lassie's weel aneugh, though she were nae freend o' mine. And noo, Sandy," she continued, in a jesting tone, and turning from the mother to the son as she spoke, "what think ye o' her for a wife? Yer mither seems to be unco weel pleased wi' her; I'm sure I would like weel to see ye gang thegither, and I dinna think our Jock would say onything against sic a marriage."

"Hoot, woman," interrupted her husband, "were I to

haver like you, I would say that, if I thought she would only turn out half as guid a wife to him as you've dune to me, I would maist advise him to tak her; but she's our ain bairn, and we should haud our tongues."

"That's as true as ye hae said it," rejoined Nelly; "fathers and mithers should say little on sic a subject; but as this is a nicht on which a'body haver, ye maun just allow me to haver too: when folk only haver for diversion, it can do little ill. And sae, as I was gaun to say," she continued, again addressing Sandy, "yer mither seems to be pleased; I'm weel pleased; Jock's no that sair set against the match; and noo there's naebody's consent awantin but your ain."

"Ay," said Sandy, "there's anither yet, though you've forgotten about it; ye maun get her consent too afore it can be a bargain. Jenny has a heart as weel as her neebors, I'll warrant her," he continued, stealing a look at the object of whom he spoke, "and I'm maybe no amang the folk she likes best."

"Weel, Jenny, it's a' at your door noo, I declare," said her mother, laughing outright. "What say ye to this affair?"

"Oh, if ye would only haud your tongue!" said Jenny, blushing, and still keeping her eyes fixed upon a rather profitless occupation in which she had been engaged for some time past—namely, that of folding and unfolding the corners of her apron with great assiduity; but the rest of the company, if we except Sandy, perhaps, were so deeply engaged in their own nonsensical conversation, that they took no notice of this circumstance.

"That's just the way wi' a' young folk," said Nelly, still laughing; "the lad thinks the lass has some ither body that she likes better than him, and the lass thinks the lad pays mair attention to anither than he does to her; she daurna say a word unless she maybe tak the dorts and misca him; he hesitates to speak for fear he should be refused; and be-

tween them they aften contrive to torment ane anither for years, when twa words micht settle the matter, and mak them baith happy. But I'm sure, Margaret, if they would only leave the thing to you and me, we could mak a bargain for them the nicht yet."

"It's likely, at least, that we would mak a bargain sooner than they would do," said the other. But the sigh with which she concluded bespoke some emotion which accorded ill with the lightness of the previous conversation. There was a something, too, in her manner, which seemed to say that, while she was not averse to the proposed match, she did not altogether relish the jest in which its immediate consummation had been spoken of.

Mothers have frequently thrown serious obstacles in the path of young people when they supposed themselves travelling on the highway to happiness; but sometimes, too, they seem inclined to give them an opportunity of forming that liking for each other, without which, according to the popular creed, no happiness can exist. Nelly now proposed that, while the guidman was suppering the horse, Margaret should go with her to the byre and see the cow, the yearling, and the calf, which, she said, "were in wonderfu guid order, considerin how little they had to gie them." Sandy and Jenny were thus left to themselves; but upon this occasion they seemed to have the greatest difficulty in keeping up a sort of intermitting conversation upon the weather, the state of the roads, and some other subjects of the same kind. Each wished to appear witty and amiable in the eyes of the other; but somehow their wits seemed to have forsaken them, and they appeared to be perfectly ignorant of the means by which their wishes could be accomplished. Perhaps the former conversation had awakened, or rather called into a state of activity, some feelings which they knew not how to express; and it might be that, while these feelings predominated, they could not think of anything

else in such a manner as to talk of it to the purpose; or perhaps it was only the mere awkwardness of finding themselves, for the first time since they were children, thus left to each other, which in a great measure locked up their conversational powers. Be the matter as it may, with the "eldern dames" it was otherwise.

When they got to the byre, Margaret appeared more willing to resume the former subject than to look at her neighbour's chattels. "Ye would maybe think," said she, "that I didna seem sae frank as I micht hae done when ye spoke about Jenny and Sandy; but, for a' that, I've often thought, if ever it were the laddie's luck to get a wife, Jenny would mak a better ane than ony ither young woman I ken. But after him that's now awa began to tak death till himsel," she continued, lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, "when he made owre the tack to Sandy, he left me as a burden upon Gairyburn. Noo, the place is but sma, as ye ken, and there's but ae house on't, and, if he were to marry, I dinna ken how a'thing would answer."

"Hoot, woman," rejoined the other, "ye've a *butt and a ben;* the house would haud ye a' brawly. And, though our lassie's owre young to be a wife to onybody, and I was only passin a joke about her and Sandy, if she were a year or twa aulder, and if a'thing were agreeable, I canna say but I would like weel to see them gang thegither. For it's just the gate o' a' mithers—they would aye like to see their ain bairns gettin guid bargains. No that I would care a snuff for the lassie gettin a man wi' a hantle riches; but I would like to see her get ane that would ken how to guide her, and how to guide the warld too. Noo, Sandy is baith a canny and a carefu chield; and, if they dinna thrive, I'm sure it wouldna be his faut."

"It's a' true ye say," responded Margaret; "and weel it pleases me to hear your guid opinion o' my son. He has a wark wi' the lassie already, if I'm no far deceived; for ony

time when she comes owre to our house, I've remarkit that he's aye kinder to her than to ony ither body. But there's a proverb that says, 'young wives seldom like auld guid-mithers'—and that's what troubles me.

"But that needna trouble ye owre muckle either," was the reply; "for—what's this I was gaun to say, again?—ou ay—wi' respect to Jenny, puir thing, if it were her guid fortune to draw his affection, I'm sure she would strive, as far as lay in her power, to mak ye comfortable."

"I dinna doubt a single word o' what ye say," rejoined the other. "Jenny is a dutiful and a kind-hearted lassie; I ken that weel. But, as the auld sayin is, ilka body kens their ain sair best; and, though it's nae doubt a weakness, I maun e'en tell ye a'. When I was married—I mind as weel as yesterday—baith David and me thought we could live happy wi' his mither; and we did live happy, for aught days or sae; but, after that, I could do naethin to please her. If I tried to 'earn the milk, it was either owre het or owre cauld when I put in the 'earning; if I began to wash the dishes, she aye milkit the kye first, and then she wondered how some folk had sae little sense. I could neither mak the parritch, nor wash, nor spin, nor mak up a hasp o' yarn—no, nor soop in the very house, to please her; and, though I tried, as far as was in my power, to do a'thing her way, it gae me mony a sleepless nicht, and cost him that's awa nae little vexation. And weel do I mind mony a time I wondered what pleasure she could tak in distressin me; but I think noo it was just a frailty o' our nature—a something that auld folk canna help. And I think, too, I've discovered the cause o' her grumlin since I began to see the prospect o' Sandy takin a wife. Now, ye'll nae doubt think it strange," she continued, in a hesitating tone—"ye'll nae doubt think it strange, Nelly; but, dearly as I like my ain son—and weel as I would like

to see him happy wi' a woman wha loved him better than a' the warld beside—still there's a something in the idea o' anither comin in to be the mistress o' the hoose whaur I've had the management sae lang, that aye distresses me when I think on't."

"I dinna wonder ava at what ye say," responded Nelly. "If I were in your place, a' that troubles you would trouble me. But there's naebody without something to distress them; and we maun just look upon things o' that kind as a *crook in our lot*, a something that maun be borne. But, after a', woman, if the twa were to gang thegither, could ye no come owre here? Ye have only him, and we have only her; the little gear we hae maun a' gang to him at last; and, if the young folk could live thegither in ane o' the places, the auld folk micht surely do the same in the tither."

"Thank ye, Nelly—thank ye!" said Margaret; "ye're aye the same guid-hearted creature yet. But a body's ain hame's aye kindly. And yet, if sic a thing were to happen, I would rather come here, than gang to ony freend I hae." As she uttered these words, she made an involuntary motion forward, and would have fallen, had she not supported herself by the wall.

"Dear me, Margaret, what's the matter wi' ye?" said Nelly, in a tone of evident alarm.

"It's a dizziness i' my head, woman," was the reply. "I've never been mysel since that illness I had afore the term. Thae curious turns come owre me aye, noo and then," she continued, her voice sinking and saddening as she spoke; "and, for the last six weeks, it's been borne in upon me, that I'm no to be lang to the fore. Now, if I was taen awa, Sandy would be sair to mean wi' naebody about the house but a servant; and that gars me sometimes think I would maist like to see him married to some carefu lass like your Jenny afore my head be laid down."

"Wheesht, Margaret!" said the other; "never let thae thoughts come owre ye, for there's an auld proverb that says, *thought can kill and thought can cure.* And I doubt I've driven the joke owre far already. But, though it's natural aneugh for young lasses to like to get husbands, and natural aneugh, too, for their mithers to like to see them weel married, I would ten times owre see our Jenny live and dee without a man a'thegither, rather than see her married to the best man on earth, if her marriage were to gie you real vexation, or be the means o' shortenin your days."

"It's no that," said Margaret, in the same low solemn tone in which she had before spoken—"it's no onything ye have said that has hurt me, for I've thought about a' thae things afore. When I had that ill turn afore Martinmas, when folk thought I was deein, I began to consider wha would be maist likely to keep a comfortable hame to my ain bairn; and then, I confess, my thoughts turned upon your Jenny. This made me look mair attentively at baith him and her than I had ever done before; and twa or three times, when she cam owre to see how I was, I thought I saw something like the first symptoms of affection in his manner as weel as hers; and I felt glad at the sicht. But, as I began to get a little better, and to be able to gang about again, the things that had happened wi' my ain guidmither came fresh to my memory, and I thought I would like to manage the house mysel, and do for the best as lang as I was able. But I fear," she added, with a deep sigh, "this complaint, whatever it is, will weather me afore it's lang."

"Na, Margaret; I hope better things," said the other; "and ye maun strive to hope for better things too. Though ye mayna be sae stout through the winter, when the warm weather comes in ye'll gather strength again; and, if ance ye had yer fit on a May gowan, ye'll be as hale and hearty as the best o' us."

"It's lang to the month o' May," said Margaret, in a voice unwontedly solemn; "and, afore that time come round, hundreds that are laughin and makin muckle sport the nicht may be cauld in their graves. But promise, if I'm taen awa, that ye'll do yer best to supply my place, and to bring the twa thegither if ye can."

Nelly was really distressed to think that this gloomy presentiment had taken such firm hold of her neighbour's mind; but, fancying that it had been in some measure suggested by their former conversation, and hoping that it would soon pass off, she promised to comply with her wishes, and then urged her to rejoin the company within.

They accordingly went into the house, where they found the little party—which, in their absence, consisted of only three—engaged in a cheerful conversation. Freed at length from that embarrassment which they had experienced while alone, the others soon recovered their spirits and their freedom of speech. Margaret, however, could not so easily recover her former cheerfulness. She strove, indeed, to appear as merry as the rest; but her late indisposition, though only of a momentary nature, seemed to have left an effect upon her spirits which did not immediately pass away. There was also a something in the fitfulness of her manner, and the expression of deep solemnity into which her countenance frequently relapsed after a laugh, which told too plainly that her merriment came not from the heart. These symptoms were soon observed, and by degrees her sadness appeared to communicate itself to the rest of the company.

In this state of things, they seemed to feel as if an early separation would have been a relief, and almost the only relief of which the case would admit. When the propriety of a measure is felt by a whole company, some one or other of their number in general stammers upon the wishes of the rest; and here, shortly after the above-mentioned feeling had begun to prevail, Margaret Crawford said that—"As

the nicht was dark and micht end in rain, she thought it would be best for her and Sandy to gang hame afore it was late." To this proposal Nelly and her husband made a friendly show of resistance such as is common on these occasions, and urged, as reasons for delaying their guests, that "it was not late yet," and that "they would be hame in braw time, though they staid anither hour." But this resistance, though reiterated, was so faint, that it was at once felt to be formal; and Margaret, who had no very great temptation to do otherwise, seemed inclined to adhere to her first intention. She therefore repeated her reasons for going home; and, at the same time expressed a hope, "if *naething extrordinar* cam i' the way, that she would see John and Nelly, and Jenny too, at Gairyburn, some nicht neist week, to spend the e'enin wi' her"—after which, the little company broke up.

The night was far advanced before Jenny could close her eyes; and when at last she did sink into the arms of the "leaden god," it was only to dream of having lost her way, along with Sandy Crawford, in some wide and wildering desert which she had never seen before. At first the scene seemed solitary, shaded with lofty yews, and tangled with trailing shrubs; dark clouds spread a gloom over it; mists rested on the top of every rock; and the night-dews hung heavily from every branch and every blade of grass. Then the prospect appeared to brighten: the landscape assumed a variety of charms; every hour disclosed some new beauty, or opened up some glowing vista which she had not before seen. The sun gradually dissipated the clouds which hitherto had concealed him, and, bursting through, dried up the superfluous moisture from the earth; the air became pure, and the day delightfully warm; and, though as yet she had discovered no road by which she could return, she did not feel greatly perplexed. But the pleasing prospect was soon overcast: clouds appeared to gather round them; anon she was separated from her companion by rocks and unfathomable gulfs,

the nature and extent of which she could not distinctly see. At times she fancied he was lost, and felt inclined to weep at the thought that she should never see him more; then she obtained a glimpse of him, as if he still waited for her, and then her heart panted to come up with him; then he disappeared, and she knew not which way to turn. At last she thought Betsy Braikens came up to her, and offered to conduct her to where he was; but at that moment the sky grew dark, and the storm raged so terribly, that she could not stir a step to follow her. It soon ceased, however; the day again cleared; she seemed to see him advancing to meet her, with a smile of welcome upon his countenance; and, just as he was about to throw his arms around her waist, she started aside to avoid his embrace, struck her arm upon the post of the bed, and the pain which the circumstance occasioned, aided by an importunate knocking at the door, awakened her. On being thus made aware that some one wanted admittance, she started up, threw on a part of her clothes, snatched up the poker, broke the *gathering-coal*, and stirred the fire, which instantly burst forth in a blaze; and then she hastened to open the door.

The present visiter was Sandy Crawford, in most respects the very same as she had seen him in her dream; but the *smile* with which that illusion had presented her was wanting, and in its stead she thought she could discover, by the light of the fire, marks of anxiety, perturbation, and fear, upon his countenance. The contrast was so striking, that she almost forgot one part of it was only a dream. At the very first glance, she felt certain that something was wrong; and she would have inquired what it was, but, before she could speak, he told her, in terms which betrayed his own agitation, that his mother, without having previously complained of being worse than her ordinary, had been struck with what appeared to be *palsy* in the course of the night, that she was now wholly deprived of speech, and nearly de-

prived of motion in one side, and that he had hastened thither as soon as she could be left, to beg either her or her mother to come over and watch her till he could procure further assistance. He would have said something more—he would have hinted the probability of the fatal termination of his mother's disease, and the further probability that this termination might occur in a few hours, both of which were painfully impressed upon his heart; but he shrank from the idea of speaking on such a subject, as though he apprehended some mysterious connection between his own words and the fate of his mother, and that what he was about to say might hurry on the crisis which he wished to avert. He was therefore silent; while Jenny, between the effects of her dream, and the alarming intelligence which she had just heard, knew not what to answer, or what she should do. In general, she possessed activity, and all that was necessary to enable her to render assistance in any case with which she was acquainted; but she was susceptible of strong impressions—those who are so seldom act with ease in an untried situation—and she was now placed in one which was perfectly new to her. In her agitation, she would have stood where she was, like a statue, or she would have accompanied him without taking time to put on what remained of her clothes, had he repeated his request; but her mother, who had been awakened by the opening of the door, on overhearing the conversation which followed, had dressed herself with characteristic despatch, now came to her daughter's relief.

"Dinna forget to milk the cow, lassie," said she, "nor to mak yer father's parritch about eight o'clock, and I'll rin owre mysel, and see what's the matter wi' puir Margaret Crawford. But, if I'm no back afore dinner-time, mind ye to come and see how she is." With these brief orders, Nelly wrapped herself up in her cloak, and hastened to carry her services where they were most wanted.

On reaching Gairyburn, they found Margaret, as she had

been represented, very ill. The shock, however, did not, as there was at first some reason to fear, prove immediately mortal; and about noon, when Jenny arrived, her mother proposed that she herself should go home, leaving her in constant attendance, and promising, at the same time, to return as often as possible, and give them all the assistance in her power. This arrangement appeared satisfactory to all parties; but, at the end of three weeks, a second shock brought rest to the sufferer, and mourning to the house of Gairyburn.

This mournful event, as is common in such cases, brought together the whole of the friends and relations of the deceased; and among the rest came Betsy Braikens and her brother. Betsy had been for some time past residing with that brother in Perth; but, as soon as it was known that she had arrived, those who pretended to take an interest in the affairs of her cousin hastened to represent to her in the strongest terms the necessity of her coming "to *keep his house;*" and, yielding to their representations, she did offer her services. These were declined, however, from the consideration that it would be inconvenient for her brother to want her assistance. But, as soon as it was understood that she had made such an offer, the very individuals who had advised her to make it began to search for other motives than their own advice, and they soon discovered what they considered a sufficient reason for her doing so, in the embarrassed circumstances of her brother. It was generally believed that his trade had never been very flourishing, and some surmises had lately reached them of the failure of a merchant in Glasgow, with whom he was understood to be connected, which would involve him in very considerable pecuniary difficulties. Putting these things together, they deemed them a sufficient warrant for supposing that Betsy had her cousin's *hand* as well as his house in view, and that, if she did not succeed in securing

one of them at least, she might soon have no house to keep.

This supposition was not altogether without a foundation; for all his endeavours had been so unsuccessful of late, that her brother had now come to the determination of dropping business, as soon as he could sell off his stock, and wind up his affairs; but, as it would be several months before this could be done with any prospect of advantage, he still continued to keep his intentions a perfect secret. And this being the case, it was agreed on the evening of the funeral that he and his sister should set off, early next morning, for Perth.

The weather, however, did not appear to favour their intentions. For the last eight days it had been fair, and uncommonly mild, with slight frosts during the night, so that, in the estimation of the country people, "the earth was prepared for a storm." But, on the day alluded to, the atmosphere had become loaded with stagnant vapours; a continuous mass of dark, leaden-coloured cloud, which seemed to rest upon the nearest hills, arched the concave; not a single speck of blue sky had been visible since morning; and in the evening, one of those dense and wildering falls of snow, which have frequently misled the traveller, came on.

The night was one which, in most respects, seemed to accord with the sorrowful feelings of the little party at Gairyburn. It was gloomy and silent; while the snow continued to accumulate around the house, as if to exclude everything which might have a tendency to disturb their recollections of the solemn scene in which they had been so lately engaged. At times, a sort of conversation, carried on in subdued tones, prevailed for a season; and then it was followed by considerable intervals of silence, broken only by an occasional sigh, a casual observation on the stillness of the night, or an injunction to stir the fire. Anon, the colloquial powers of the party seemed to gather strength from the re-

pose which they had been permitted to enjoy; and the discourse was again renewed, to continue for a season, and then to flag, as it had done before. In most respects, this conversation bore a striking resemblance to the evening fire of the poor widow, which is only kept alive by an occasional handful of brushwood thrown upon the expiring embers; after which it emits a flickering flame for a short while, and then gradually decays, till the last spark is scarcely perceptible, and it is only prevented from utter extinction by a repetition of the same process.

In one of these intervals of silence, Betsy Braikens had gone to the door—partly to pass the time which hung so heavily, and partly to see if there was any prospect of being able to travel in the morning. While thus reconnoitring, her attention was attracted by a whistle, followed by a faint cry for assistance, which, though evidently at a distance, was, owing to the stillness of the night, distinctly heard. This made her listen more attentively. The whistle and the cry were repeated, which satisfied her that they proceeded from some one in distress; and she now thought it time to give notice of what she had heard to those within. On hearing the circumstance, her brother and cousin immediately set off in the direction which she had pointed out; and in a short time they returned, bringing along with them a stranger, who had lost his way when it grew dark; and, after having wandered for several hours among the hills, without knowing where he was going, had at last stumbled over a bank into a miry slough, where, as he was unable to extricate himself from the mud, he would in all probability have perished, but for the assistance which he had received.

The care of ministering to the new guest devolved principally upon Betsy Braikens, who had been the first to give notice of his previous distress; and for such an office she was better qualified than any other female who, at the

time, could have been found within several miles—both from that knowledge of the conventionalities of society which she had acquired during her residence in Perth, and from a disposition which was naturally kind. With that alacrity which is common to her sex, she made the necessary preparations for enabling him to shift such parts of his clothes as were wet. A repast calculated to refresh him, after the fatigues of his journey, was next provided; and, as there was no inn or other place of accommodation within reach, and the night was one in which no stranger could find his way, she represented the necessity of his remaining where he was till morning; and then he might travel with her and her brother, if he chanced to be journeying in that direction; and, if his road was different, he would at least have the advantage of daylight to direct his steps.

To this proposal the stranger did not seem to be averse. In such circumstances, men are often more grateful for a mere trifle than, in others, they would be for the greatest favours. He seemed highly sensible of the kindness with which he was treated, and soon began to regard his entertainers with a feeling of respect. Upon further conversation, it was discovered that his name was Robert Walker—that he was the son of the Glasgow merchant whose failure has been already noticed as having been prejudicial to the interests of James Braikens; and, on learning that he was in the society of one who had been in the habit of dealing with his father, he proceeded to give them a brief sketch of his story.

After his prospects had been obscured by the bankruptcy of his father, he had succeeded in procuring for himself a situation in Aberdeen; and, as he was a good pedestrian—and had, moreover, a liking for rural scenery, rural manners, and unfrequented roads—these considerations, backed by motives of economy, had induced him to undertake the journey on foot. He had accordingly proceeded by Kinross,

intending to make his line as straight as possible, without paying much attention to the highways; and, on reaching the village of Strathmiglo, he had been directed across a part of the Ochils as the nearest road to Newburgh—at which part he intended to cross the Tay. He had taken these directions, and pushed forward, in the expectation that he would reach the last-mentioned place before it was late; but the snow coming on, he soon lost all traces of the road, and, what was worse, he soon after lost everything like an idea of what direction he was travelling in. He had, however, no alternative but to proceed. Exertion was indispensable to prevent his limbs from being benumbed with cold; but the dense fall of snow prevented him from seeing any distant object upon which he might direct his course, and thus arrive at some place of shelter. In this state of uncertainty, he had wandered he neither knew where nor how long, when—stumbling over the bank, as already noticed, and being unable to extricate himself—he was beginning to fear that he had reached the end of his journey before his deliverers reached him.

On the following morning, which was fair, though the clouds still appeared to be far from having discharged the whole of their contents, the stranger was easily induced to accompany Betsy Braikens and her brother to Perth—alleging, as his reason for doing so, a wish to see the town, and the possibility of his being there able to procure some mode of conveying himself to Aberdeen less laborious than travelling had now become. They accordingly set forward together; but before they had reached the head of Abernethy Glen, the snow again began to fall, accompanied by gusts of wind, which whirled whole wreaths into the air at once, and drove the dazzling particles before them with such violence, that suffocation seemed to be the inevitable consequence of being long exposed to the fury of the storm. In a short time the snow had accumulated to such a depth in

the hollows as to render travelling a most laborious operation; and it was with some difficulty that the party reached the domicile of Andrew Braikens, where they thought it best to take shelter for the present, and postpone their further journey till the weather should be more favourable. The storm continued for nearly forty-eight hours without intermission, so that, dating from the time at which they set out, it was not till the evening of the third day that they reached Perth.

Whatever loss in the way of business this delay might have occasioned, the merchant found, on his arrival, that it was only his absence which had saved him from being declared bankrupt, and, in all probability, imprisoned for debt at the same time. But, on the previous day, one of his most clamorous creditors had been suddenly taken ill. A temporary respite was thus obtained; and, with the assistance of Robert Walker, who exerted all his oratorical powers in his behalf, matters were again patched up, and he was allowed to go on with the concerns of his shop as before. These things being settled, this new friend strenuously advised him to retain his business if possible, assuring him, at the same time, that there was nothing like perseverance, and then went on his way, whither we follow him not.

At Gairyburn things went on much in the same way as they had done before, except that the management of the house was now committed to the care of a servant-girl. But some circumstances soon transpired which led the people around to suppose that the girl might, in due time, be promoted to be mistress of what at present she only managed for another. Sandy Crawford had bought rather a better suit of mournings for Jenny Jervis than it was common to give to a servant; and this, along with a number of other incidents and occurrences, too minute to be enumerated here, but not so minute as to escape the notice of a country population, was made the subject of discussion at the fire-

sides of the neighbouring cottages. But as neither men nor women, since the world began, were ever known to agree about either religion or politics, or any other important matter whatever, so here there was a difference of opinion; and many were the conferences and disputes which ensued. With one party, the buying of the gown, and the other corroborating circumstances, were deemed incontestable evidence; and they affirmed that Sandy and Jenny only waited till the proper season for laying aside their mournings, to be married. In this marriage they saw, or at least fancied they could see, such a number of advantages as would render it most desirable. "Jenny," they said, "was a thrifty lassie, and wad mak a guid wife. She kenned a' about the management o' the kye, and she wad aye hae her mither at hand to apply to in ony strait." Another party differed from them entirely, both as to the conclusiveness of the evidence, and the advantages to be derived from the marriage. "The buyin o' the gown," they maintained, "was naething. Jenny Jervis was a young, thoughtless lassie, wha wad be soon aneugh married four or five years hence; and they were sure Sandy wad be far better wi' his cousin Betsy, wha was baith a weel-faured and a weel-conditioned cummer, and had some experience in the management o' a house." They said, further, that "Betsy, they were sure, wad be the woman; for Sandy was a thoughtfu callant; and though he might be led awa, for a time, wi' twa blue een, a slender waist, and the red and white on a lassie's face, he wad soon come to see that ither things were needfu to a man fechtin for his bread, and strugglin for the rent o' a farm." A third party presumed to differ from both of these in every particular save one. They admitted, indeed, that Sandy "was a thoughtfu callant;" but from that very admission they drew a quite contrary conclusion. "Baith Betsy and Jenny," they averred, "might remain *single* lang aneugh for him; and if he ever took a wife ava, they were

sure it wadna be in ony hurry." They also pointed out several advantages which were likely to accrue to him from adopting this theory, and several disadvantages which would infallibly result from his adoption of any other. "The place," they said, "was but sma', and the rent high; and as lang as he had only a servant, he had naething but her bit year's wage to pay at the term. But, were he to tak a wife, he wad hae to get new beds, and new chairs, and a hantle whigmaleeries forby, that wad cost him nae little siller; he wad hae to buy *fykes* to her in ilka market, and in ilka shop he cam past—not to mention bairns' meat and bairns' claes—mair o' baith, maybe, than the place wad afford." Thus, as the great political world is at present divided into Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, this little sequestered district was divided into parties, which, for the sake of distinction, we shall denominate *Jervisines*, *Braikenites*, and *Malthusians*.

Though Betsy Braikens had not been at Gairyburn for several years before the death of her aunt, after that occurrence she continued to pay occasional visits there; and it was observed, by those who knew and could interpret the signs of the times, that her cousin always looked more thoughtful for a day or two after she went away, than was his usual. This seemed to favour the theory of the *Jervisines*, who said that he was pestered with her visits, and did not know how to get quit of her. The *Braikenites*, on the other hand, maintained, that, if he did not give her some encouragement, she would not return so often; and that his thoughtful looks were occasionsd by regret at her absence.

Several months after the death of Margaret Crawford, and just as the first party were beginning to be certain that their theory was the correct one, and that they would, ere long, obtain a notable victory over their opponents, both Betsy and her brother paid a visit to Gairyburn. They stayed a night and a day with their cousin; and, after they

had taken their departure, it was observed that he looked more thoughtful than he had done on any former occasion, with the additional aggravation of his thoughtfulness not passing away in a day or two, as it had done before. At the end of a fortnight, the neighbours said to each other—"Preserve us a'! saw ye ever sic an alteration as has come owre Sandy Crawford! He's surely seen something that's no canny, and daurna speak aboot it." At the end of a month, they might have made the same observation; but by that time they had become accustomed to the change, and they only said—"Puir fellow! he's as sair altered as though that cummer frae Perth had ta'en awa his last penny."

He was indeed changed, though not to the extent which they seemed to suppose. He managed the whole of his concerns as he had done before; in company or conversation there was little perceptible difference; but, when silent or alone, there was frequently an expression of resignation on his countenance, as if some misfortune were impending which he could not avert, and which, if it should fall, he had determined to endure with patience. Strict observations were now made on his conduct towards Jenny; and here, too, an alteration was discovered, though that alteration did not seem to admit of being explicitly expressed in words. It was agreed, however, by the wise women who had made the observations, that he appeared like one who had determined never again to urge his suit, and that he had certainly made up his mind to see her give her hand to another. This conclusion was favourable to the Malthusians: they repeated their assertion, that "he was a thoughtfu callant, and that he had determined not to marry at all;" while the others, if they did not "hide their diminished heads," were at least compelled to hold their peace.

But of all who were puzzled by the mysterious change in

the manners of the should-be bridegroom, none were more so than poor Jenny herself, who really loved him, and who had been led to suppose that he loved her in return, though hitherto he had never directly declared his intention of marrying her. Her mother was equally puzzled to assign a satisfactory reason for the change; but she was not equally affected by it. In her younger years, she had learned, from experience, that there is nothing more mutable than the heart of a lover; and she fancied, even in ordinary cases, that it was only by practising a great deal of art and finesse that a husband could be secured. This, in her estimation, being the case, she determined that—if the experience which she had acquired in these matters could be rendered available—her daughter should not remain so long unmarried as she had done herself; and she immediately set her head to work to contrive the means of bringing about a marriage as speedily as possible. Nelly recollected some years ago having had a young *pig*, which could not be prevailed upon to take its victuals. She had tried to feed it, or, in other words, to thrust meat into its mouth, in the hope that it would then swallow it; but this only served to make it more obdurate in its resistance. It seemed determined to starve itself to death, and she knew not what to make of it. Her husband, however, bethought him of a scheme which proved successful: on the following day, he brought home another, which was put in beside its refractory kinsman, and afterwards, when she came with the victuals, they immediately commenced fighting about their respective shares. It was then *who should get most;* and each would have eaten up the whole, if its skin would have contained as much. The bee is said to gather honey from every flower; and there are some people who will learn something from every incident. Nelly instantly discovered a strong analogy between the case of the single *pig* and its victuals, and the case of a young woman with a single sweetheart;

and, having discovered an analogy in the cases, she felt certain that there must also be an analogy in the cures. The present emergency seemed to be a most favourable opportunity for trying the correctness of this theory by that best of all possible tests—an experiment; and she forthwith resolved, were the thing practicable, that Jenny should have a new sweetheart, if peradventure his presence would produce a favourable revolution in the sentiments of the old one.

Measures were accordingly adopted, and the most feasible schemes were laid—schemes which, with proper management, could hardly have failed of success. Jenny also received such hints and instructions as were deemed necessary to enable her to act her part. But Jenny was, as her mother phrased it, "an even-forrit, silly, simple lassie;" and in her hands nothing succeeded. It was with the utmost difficulty that she could be brought to give the slightest encouragement to a new lover, and if at any time she did muster sufficient resolution to smile upon a rival in the presence of Sandy Crawford, her eye immediately turned upon the latter, to see if he approved of what she had done; and when, in his guarded look, she could read neither approbation nor disapprobation, a deep sigh commonly revealed her apprehensions for having done wrong. The preposterousness of such conduct needs no remark; its evident tendency was, to keep him free from the slightest suspicions of having a competitor for her hand, and the most distant idea that he was in any danger of losing her—and all this in the midst of schemes intended to produce a contrary effect!

It is probable that other schemes might have been devised, or the same ones might have been prosecuted to a still greater extent; but what had been already done, aided by his own observation, had opened his eyes to some things of which he was not before fully aware. Hitherto, he

seemed to have supposed that he was himself the only sufferer; but he now discovered that there was another whom he was making unhappy, and her unhappiness evidently pained him, adding, at the same time, to his other causes of anxiety, whatever they were, and consequently to the thoughtfulness of his looks. But still he seemed to fear coming to an explanation, as much as if he had been certain that such a step would destroy his last remains of hope. He could not, however, long endure such an idea; and adopting what had become the least painful alternative, he seemed to have made up his mind to the unfolding of that secret which, hitherto, he had kept to himself.

"Jenny," said he, one day, after a long and thoughtful silence, "for some months I have scarcely known what it was to be happy for a single hour; and, strange as ye may think it, *love* has been one of the principal causes of my misery. Had it not been for *that*, I could have thought lightly of poverty and everything else. I have acted foolishly, perhaps, and made myself altogether unworthy of the woman whom I love; but, yet, I would fain hope that she will not despise me, and I am now resolved ——"

At hearing these words, Jenny's heart had begun to palpitate violently. But, just as he uttered the word "*resolved*," a rap was heard at the door; and, on its being opened, Betsy Braikens came in, and saluted her cousin with a profusion of smiles; while poor Jenny, to conceal her own agitation, was glad to make an excuse for leaving the house.

As soon as Betsy's coming was known, people were on the alert. On Sabbath she accompanied her cousin to the church, and, on the road thither, it was observed that the thoughtful expression of his countenance had passed away—that, after making the proper allowance for the solemnity of the day, he was to all appearance as cheerful as ever he had been in his life; and that he behaved

to his relation with the greatest kindness, accompanied by an easiness of manner for which the wise women could only account by supposing that a still nearer relationship was in contemplation, or, in other words, that the marriage-day was already set. The star of the *Braikenites* was now in the ascendant; they began to feel certain that their opinions had all along been correct; and they upbraided their opponents for their slowness of belief, and their backwardness to place implicit confidence in the understanding of those who were evidently wiser than themselves.

The Tuesday following was that on which *Auchtermuchty Market* occurred. Betsy remained until that important day; went to the market with her cousin like a betrothed damsel; while Jenny, who had also been invited to accompany him, preferred staying at home; and, to place the matter beyond further dispute, he bought and presented the former with a gown, so fine and so costly, that those who had seen it declared "there wasna anither like it selled that day i' the town." No man, it was affirmed, would thus throw away money in buying gowns, unless he expected to be benefited by the wearer—and the triumph of the Braikenites was now almost complete.

While these important events were passing, it was not to be expected that Jenny should remain an unconcerned spectator. She had been the first to notice that remarkable change for the better which his cousin's presence had produced in the looks and manners of Sandy Crawford. She saw his cheerfulness restored—she saw his kindness to Betsy; and, for the first time in her life, she believed that he *really* loved her.

On the day after the market, Betsy Braikens was to go home, and her cousin gallantly offered to accompany her as far as her father's. Shortly after they were gone, Jenny hastened to tell her mother what she had seen and heard.

Nelly now considered that her own character for prudence and management was at stake; and Jenny was prevailed upon to adopt her views, and to promise to be directed by her advice.

In the evening, when Sandy Crawford returned from escorting his cousin, he was in high spirits; it was also evident that he had drunk a *glass* or two more than was his usual, though not so much as to injure his understanding; and he now appeared most anxious to obtain a private conference with Jenny. Between her and the *herd laddie* a sort of tacit understanding appeared now to exist, for he did not leave the house to follow his pastime, as was his wont; and, when his master bade him "gang and clean out his byre," the boy told him that he had done so already. He next desired him to "bring some water from the well for a drink, as he was thirsty." But Jenny, who answered for him, said that, "as the cow had been *tigging* in the afternoon, he would be tired with chasing her;" and she took the pitcher and went to obey the order herself. The individual who had given it followed her out; but she was at the well, and had filled her pitcher, before he could come near enough to speak. When he had almost come up with her, he repeated her name, in that low, earnest tone, which people sometimes use when they wish to draw the attention of a listener; but she either did not hear, or did not *wish* to hear him. He made certain of meeting her, however, as she returned; but here also he was deceived, for she went round by the other side of the *kailyard*, for the purpose, as it appeared, of taking with her a handful of sticks, with which to kindle up the fire next morning. On seeing this manœuvre, he jumped over the dike, repeating her name as he had done before; but, on the present, as on the former occasion, she either heard him not, or pretended not to hear him; and, by hastening her pace, she had reached the house-door before he could intercept her. As a *dernier* resource,

the last-mentioned personage was now ordered to "gang and water the horse." And he rose to obey; but here again Jenny seemed to sympathise with him in his labours. "As the cow had *tiggit* i' the afternoon," she said, "it was like aneugh the horse micht rin awa i' the e'enin; and, as the laddie, puir thing, had chased the cow till he was ready to fa' down, it couldna be expeckit that he would be able to chase the horse, and sae she would gang and help him."

If ever Jenny Jervis had been puzzled to account for the conduct of Sandy Crawford, he was now as much puzzled to account for the change which had come over her. He thought of the subject without being able to come to any conclusion, and then thought of it again to as little purpose as he had done before, till at last, wearied out with vain conjectures, he flung himself upon his bed in a state of mind not easy to be described; and when Jenny, who was in no great haste to return, came in, his heavy breathing told that he was already asleep. On stealing a glance into the apartment where he was, she saw that he was still lying with his clothes on, and that his sleep was of that profound sort which commonly lasts for the night.

Sandy Crawford had fallen asleep, little dreaming of either alarm or danger; but, about midnight, he was disturbed by an indistinct and inarticulate sound, which, though it conveyed no meaning to his ear, was loud enough to awake him. Slowly and heavily he opened his eyes; but it was not dark, as he expected it to be. On the contrary, a strange light glimmered around him, and, on turning his head to see whence it proceeded, he saw in the middle of the floor a spectre, which might have well appalled the heart of a hero. The ghost of Howdycraigs, to which his present visiter bore a striking resemblance, rushed back upon his memory, and he would have trembled, but that he did not recollect any bad consequences which followed that memo-

rable event. Thus, in time, even ghosts might fail to terrify, were they to repeat their visits too often. In the present instance, it were difficult to say if Sandy was not strengthened for the sight by some faint hope that this might be a second marriage-making expedition of the same benevolent spirit, and that it might eventually help him to a *wife*, the getting of which thing he had begun to regard as no easy matter.

The ghost of Gairyburn, however, at first bade fair for being as famous in its day and generation as the ghost of Howdycraigs had been; and doubtless it had succeeded in a less hazardous enterprise. Like the other, its head was tied up in a white handkerchief, its body was carefully wrapped in the folds of an ample winding-sheet. On its feet it wore white stockings, but no shoes—the absence of which exhibited a finely-turned ankle to such advantage, that any male onlooker might have been excused for wishing it a substantial woman. But then its face and hands were as white as the finest flour or the whitest chalk could have made them—thus setting every earthly feeling, except fear, at defiance. In one hand it carried a candle, which burned as blue as any spiritual light ever burned, while with the other it managed its apparel, which was scrupulously clean—thus making it appear that it had been washed since it left its subterranean abode, from which circumstance it were reasonable to infer that it was either a female ghost, or had got a wife to do these things for it.

Though we have thus detained the reader, by describing it, *it* detained not its auditor; for, as soon as he appeared to be fully awake—"Sandy Crawford," it said. But it was evidently an apprentice in the task it had undertaken, and knew but little of the manner in which a message should be delivered; for here its voice faltered, and its hands trembled in a most curious manner—thus making it evident that ghosts have feelings as well as mortals, and that they may

sometimes be sent upon errands they dislike. The shaking of its hands caused the blue flame to fall from the candle, which immediately burned out with a clear and natural light; while that which had fallen hissed and sputtered on the floor. In attempting to remedy this mistake, by restoring the blue flame to its proper place, it seemed to burn its fingers—at least it drew back its hand with the appearance of pain, drawing in its breath, and starting up rather hurriedly at the same time. While performing the last mentioned of these operations, it unfortunately struck its head against the back of a chair, which chanced to be standing near, and ruffled its head-dress, from under which a most enchanting ringlet of fair hair escaped, and began to play about its white temples. One mistake followed another: in attempting to replace the hair, it passed a portion of the winding-sheet, in which it was muffled up, over its face; and when it was removed, its lips were no longer pale, but provokingly red—one cheek was of the same hue, and the deep blush of the other was now beginning to shine through its treacherous covering. As a further proof of its inexperience, it heaved a deep sigh, and was about to retire in apparent confusion, when Sandy, who had overcome his fear so far as to look at it steadily for the last minute or two, started up, with a heroism which has seldom been equalled, and, endeavouring to catch it in his arms, he exclaimed—

"Jenny, ye daft limmer, what set ye to playin thae mad pranks at this time o' nicht?"

In this emergency the ghost, confused as it was, contrived to make its escape; but not before it had thrown the winding-sheet which it wore around the very woman for whom he had mistaken it. By some "cantrip slight," it had no doubt brought her there to be ready in case of accidents, and it now left her to be caught in its stead. Jenny, not being a ghost, could not escape so easily; and, though she

struggled a little when she found herself in the arms of a man, she did not appear extremely anxious to get away, while Sandy was so much pleased at having got her by herself at last, that he soon forgot the terrors of the ghost.

"Jenny," he continued, still mistaking her for his spiritual visiter, "if I hadna *liket* ye better than every ither living cratur, since ye was a lassie, I declare I would never kenned ye dressed up as ye are in a' that trumpery. But now that I've gotten ye, I maun keep ye, for I've been wishing to tell ye something this lang time; but ye aye ran frae me as if I had been a *ghost*, though ye see I've catched you when ye was tryin to act ane."

The candle which the ghost had left was now placed in a candlestick; and as Jenny appeared perfectly willing to listen to whatever he might have to say, he proceeded to give her such information as served in a great measure to clear up the whole of the mystery.

Though he had been long attached to her, and had felt a growing inclination to call her his wife, his mother's death had prevented him from speaking of the subject for a time. During this interval, Betsy Braikens had come oftener than once, soliciting assistance for her brother; upon these occasions, he had always given her what ready-money he could command, and, at last, to save him from bankruptcy, he had become security for a hundred pounds, which was considerably more than his whole effects were worth. No sooner had he done this than he began to doubt the possibility of his cousin ever being able to redeem his debts; in which case his own prospects were ruined. The idea that it would be criminal to involve an unsuspecting female in misery and poverty made him resolve to say nothing of his affections, till he should see what was to be the issue; and for a time he had kept his resolution. But he had determined to make a candid confession of his circumstances, and run any risk which she might be willing to share, when

he was interrupted by Betsy Braikens, who had come expressly for the purpose of telling him that her brother had redeemed the whole of his debts, and was now in prosperous circumstances. In a few days thereafter Jenny went to reside with her mother for a short time; and one evening, as Sandy bade her good-night, he gave her a clap on the shoulder, and called her his "spectre bride." On the following week they went to Perth; and Jenny Jervis and Betsy Braikens were married on the same day—the former to Sandy Crawford, and the latter to Robert Walker, who had kept up a regular correspondence with her ever since the night on which he lost his way among the snow.

THE SMUGGLER.

THE golden days of the smuggler are gone by; his hiding-places are empty; and, like Othello, he finds his "occupation gone." Our neighbours on the other side of the herring-pond now bring us *dry bones*, according to the law, instead of *spirits*, contrary to the law. Cutters, preventive-boats, and border-rangers, have destroyed the *trade*—it is becoming as a tale that was told. From Spittal to Blyth—yea, from the Frith of Forth to the Tyne—brandy is no longer to be purchased for a trifle; the kilderkin of Holland gin is no longer placed at the door in the dead of night; nor is a yard of tobacco to be purchased for a penny. The smuggler's phrase, that the "*cow has calved*,"* is becoming obsolete. Now, smuggling is almost confined to crossing "the river," here and there, the "ideal line by fancy drawn;" to Scotland saying unto England, "Will you taste?" and to England replying, "Cheerfully, sister." There was a time, however, when the clincher-built lugger plied her trade as boldly, and almost as regularly, as the regular coaster; and that period is within the memory of those who are yet young. It was an evil and a dangerous trade; and it gave a character to the villagers on the sea-coasts which, even unto this day, is not wholly effaced. But in the character of the smuggler there was much that was interesting—there were many bold and redeeming points. I have known many; but I prefer, at present, giving a few passages from the history of one who lived before my time, and who was noted in his day as an extraordinary character.

* A phrase signifying that a smuggling vessel had delivered her cargo.

Harry Teasdale was a native of Embleton, near Bamborough. He was the sole owner of a herring-boat and a fishing-cobble; he was also the proprietor of the house in which he lived, and was reputed to be worth money—nor was it any secret that he had obtained his property by other means than those of the haddock hand-line and the herring-net. Harry, at the period we take up his history, was between forty and fifty years of age. He was a tall thin man, with long sandy hair falling over his shoulders, and the colour of his countenance was nearly as rosy as the brandy in which he dealt. But, if there was the secresy of midnight in his calling, his heart and his hand were open as mid-day. It is too true that money always begets the outward show of respect for him who possesses it, though in conduct he may be a tyrant, and in capacity a fool; but Harry Teasdale was respected, not because he was reputed to be rich, but because of the boldness and warmness of his heart, the readiness of his hand, and the clearness of his head. He was the king of fishermen, and the prince of smugglers, from Holy Island to Hartlepool. Nevertheless, there was nothing unusual in his appearance. Harry looked like his occupation. His dress (save where disguise was necessary) consisted in a rudely-glazed sou'-wester, the flap of which came over his shoulders, half covering his long sandy hair. Around him was a coarse and open *monkey* or *pea*-jacket, with a Guernsey frock beneath, and a sort of canvas kilt descending below the knee; and his feet were cased in a pair of sea-boots. When not dressing his hand-lines or sorting his nets, he might generally be seen upon the beach, with a long telescope under his arm. As Harry was possessed of more of this world's substance than his brother fishermen, so also was there a character of greater comfort and neatness about his house. It consisted of three rooms; but it also bore the distinguishing marks of a smuggler's habitation. At the door hung the hand-line, the

hooks, and the creel; and in a corner of Harry's sleeping-room a "*keg*" was occasionally visible; while over the chimneypiece hung a cutlass and four horse-pistols; and in a cupboard there were more packages of powder and pistol-bullets than it became a man of peace to have in his possession. But the third room, which he called his daughter's, contained emblems of peace and happiness. Around the walls were specimens of curious needlework, the basket of fruit and of flowers, and the landscape—the "*sampler*," setting forth the genealogy of the family for three generations, and the age of her whose fair hands wrought it. Around the window, also, carefully trained, were varieties of the geranium, and the rose, the bigonia, and cressula, the aloe, and the ice-plant, with others of strange leaf and lovely covering. This Harry called his daughter's room—and he was proud of her: she was his sole thought, his only boast. His weatherbeaten countenance always glowed, and there was something like a tear in his eyes, when he spoke of "my Fanny." She had little in common with the daughter of a fisherman; for his neighbours said that her mother had made her unfit for anything, and that Harry was worse than her mother had been. But that mother was no more, and she had left their only child to her widowed husband's care; and, rough as he appeared, never was there a more tender or a more anxious parent—never had there been a more affectionate husband. But I may here briefly notice the wife of Harry Teasdale, and his first acquaintance with her.

When Harry was a youth of one-and-twenty, and as he and others of his comrades were one day preparing their nets upon the sea-banks for the north herring-fishing, a bitter hurricane came suddenly away, and they observed that the mast of a Scotch smack, which was then near the Ferne Isles, was carried overboard. The sea was breaking over her, and the vessel was unmanageable; but the wind

being from the north-east, she was driving towards the shore. Harry and his friends ran to get their boats in readiness, to render assistance if possible. The smack struck the ground between Embleton and North Sunderland, and being driven side-on by the force of the billows, which were dashing over her, formed a sort of break-water, which rendered it less dangerous for a boat to put off to the assistance of the passengers and crew, who were seen clinging in despair to the flapping ropes and sides of the vessel. Harry's cobble was launched along the beach to where the vessel was stranded, and he and six others attempted to reach her. After many ineffectual efforts, and much danger, they gained her side, and a rope was thrown on board. Amongst the smack's passengers was a Scottish gentleman, with his family, and their governess. She was a beautiful creature, apparently not exceeding nineteen; and as she stood upon the deck, with one hand clinging to a rope, and in the other clasping a child to her side, her countenance alone, of all on board, did not betoken terror. In the midst of the storm, and through the raging of the sea, Harry was struck with her appearance. She was one of the last to leave the vessel; and when she had handed the child into the arms of a fisherman, and was herself in the act of stepping into the boat, it lurched, the vessel rocked, a sea broke over it, she missed her footing, and was carried away upon the wave. Assistance appeared impossible. The spectators on the shore and the people in the boat uttered a scream. Harry dropped the helm, he sprung from the boat, he buffeted the boiling surge, and, after a hopeless struggle, he clutched the hand of the sinking girl. He bore her to the boat; they were lifted into it.

"Keep the helm, Ned," said he, addressing one of his comrades who had taken his place; "I must look after this poor girl—one of the seamen will take your oar." And she lay insensible, with her head upon his bosom, and his arm around her waist.

Consciousness returned before they reached the shore, and Harry had her conveyed to his mother's house. It is difficult for a sensitive girl of nineteen to look with indifference upon a man who has saved her life, and who risked his in doing so; and Eleanor Macdonald (for such was the name of the young governess) did not look with indifference upon Harry Teasdale. I might tell you how the shipwrecked party remained for five days at Embleton, and how, during that period, love rose in the heart of the young fisherman, and gratitude warmed into affection in the breast of Eleanor —how he discovered that she was an orphan, with no friend, save the education which her parents had conferred on her, and how he loved her the more, when he heard that she was friendless and alone in the world—how the tear was on his hardy cheek when they parted—how more than once he went many miles to visit her—and how Eleanor Macdonald, forsaking the refinements of the society of which she was a dependant, became the wife of the Northumbrian fisherman. But it is not of Harry's younger days that I am now about to write. Throughout sixteen happy years they lived together; and though, when the tempests blew and the storms raged, while his skiff was on the waves, she often shed tears for his sake, yet, though her education was superior to his, his conduct and conversation never raised a blush to her cheeks. Harry was also proud of his wife, and he showed his pride, by spending every moment he could command at her side, by listening to her words, and gazing on her face with delight. But she died, leaving him an only daughter as the remembrancer of their loves; and to that daughter she had imparted all that she herself knew.

Besides his calling as a fisherman, and his adventures as a smuggler on sea, Harry also made frequent inland excursions. These were generally performed by night, across the wild muir, and by the most unfrequented paths. A strong black horse, remarkable for its swiftness of foot, was the

constant companion of his midnight journeys. A canvas bag, fastened at both ends, and resembling a wallet, was invariably placed across the back of the animal, and at each end of the bag was a keg of brandy or Hollands, while the rider sat over these; and behind him was a large and rude portmanteau, containing packages of tea and tobacco. In his hand he carried a strong riding-whip, and in the breast-pocket of his greatcoat two horse-pistols, always loaded and ready for extremities. These journeys frequently required several days, or rather nights, for their performance; for he carried his contraband goods to towns fifty miles distant, and on both sides of the Border. The darker the night was, and the more tempestuous, the more welcome it was to Harry. He saw none of the beauties in the moon on which poets dwell with admiration. Its light may have charms for the lover, but it has none for the smuggler. For twenty years he had carried on this mode of traffic with uninterrupted success. He had been frequently pursued; but his good steed, aided by his knowledge of localities, had ever carried him beyond the reach of danger; and his *stow-holes* had been so secretly and so cunningly designed, that no one but himself was able to discover them, and informations against him always fell to the ground.

Emboldened by long success, he had ceased to be a mere purchaser of contraband goods upon the sea, and the story became current that he had bought a share of a lugger, in conjunction with an Englishman then resident at Cuxhaven. His brother-fishermen were not all men of honour; for you will find black sheep in every society, and amongst all ranks of life. Some of them had looked with an envious eye upon Harry's run of good fortune, and they bore it with impatience; but now, when he fairly, boldly, and proudly stepped out of their walk, and seemed to rise head and shoulders above them, it was more than they could stand. It was the lugger's first trip, and they, having

managed to obtain intelligence of the day on which she was to sail with a rich cargo, gave information of the fact to the commander of a revenue-cutter then cruising upon the coast.

I have mentioned that Harry was in the habit of wandering along the coast with a telescope under his arm. From the period of his wife's death, he had not gone regularly to sea, but let others have a share of his boats for a stipulated portion of the fish they caught. Now, it was about daybreak, on a morning in the middle of September, that he was on the beach as I have described him, and perceiving the figure of the cutter on the water, he raised his glass to his eye, to examine it more minutely. He expected the lugger on the following night, and the cutter was an object of interest to Harry. As day began to brighten, he knelt down behind a sand-bank, in order that he might take his observations, without the chance of being discovered; and while he yet knelt, he perceived a boat pulled from the side of the cutter towards the shore. At the first glance, he descried it to be an Embleton cobble, and before it proceeded far, he discovered to whom it belonged. He knew that the owner was his enemy, though he had not the courage openly to acknowledge it, and in a moment the nature of his errand to the cutter flashed through Harry's brain.

"I see it! I see it all!" said the smuggler, dashing the telescope back into its case; "the low, the skulking coward, to go blab upon a neighbour! But Ise have the weather-gauge o' both o' them, or my name's not Harry Teasdale."

So saying, he hastened home to his house—he examined his cutlass, his pistols, the bullets, and the powder. "All's right," said the smuggler, and he entered the room where his daughter slept. He laid his rough hand gently upon hers.

"Fanny, love," said he, "thou knowest that I expect the lugger to-night, and I don't think I shall be at home, and I mayn't be all to-morrow; but you won't fret, like a good girl, I know you won't. Keep all right, love, till I be back; and say nothing."

"Dear father," returned Fanny, who was now a lovely girl of eighteen, "I tremble for this life which we lead—as my poor mother said, it adds the punishment of the law to the dangers of the sea."

"Oh, don't mention thy mother, dearest!" said the smuggler, "or thou wilt make a child of thy father, when he should be thinking of other things. Ah, Fanny! when I lost thy mother, I lost everything that gave delight to my heart. Since then, the fairest fields are to me no better than a bare muir, and I have only thee, my love—only my Fanny, to comfort me. So, thou wilt not cry now—thou wilt not distress thy father, wilt thou? No, no! I know thou wilt not. I shall be back to thee to-morrow, love."

More passed between the smuggler and his daughter—words of remonstrance, of tenderness, and assurance; and when he had left her, he again went to the beach, to where his boat had just landed from the night's fishing. None of the other boats had yet arrived. As he approached, the crew said they "saw by his face there was something unpleasant in the wind," and others added—

"Something's vexed Skipper Harry this morning, and that's a shame, for a better soul never lived."

"Well, mates," said he, as he approached them, "have you seen a shark cruising off the coast this morning?"

"No," was the reply.

"But I have," said Harry, "though she is making off to keep out of sight now; and, more than that, I have seen a cut-throat lubber that I would not set my foot upon—I mean the old Beelzebub imp, with the white and yellow stripe on his yawl, pull from her side. And what was he

doing there? Was it not telling them to look out for the lugger?"

Some of the boat's crew uttered sudden and bitter imprecations.

"Let us go and sink the old rascal before he reach the shore," said one.

"With all my heart," cried another; for they were all interested in the landing of the lugger, and in the excitement of the moment they wist not what they said.

"Softly, softly, my lads," returned Harry; "we must think now what we can do for the cargo and ourselves, and not of him."

"Right, master," replied another; "that is what I am thinking."

"Now, look ye," continued Harry, "I believe we shall have a squall before night, and a pretty sharp one, too; but we mustn't mind that when our fortunes are at stake. Hang all black-hearted knaves that would peach on a neighbour, say I; but it is done in our case, and we must only do our best to make the rascal's story stick in his throat, or be the same as if it had; and I think it may be done yet. I know, but the peachers can't, that the lugger is to deliver a few score kegs at Blyth before she run down here. We must off and meet her, and give warning."

"Ay, ay, Master Teasdale, thou'rt right; but, now that the thing has got wind, the sharks will keep a hawk's eye on us, and how we are to do it, I can't see."

"Why, because thou'rt blind," said Harry.

"No, hang it, and if I be, master," replied the other; "I can see as far as most o' folks, as ye can testify; and I dow see plain enough, that if we put to sea now, we shall hae the cutter after us; and that would be what I call only leading the shark to where the salmon lay."

"Man, I wonder to hear thee," said Harry; "folk wad say thou hadst nae mair gumption than a born fool. Do ye

think I wad be such an ass as to send out spies in the face o' the enemy? Hae I had a run o' gud luck for twenty years, and yet ye think me nae better general than that comes to? I said, nae doubt, that we should gang to sea to meet the lugger, though there will be a squall, and a heavy one, too, before night, as sure as I'm telling ye; but I didna say that we should dow sae under the bows o' the cutter, in our awn boat, or out o' Embleton."

"Right, right, master," said another, "no more you did. Ned isn't half awake."

The name of the fisherman alluded to was Ned Thomson.

"Well, Ned, my lad," continued Harry, "I tell thee what must be done: I shall go saddle my old nag, get thou a horse from thy wife's father—he has two, and can spare one—and let us jog on as fast as we can for Blyth; but we mustn't keep by the coast, lest the king's folk get their eyes upon us. So away, get ready, lad, set out as quick as thee can—few are astir yet. I won't wait on thee, and thou won't wait on me; but whoever comes first to Felton Brig shall just place two bits o' stones about the middle—on the parapet I think they ca' it; but it is the dyke on each side o' the brig I mean, ye knaw. Put them on the left-hand side in gaun alang, down the water; or if they're there when ye come up, ye'll ken that I'm afore ye. So get ready, lad—quick as ever ye can. Tell the awd man naething about what ye want wi' the horse—the fewer that knaw onything about thir things the better. And ye, lads, will be upon the look-out; and, if we can get the lugger run in here, have a'thing in readiness."

"No fear o' that, master," said they.

"Well, sir," said Ned, "I'll be ready in a trap-stick, but I knaw the awd chap will kick up a sang about lendin his horse."

"Tell him I'll pay for it, if ye break its legs," said Harry.

The crew of the boat laughed, and some of them said—"Nobody will doubt that, master—you are able enough to do it."

It must be observed that, since Harry had ceased to go regularly to sea, and when he was really considered to be a rich man, the crew of his boat began to call him *master*, notwithstanding his sou'-wester and canvas kilt. And now that it was known to them, and currently rumoured in Embleton, that he was part proprietor of a lugger, many of the villagers began to call Fanny Miss Teasdale; and it must be said, that in her dress and conversation she much nearer approximated to one that might be styled *Miss*, than to a fisherman's daughter. But, when the character and education of her mother are taken into account, this will not be wondered at.

It would be uninteresting to the reader to describe the journey of Harry and Ned Thomson to Blyth; before they arrived at Felton, Harry had overtaken Ned, and they rode on together.

On arriving at Blyth, they stopped at the door of an individual who was to receive forty kilderkins of Hollands from the lugger, and a quantity of tobacco. It is well known to be the first duty of an equestrian traveller to look after his horse, and to see that it is fed; but, in this instance, Harry forgot the established rule—the horses were given in charge of a girl to take them to a stable, to see them fed, or otherwise, and Harry hastened into the house, and breathlessly inquired of its owner—"I hope to heaven, sir, ye have heard nothing of the Swallow?"

[The lugger was called the "Swallow," from the carpenter in Cuxhaven, who built her, having warranted that she "would *fly* through the water."]

"Why, nothing," replied Harry's brother smuggler; "but we shall be on the look-out for her to-night."

"So far well," said Harry; "but I hope you have no fear

of any king's lobsters being upon the coast, or rats ashore?"

"I don't think we have anything to fear from the cutters," said the other; "but I won't answer for the spies on shore; there are folk wi' us here, as weel as wi' ye, that canna see their neighbours thrive and haud their tongue; and I think some o' them hae been gaun owre aften about wi' the spy-glass this day or two."

"Then," said Harry, "the lugger doesna break bulk here, nor at Embleton outher—that's flat. Get ye a boat ready, neighbour, and we maun off and meet her, or ye may drink sma' yill to your venture and mine."

"It is growing too stormy for a boat to venture out," answered the other.

"Smash, man!" rejoined Harry; "wad you sit here on your hunkers, while your capital is in danger o' being robbed frae ye as simply as ye would snuff out a candle, and a' to escape a night's doukin! Get up, man—get a boat—we maun to sea—we maun meet the lugger, or you and I are done men—clean ruined a'thegither. I hae risked the better part o' my bit Fanny's fortune upon this venture, and, Heaven! I'll suffer death ten thousandfold afore I see her brought to poverty; sae get a boat—get it—and if ye daurna gang out, and if nane o' your folk daur gang, Ned and me will gang our tow sels."

"Surely ye wad be mad, Harry, to attempt such a thing in an open boat to-night," said the Blyth merchant.

"Mad or no mad," answered Harry, "I hae said it, and I am determined. There is nae danger yet wi' a man that knaws how to manage a boat. If ye gang pullin through thick and thin, through main strength and for bare life, as many of the folk upon our coast dee, then there is danger—but there is nae use for the like o' that. It isna enough to manage an oar; you must knaw how to humour the sea, and to manage a wave. Dinna think I've been at sea mair than

thirty years without knawing something about the matter. But I tell you what it is, friend—ye knaw what the Bible says—'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;' now, the way to face breakers, or a storm at sea, is not to pull through desperation, as if your life depended on the pulling; but when you see a wave coming, ye must backwater and backwater, and not pull again until ye see an opportunity of gauin forward. It is the trusting to mere pulling, sir, that makes our life-boats useless. The rowers in a life-boat should study the sea as well as their oars. They should consider that they save life by watching the wave that breaks over the vessel, as well as by straining every nerve to reach her. Now, this is a stormy night, nae doubt, but we maun just consider ourselves gaun off to the lugger in the situation o' folk gaun off in a life-boat. We maun work cannily and warily, and I'll tak the management o' the boat mysel."

"If ye dow that, master," said Ned Thomson, "then I gang wi' ye to a dead certainty."

"Well, Harry," replied the merchant, "if it maun be sae, it just maun be sae; but I think it a rash and a dangerous undertaking. I wad sooner risk a' that I have on board."

"Why, man, I really wonder to hear ye," said Harry; "folk wad say that ye had been swaddled in lambs' wool a' your life, and nursed on your mother's knee. Get a boat, and let us off to the lugger, and nae mair about it."

His orders were obeyed; and, about an hour after sunset, himself, with Ned Thomson, the merchant, and four others, put off to sea. They had indeed embarked upon a perilous voyage—before they were a mile from the shore, the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the waves chased each other in circles, like monsters at play. Still Harry guided the boat with unerring skill. He ordered them to draw back from the bursting wave—they rose over it—he rendered it subservient to his purpose. Within two hours he descried

the lights of the lugger. He knew them, for he had given directions for their use, and similar lights were hoisted from the cobble which he steered.

"All's well!" said Harry, and in his momentary joy he forgot the tempestuous sea in which they laboured. They reached the lugger—they gained the deck.

"Put back, friend—put back," was the first salutation of Harry to the skipper; "the camp is blown, and there are sharks along shore."

"The devil!" replied the captain, who was an Englishman; "and what shall we do?"

"Back, back," answered Harry; "that is all in the meantime."

But the storm now raged with more fierceness—it was impossible for the boat to return to the shore, and Harry and his comrades were compelled to put to sea with the lugger. Even she became in danger, and it required the exertions of all hands to manage her.

The storm continued until near daybreak, and the vessel had plied many miles from the shore; but as day began to dawn, and the storm abated, an enemy that they feared more appeared within a quarter-of-a-mile from them, in the shape of a cutter-brig. A gun was fired from the latter, as a signal for the lugger to lie to. Consternation seized the crew, and they hurried to and fro upon the deck in confusion.

"Clear the decks!" cried the skipper; "they shan't get all without paying for it. Look to the guns, my hearties."

"Avast! Master Skipper," said Harry; "though my property be in danger, I see no cause why I should put my neck in danger too. It will be time enough to fight when we canna better dow; and if we can keep them in play a' day there will be sma' danger in wur gi'en them the slip at night."

"As you like, Mr Teasdale," said the skipper; "all's one to me. Helm about, my lad," added he, addressing the steersman, and away went the lugger, as an arrow, scudding before the wind

The cutter made all sail, and gave chase, firing shot after shot. She was considered one of the fastest vessels in the service; and though, on the part of Harry and his friends, every nerve was strained, every sail hoisted, and every manœuvre used, they could not keep the lugger out of harm's way. Every half-hour he looked at his watch, and wished for night, and his friend, the skipper, followed his example. There was a hot chase for several hours; and, though tubs of brandy were thrown overboard by the dozen, still the whizzing bullets from the cutter passed over the heads of the smugglers. It ought to be mentioned, also, that the rigging of the lugger had early sustained damage, and her speed was checked. About sunset a shot injured her rudder, and she became for a time, as Harry described her, "as helpless as a child." The cutter instantly bore down upon her.

"Now for it, my lads!" cried the skipper; "there is nothing for it but fighting now—I suppose that is what you mean, Master Teasdale?"

Harry nodded his head, and quietly drew his pistols from the breast-pocket of his greatcoat; and then added—

"Now, lads, this is a bad job, but we must try to make the best on't, and, as we hae gone thus far" (and he discharged a pistol at the cutter as he spoke), "ye knaw it is o' nae use to think o' yielding—it is better to be shot than hanged."

In a few minutes the firing of the cutter was returned by the lugger, from two large guns and a number of small-arms. Harry, in the midst of the smoke and flame of the action, and the havoc of the bullets, was as cool and collected as if smoking his pipe upon the beach at Embleton.

"See to get the helm repaired, lad, as fast as ye can," said he to the carpenter, while in the act of reloading his pistols. "Let us fight away, but mind ye your awn wark."

Harry's was the philosophy of courage, mingled with the calculations of worldly wisdom.

The firing had been kept up on both sides for the space of half-an-hour, and the decks of both were stained with the blood of the wounded, when a party from the brig, headed by her first mate, succeeded in boarding the lugger. Harry seized a cutlass which lay unsheathed by the side of the companion, and was the first who rushed forward to repel them.

"Out o' my ship, ye thieves!" cried he, while, with his long arm, he brandished the deadly weapon, and for a moment forgot his habitual discretion.

Others of the crew instantly sprang to the assistance of Harry; and, after a short but desperate encounter, the invaders were driven from the deck, leaving their chief mate, insensible from wounds, behind them.

The rudder being repaired so as to render her manageable, the lugger kept up a sort of retreating fight until night set in, when, as Harry said, "she gave the cutter the slip like a knotless thread."

But now a disagreeable question arose amongst them, and that was, what they should do with the wounded officer, who had been left as a prize in their hands—though a prize that they would much rather have been without. Some wished that he might die of his wounds, and so they would get rid of him; for they were puzzled how to dispose of him in such a way as not to lead to their detection, and place their lives in jeopardy. Harry was on his knees by the side of the officer, washing his wounds with Riga balsam, of which they had a store on board, and binding them up, when one desperate fellow cut short the perplexity and discussion of the crew, by proposing to fling their *prize* overboard.

On hearing the brutal proposal, Harry sprang to his feet, and hurling out his long bony arm, he exclaimed, "Ye

savage!" and, dashing his fist in the face of the ruffian, felled him to the deck.

The man (if we may call one who could entertain so inhuman an idea by the name of man) rose, bleeding, growling, and muttering threats of revenge.

"Ye'll blab, will ye?" said Harry, eyeing him fiercely; "threaten to dow it again, and there's the portion that's waiting for yur neck!" and, as he spoke, he pointed with his finger to the cross-tree of the lugger, and added, "and ye knaw that the same reward awaits ye if ye set yur weel-faur'd face ashore! Out o' my sight, ye 'scape-the-gallows!"

For three days and nights, after her encounter with the brig, the lugger kept out to sea; and on the fourth night, which was thick, dark, and starless, Harry resolved to risk all; and, desiring the skipper to stand for the shore, all but run her aground on Embleton beach. No light was hoisted, no signal given. Harry held up his finger, and every soul in the lugger was mute as death. A boat was lowered in silence, and four of the crew being placed under the command of Ned Thomson, pulled ashore. The boat flew quickly, but the oars seemed only to kiss the water, and no sound audible at the distance of five yards proceeded from their stroke.

"Now, pull back quietly, mates," said Ned, "and I'll be aboard wi' some o' wur awn folks in a twinkling."

It was between one and two in the morning, and there was no outward sign amongst the fishermen of Embleton that they were on the alert for the arrival of a smuggler. The party who gave information to the cutter having missed Harry for a few days, justly imagined that he had obtained notice of what they had done; and also believed that he had ordered the cargo to be delivered on some other part of the coast, and they therefore were off their guard. Ned, therefore, proceeded to the village; and, at the houses of certain

friends, merely gave three distinct and peculiar taps with his fingers upon their shutterless windows, from none of which, if I may use the expression, proceeded even the *shadow* of light; but no sooner was the last tap given upon each, than it was responded to by a low cough from within. No words passed; and at one window only was Ned detained for a space exceeding ten seconds, and that was at the house of his master, Harry Teasdale. Fanny had slept but little since her father left; when she sought rest for an hour, it was during the day, and she now sat anxiously watching every sound. On hearing the understood signal, she sprang to the door. "Edward!" she whispered, eagerly, "is it you?—where is my father?—what has detained him?"

"Don't be asking questions now, Miss Fanny—sure it is very foolish," replied Ned, in the same tone; "Master will be here by and by; but ye knaw we have bonny wark to dow afore daylight yet. Gud-nicht, hinny."

So saying, Ned stole softly along the village; and, within half-an-hour, half-a-dozen boats were alongside the lugger; and, an hour before daybreak, every tub and every bale on board was safely landed and stowed away.

Yet, after she was a clean ship, there was one awkward business that still remained to be settled, and that was how they were to dispose of the wounded officer of the cutter-brig. A consultation was held—many opinions were given.

"At ony rate we must act like Christians," said Harry.

Some proposed that he should be taken over to Holland and landed there; but this the skipper positively refused to do, swearing that the sooner he could get rid of such a customer the better.

"Why, I canna tell," said Ned Thomson; "but what dow ye say, if we just take him ashore, and lay him at the door o' the awd rascal that gied information on us?"

"Capital!" cried two or three of the conclave; "that's just the ticket, Ned!"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Harry, "it's nae such thing. Man, Ned, I wonder that sic a clever chap as ye aye talks like a fool. Why, ye might as weel go and ask them to tak you and me off to Morpeth before dinner-time, as to lay him at their door this morning."

"Well, Master Teasdale," said the skipper, who was becoming impatient, "what would you have us to do with him?"

"Why, I see there's naething for it," answered Harry, "but I maun tak the burden o' him upon my awn shouthers. Get the boat ready." So saying, and while it was yet dark, he entered the cabin where the wounded officer lay, but who was now conscious of his situation.

"I say, my canny lad," said Harry, approaching his bedside, and addressing him, "ye maun allow me to tie a bit handkerchur owre yur een for a quarter-of-an-hour or sae.—Ye needna be feared, for there's naething shall happen ye—but only, in looking after yur gud, I maunna lose sight o' my awn. You shall be ta'en ashore as gently as we can."

The wounded man was too feeble to offer any resistance, and Harry, binding up his eyes, wrapped the clothes on the bed around him, and carried him in his arms upon deck. In the same manner he placed him in the boat, supporting him with his arm, and, on reaching the shore, he bore him on his shoulders to his house.

"Now, sir," said he, as he set him down from his shoulders on an arm-chair, "ye needna be under the smallest apprehension, for every attention shall be paid ye here; and, as soon as ye are better, ye shall be at liberty to return, safe and sound, to your friends, your ship, or wherever ye like." Harry then turned to his daughter, and continued—"Now, my bird, come awa in by wi' me, and I will let ye knaw what ye have to dow."

Fanny wondered at the unusual burden which her father

had brought upon his shoulders into the house; and at his request she anxiously accompanied him into her own apartment. When they had entered, and he had shut the door behind them, he took her hand affectionately, and, addressing her in a sort of whisper, said—

"Now, Fanny, love, ye maun be very cautious—as I knaw ye will be—and mind what I am telling ye to dow." He then made her acquainted with the rank of their inmate, and the manner in which he had fallen into their hands, and added—"Now, darling, ye see we maun be very circumspect, and keep his being here a secret frae everybody: he maun remain ignorant o' his awn situation, nowther knawing where he is, nor in whose hands he is; for if it were found out, it wad be as much as your father's life is worth. Now he maun stop in this room, as it looks into the garden, and he can see naething frae it, nor will onybody be able to see him. Ye maun sleep wi' the lass in the kitchen, and yur '*sampler*,' and every book, or onything that has a name on't, maun be taken out o' the room. It winna dow for onybody but you and me ever to see him, or to wait on him; and, when we dow, he maunna be allowed to see either yur face or mine; but I will put my awd mask on, that I used to wear at night sometimes when there was onything particular to dow, and I thought there wad be danger in the way; and," continued he, as the doating parent rose in his bosom, "it wadna be *chancy* for him to see my Fanny's face at ony rate; and when ye dow see him, ye maun have your features so concealed, that, if he met you again, he wadna knaw ye. Now, hinny, ye'll attend to a' that I've said—for ye remember your father's life depends on it—and we maun be as kind to the lad as we can, and try to bring him about as soon as possible, to get clear on him."

Fanny promised to obey her father's injunctions; but fears for his safety, and the danger in which he was placed,

banished every other thought. The books, the "*sampler*," everything that could lead the stranger to a knowledge of the name of his keepers, or of the place where he was, was taken out of the room.

Harry, muffling up his face, returned to the apartment where the wounded man was, and, supporting him on his arm, he led him to that which he was to occupy. He then took the bandage from his eyes, and, placing him on the bed, again desired him to keep himself easy, and wished him "good-morning," for day was now beginning to dawn.

The name of our smuggler's wounded prisoner was Augustus Hartley. He was about twenty-four years of age, and the son of a gentleman of considerable property in Devonshire; and, at the period we speak of, he was in expectation of being removed from his situation as second officer of the brig, and promoted to the command of a revenue-cutter. The wounds which he had received on the deck of the lugger were severe, and had reduced him to a state of extreme feebleness; but they were not dangerous. He knew not where he was, and he marvelled at the treatment he experienced; for it was kind, yea, even roughly courteous, and unlike what he might have expected from the hands of such men as those into whose power he had fallen. Anxiety banished sleep; and when the risen sun lighted up the chamber where he lay, he stretched forth his hand and drew aside the curtains, to ascertain whether the appearance of the apartment would in any way reveal the mystery which surrounded his situation. But it rather increased it. In the window were the flowers—around the walls the curious needlework; the furniture was neatly arranged—there was an elegance over all; and, to increase his wonder, in a corner by the window was a small harp, and a few pages of music lay on a table near him.

"Surely," thought Augustus, "this cannot be the habi-

tation of a half-uncivilised smuggler; and yet the man who brought me here seemed such."

He drew back his head upon his pillow, to seek the explanation in conjectures which he could not otherwise obtain; and while he lay conjuring up strange fancies, Harry, with the mask upon his face, his hair tied up and concealed, and his body wrapped in a greatcoat, entered the room.

"Well, how art thou now, lad?" said the smuggler, approaching the bed; "dost think ye could take breakfast yet?"

Augustus thanked him; but the appearance of Harry in his strange disguise increased his curiosity and anxiety.

Harry withdrew, and again returned with the breakfast; and though an awkward waiter, he was an attentive one. Few words passed between them, for the questions which Augustus felt desirous to ask were checked by the smuggler saying—"Now, my canny lad, while ye are here I maun lay an embargo on your asking ony questions, either at me or onybody else. Ye shall be taken gud care on—if ye want onything, just tak that bit stick at your bedside, and gie a rap on the floor, and I'll come to ye. Ye shall want for naething; and, as soon as ye are better, ye shall be at liberty to gang where ye like. But I maun caution ye again, that ye are to ask nae questions."

Augustus again thanked him, and was silent.

At the end of eight days, he was able to rise from his bed, and to sit up for a few hours. Harry now said to him—

"As thou wilt be dull, belike thou wilt have nae objections to a little music to cheer thee."

Thus saying, he left the room, and, in a few minutes, returned with Fanny. He was disguised as before, and her features were concealed by several folds of black crape, which covered her head and face, after the fashion of a nun.

She curtsied with a modest grace to the stranger as she entered.

"That cannot be the daughter of a rude and ignorant smuggler," thought Augustus; "and how should such a creature be connected with them?" He noted the elegance of her form, and his imagination again began to dream. The mystery of his situation deepened around him, and he gazed anxiously on the thick and folded veil that concealed her features.

"Wilt thou amuse the poor gentleman with a song, love, said Harry, "for I fear he has but a dull time on't?"

Fanny took the harp which stood in the corner—she touched the trembling cords—she commenced a Scottish melody; and, as Augustus listened to the music of her clear and silvery voice, blending with the tones of the instrument, it

> "Came o'er the ear like the sweet south
> Breathing upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

It seemed the sweetest strain to which he had ever listened; and romance and mystery lent it their magic. His eyes kindled at the sounds; and when Harry saw the change that was produced on him, he was well pleased to observe it, and he was proud also of his daughter's performance, and in the simplicity and fulness of his heart he said—

"Thou mayest amuse the gentleman with thy music every day, child, or thou mayest read to him, to mak him as comfortable as we can; only he must ask thee no questions, and thou must answer him none. But I can trust to thee."

From that moment Augustus no longer wearied for the days of his captivity to pass away; and he retired to rest, or rather to dream of the veiled songstress, and to conjure up a thousand faces of youth and beauty which might be like her face—for he doubted not but her countenance was

lovely as her form was handsome; and he pictured dark eyes where the soul beamed, and the raven hair waved on the snowy temples, with the soft blue eyes where affection smiled, and the flaxen tresses were parted on the brow; but he knew not which might be like hers on whom his imagination dwelt.

Many days passed; and, during a part of each, Fanny sat beside him to beguile his solitude. She read to him; they conversed together; and the words which fell from her lips surprised and delighted him. She also taught him the use of the harp, and he was enabled to play a few tunes. He regarded her as a veiled angel, and his desire to look upon her features each day became more difficult to control. He argued that it was impossible to love one whose face he had never seen—yet, when she was absent from his side, he was unhappy until her return; she had become the one idea of his thoughts—the spirit of his fancies; he watched her fair fingers as they glided on the harp—his hand shook when he touched them, and more than once he half raised it to untie the thick veil which hid her features from him.

But, while such feelings passed through his mind, others of a kindred character had crept into the bosom of Fanny, and she sighed when she thought that, in a few weeks, she would see him no more, that even her face he might not see, and that her name he must never know; and fears for her father's safety mingled with the feelings which the stranger had awakened in her bosom. She had beheld the anxiety that glowed in his dark eyes—she had listened to his impassioned words—she felt their influence: but duty forbade her to acknowledge that she felt it.

Eight weeks had passed; the wounds of Augustus were nearly healed; his health was restored, and his strength returned, and Harry said that in another week he might depart; but the announcement gave no joy to him to whom it was addressed. His confinement had been robbed of its

solitariness, it had become as a dream in which he delighted, and he could have asked but permission to gaze upon the face of his companion, to endure it for ever. About an hour after he received this intelligence, Fanny entered the apartment. He rose to meet her—he took her hand, and they sat down together. But her harp lay untouched—she spoke little—he thought she sighed, and he, too, was silent.

"Lady," said he, anxiously, still holding her hand in his, "I know not where I am, nor by whom I am surrounded—this only I know, that you, with an angel's care, have watched over me, that you have restored me to health, and rendered confinement more grateful than liberty; but, in a few days, we must part—part, perhaps, for ever; then, before I go, grant me but one request—let me look upon the face of her whose remembrance will dwell in my heart as its dearest thought, while the pulse of life throbs within it."

"I must not, I dare not," said Fanny, and she paused and sighed; "'tis not worth looking on," she added.

"Nay, dearest," continued he, "deny me not—it is a small request. Fear nothing—never shall danger fall upon any connected with you through me. I will swear to you ——"

"Swear not!" interrupted Fanny—"I dare not!—no!—no!" and she again sighed.

He pressed her hand more closely within his. A breathless silence followed, and a tear glistened in his eyes. Her bosom heaved—her countenance bespoke the struggle that warred in her breast.

"Do I look as one who would betray your friends—if they be your friends?" said he, with emotion.

"No," she faltered, and her head fell on her bosom.

He placed his hand across her shoulders—it touched the riband by which the deep folds of the veil were fastened over her head—it was the impulse of a moment—he unloosed it, the veil fell upon the floor, and the flaxen locks

and the lovely features of Fanny Teasdale were revealed. Augustus started in admiration; for weeks he had conjured up phantoms of ideal beauty, but the fair face before him exceeded them all. She blushed—her countenance bespoke anxiety rather than anger—tears fell down her cheeks, and he kissed them away. He sat, silently gazing on her features, drawing happiness from her eyes.

Again ten days had passed, and, during each of them, Fanny, in the absence of her father, sat unveiled by his side. Still he knew not her name, and, when he entreated her to pronounce it, she wept, and replied, "I dare not."

He had told her his. "Call me *your* Augustus," said he, "and tell me by what name I shall call *you*, my own. Come, dearest, do you doubt me still? Do you still think me capable of the part of an informer?"

But she wept the more, for she knew that to tell her name was to make known her father's also—to betray him, and to place his life in jeopardy. He urged her yet more earnestly, and he had sunk upon his knee, and was pressing her hand to his lips, when Harry, in the disguise in which he had always seen him, entered the room. The smuggler started back.

"What!" cried he, sternly, "what hast thou done, girl?—shown thy face and betrayed me?—and told thy name, and mine, too, I suppose?"

"Oh no! no! dear father!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms around him; "I have not—indeed I have not. Do not be angry with your Fanny."

"Fanny!" hastily exclaimed Augustus—"Fanny! Bless thee for that word!"

"That thou mayest make it the clue to destroy her father!" returned the smuggler.

"No, sir," answered Augustus, proudly, "but that I may treasure it up in my heart, as the name of one who is dearer to me than the life which thou hast preserved."

"Ay! ay!" replied Harry, "thou talkest like every hot-headed youth; but it was an ungrateful return in thee, for preserving thy life, to destroy my peace. Get thee ben to the other room, Fanny, for thou'st been a silly girl."

She rose weeping, and withdrew.

"Now, sir," continued Harry, "thou must remain nae langer under this roof. This very hour will I get a horse ready, and conduct thee to where ye can go to your friends, or wherever ye like; and as ye were brought blindfolded here, ye maun consent to be taken blindfolded away."

"Nay, trust to my honour, sir," said Augustus—"I am incapable of betraying you."

"I'm no sae sure about that," returned the smuggler, "and it's best to be sure. I trusted to your honour that ye wad ask no questions while here—and how have you kept your honour? Na, lad, na!—what ye dinna see ye winna be able to swear to. So make ready." Thus saying, Harry left the apartment, locking the door behind him.

It was about an hour after nightfall, and within ten minutes the smuggler again entered the room. He carried a pistol in one hand, and a silk handkerchief in the other. He placed the pistol upon the table, and said, "I have no time to argue—allow me to tie thy eyes up, lest worse follow."

Augustus requested that he might see Fanny but for a few minutes, and he would comply without a murmur.

"No," said Harry, sternly; "wouldst tamper with my child's heart, when her trusting in thee would place my life in thy power? Say no more—I won't hear thee," he continued, again raising the pistol in his hand.

Augustus, finding expostulation vain, submitted to have his eyes bound up; and as the smuggler was leading him from the house, the bitter sobs of Fanny reached his ear: he was almost tempted to burst from the grasp of his conductor, and rush towards her; but, endeavouring to suppress the tumult of his feelings, he exclaimed aloud—

"Forget me not, dear Fanny!—we shall meet again."

"Never!" whispered Harry in his ear.

The smuggler's horse stood ready at the door. In a moment he sprang upon the saddle (if saddle it could be called), and, taking Augustus by the hand, placed him behind him; and at a word spoken the well-trained animal started off, as though spurs had been dashed into its sides. For several hours they galloped on, but in what direction Augustus knew not, nor wist he from whence he had been brought. At length the smuggler suddenly drew up his horse, and exclaimed, "Dismount!"

Augustus obeyed, but scarce had his feet touched the ground, when Harry, crying "Farewell!" dashed away as an arrow shot from a bow; and before the other could unfasten the handkerchief with which his eyes were bound up, the horse and its rider were invisible.

It was drawing towards grey dawn, and he knew neither where he was nor in what direction to proceed. He remembered, also, that he was without money; but there was something heavy tied in a corner of the handkerchief, which he yet held in his hand. He examined it, and found ten guineas, wrapped in a scrap of paper, on which some words seemed to be written. He longed for day, that he might be enabled to read them, and, as the light increased, he deciphered, written with a trembling hand—

"You may need money.—Think sometimes of me!"

"Heaven bless thee, my unknown Fanny!" cried he, "whoever thou art; never will I think of any but thee."

I need not tell about his discovering in what part of the country the smuggler had left him; of his journey to his father's house in Devonshire, or his relation of what had befallen him; nor how he dwelt upon the remembrance of Fanny, and vainly endeavoured to trace where her residence was, or to discover what was her name beyond Fanny.

He was appointed to the command of a cutter, and four

years passed from the period of the scenes that had been described, when, following in pursuit of a smuggling vessel, he again arrived upon the coast of Northumberland. Some of his crew, who had been on shore, brought him information that the vessel was delivering her cargo near Embleton; and, ordering two boats to be manned, he instantly proceeded to the land. They came upon the smuggler; a scuffle ensued, and one of Captain Hartley's men was stabbed by his side with a clasp-knife, and fell dead at his feet; and he wrenched the knife from the hand of the murderer, who, with his companions, effected his escape without being discovered.

But day had not yet broken when two constables knocked at the door of Harry Teasdale, and demanded admission. The servant-girl opened the door—they rushed into the house, and to the side of the bed where he slept. They grasped him by the shoulder, and exclaimed—

"You are our prisoner."

"Your prisoner!" replied Harry; "for what, neighbours?"

"Weel dow ye knaw for what," was the answer.

Harry sprang upon the floor, and, in the excitement of the moment, he raised his hand to strike the officers of the law.

"You are only making things worse," said one of them; and he submitted to have handcuffs placed upon his wrists.

Fanny sprang into the room, exclaiming—

"My father—my father!" and flinging her arms around his neck; "oh, what is it?—what is it?" she continued, breathless, and her voice choked with sobbing—"what do they say that you have done?"

"Nothing, love—nothing," said he endeavouring to be calm; "it is some mistake, but some one shall answer for it."

His daughter's arms were forcibly torn from around his neck; and he was taken before a neighbouring magistrate,

by whom the deposition of Captain Hartley had been received. Harry was that morning committed to the county prison on a charge of murder. I shall neither attempt to describe his feelings, nor will I dwell upon the agony which was worse than death to his poor daughter. She knew her father innocent; but she knew not his accusers, nor the nature of the evidence which they would bring forward to prove him guilty of the crime which they imputed to him.

But the fearful day of trial came. Harry Teasdale was placed at the bar. The principal witness against him was Captain Hartley. The colour came and went upon the prisoner's cheeks, as his eye fell upon the face of his accuser. He seemed struggling with sudden emotion; and many who observed it took it as a testimony of guilt. In his evidence Captain Hartley deposed, that he and a part of his crew came upon the smugglers on the beach, while in the act of concealing their goods; that he, and the seaman who was murdered by his side, having attacked three of the smugglers, the tallest of the three, whom he believed to be the prisoner, with a knife gave the mortal stab to the deceased; that he raised the weapon also against him, and that he only escaped the fate of his companion by striking down the arm of the smuggler, and wrenching the knife from his hands, who then escaped. He also stated that, on examining the knife, which was of great length, he read the words, "HARRY TEASDALE," which were deeply burned into its bone handle, and which led to the apprehension of the prisoner. The knife was then produced in court, and a murmur of horror ran through the multitude.

Other witnesses were examined, who proved that, on the day of the murder, they had seen the knife in the hands of the prisoner; and the counsel for the prosecution, in remarking on the evidence, pronounced it to be

"Confirmation strong as holy writ."

The judge inquired of the prisoner if he had anything to say, or aught to bring forward in his defence.

"I have only this to say, my lord," said Harry, firmly, "that I am as innocent o' the crime laid to my charge as the child unborn. My poor daughter and my servant can prove that, on the night when the deed was committed, I never was across my own door. And," added he, firmly, and in a louder tone, and pointing to Captain Hartley as he spoke, "I can only say that he whose life I saved at the peril o' my own has, through some mistake, endeavoured to take away mine; and his conscience will carry its punishment when he discovers his error."

Captain Hartley started to his feet, his cheeks became pale; he inquired, in an eager tone, "Have you seen me before?" The prisoner returned no answer; and at that moment the officer of the court called the name of

"*Fanny Teasdale!*"

"Ha!" exclaimed the captain, convulsively, and suddenly striking his hand upon his breast—"is it so?"

The prisoner bowed his head and wept. The court were stricken with astonishment.

Fanny was led towards the witness-box; there was a buzz of admiration and of pity as she passed along. Captain Hartley beheld her—he clasped his hands together. "Gracious heavens! my own Fanny!" he exclaimed aloud.

He sprang forward—he stood by her side—her head fell on his bosom. "My lord!—O my lord!" he cried, wildly, addressing the judge, "I doubt—I disbelieve, my own evidence. There must be some mistake. I cannot be the murderer of the man who saved me—of my Fanny's father!"

The most anxious excitement prevailed through the court: every individual was moved, and, on the bench, faces were turned aside to conceal a tear.

The judge endeavoured to restore order.

The shock of meeting with Augustus, in such a place and

in such an hour, though she knew not that he was her father's accuser, added to her agony, was too much for Fanny, and, in a state of insensibility, she was carried out of the court.

Harry's servant-girl was examined; and, although she swore that, on the night on which the murder was committed, he had not been out of his own house, yet, in her cross-examination, she admitted that he frequently was out during the night without her knowledge, and that he *might* have been so on the night in question. Other witnesses were called, who spoke to the excellent character of the prisoner, and to his often-proved courage and humanity; but they could not prove that he had not been engaged in the affray in which the murder had been committed.

Captain Hartley strove anxiously to undo the impression which his evidence had already produced; but it was too late.

The judge addressed the jury, and began to sum up the evidence. He remarked upon the knife with which the deed was perpetrated, being proved and acknowledged to be the property of the prisoner—of its being seen in his hand on the same day, and of his admitting the fact—on the resemblance of the figure to that of the individual who was seen to strike the blow, and on his inability to prove that he was not that individual. He was proceeding to notice the singular scene that had occurred, with regard to the principal witness and the prisoner, when a shout was heard from the court-door, and a gentleman, dressed as a clergyman, pressed through the crowd, and reaching the side of the prisoner, he exclaimed, "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, *the prisoner, Harry Teasdale, is innocent!*"

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Captain Hartley.

The spectators burst into a shout, which the judge instantly suppressed, and desired the clergyman to be sworn, and to produce his evidence. "We are here to give it," said two others, who had followed behind them.

The clergyman briefly stated that he had been sent for on the previous evening to attend the death-bed of an individual whom he named, and who had been wounded in the affray with Captain Hartley's crew, and that, in his presence, and in the presence of the other witnesses who then stood by his side, a deposition had been taken down from his lips an hour before his death. The deposition, or confession, was handed into court; and it set forth that his hand struck the fatal blow, and with Harry Teasdale's knife, which he had found lying upon the stern of his boat on the afternoon of the day on which the deed was committed—and, farther, that Harry was not upon the beach that night.

The jury looked for a moment at each other—they instantly rose, and their foreman pronounced the prisoner "*Not Guilty!*" A loud and spontaneous shout burst from the multitude. Captain Hartley sprang forward—he grasped his hand.

"I forgive thee, lad," said Harry.

Hartley led him from the dock—he conducted him to Fanny, whom he had taken to an adjoining inn.

"Here is your father!—he is safe!—he is safe, my love!" cried Augustus, as he entered the room where she was.

Fanny wept on her father's bosom, and he kissed her brow, and said, "Bless thee."

"And canst thou bless me, too," said Augustus, "after all that I have done?"

"Well, well, I see how it is to be," said Harry; and he took their hands and placed them in each other. I need only add, that Fanny Teasdale became the happy wife of Augustus Hartley; and Harry, having acquired a competency, gave up the trade of a smuggler.

THE SCHOOLFELLOWS.

A FEW years ago, I happened to pass through the main street of Carlisle, just as the south mail had "pulled up" at the door of "The Bush." The night was very cold; the horses were tossing their heads, and pawing the ground, impatient to escape from the restraint of their harness; and the steam, which rose in clouds from their bodies, gave evidence that they had just "come off" a rapid and fatiguing stage. At the coach-door stood a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man, whose blue nose, muffled throat, and frozen body, pointed him out as one of the new arrivals. As I loitered slowly past, the stranger, who had just settled the claims of the guard, turned round, and observed me. His keen eye rested for a moment on my features—he started, looked again, and then said—

"No; I cannot be mistaken. I surely ought to know that face. Is not your name Lorrimer?"

"It is," replied I, surprised at being thus accosted by a perfect stranger. "You seem to be better acquainted with my name, sir, than I am with yours; for I am not conscious of ever having seen you before."

"Look at me again, Frank; try if you cannot recollect me," said he, as we entered the travellers' room, and the gas-light shone full on his face.

I looked; but in vain.

"I am ashamed to say, I do not know who you can be, though I have a kind of consciousness that your features are those of an old friend."

"Do you remember Richard Musgrave?"

"What! Dick Muzzy? To be sure I do—the kindest-

hearted fellow that ever dog's-eared a Latin grammar. What news of my old schoolmate?"

"He is speaking to you now."

"Is it possible? You Richard Musgrave? Why, Richard was younger, I rather think, than myself; and you, begging your pardon, look almost old enough to be my father."

"So it is, notwithstanding. I am Richard Musgrave. Time and climate must have altered me even more sadly than I conceived, since Frank Lorrimer fails to recognise me."

He was indeed changed. Some alteration might have been expected, for several years had elapsed since we had met; but time alone could not have thus metamorphosed him. We had been schoolfellows and intimate friends; and, when he left home, ten years before, he was a handsome, vigorous young fellow, with hair dark as a raven's wing, and a brow clear as alabaster. Now, his hair was iron-grey, his features were dark and sunburned, and the scar, of a sabre-wound apparently, disfigured his forehead. Even with my knowledge of his identity, some minutes elapsed ere I could persuade myself that the friend of my early years stood before me; but my recollection slowly revived as I gazed upon him, and I wondered at my own stupidity in not having sooner recognised him.

"Musgrave, my dear fellow," said I, shaking him cordially by the hand, "I rejoice to see you. Time has altered us both outwardly; but, I trust, it has left our hearts unchanged. The recollection of youthful joys and sorrows is the last to leave us. Amid all the changes and chances of life, our thoughts fondly dwell upon the days of our innocent and happy childhood; and all the friendships we form in after years can never efface the remembrance of those who were dear to us in early youth. I have often thought of you, Musgrave, and often, though in vain, I have made

anxious inquiries after the fate of my old friend and schoolfellow; and, now that you *have* returned, I should have passed you by as a common stranger, had your memory been as treacherous as my own."

"You forget, my dear fellow," replied he, "that *you* are but little changed; your florid cheek, and smooth, unwrinkled brow, prove that time has been flowing on in a smooth, unruffled current with *you;* that you have been leading a life of ease and comfort. But look at me; on my sunburned features you may read a tale of hardship and exposure. Look at my brow! these premature wrinkles are mementos of care and anxiety. But, come, I have much to ask and to tell you; if you have leisure, let us retire to a private room, and talk over the past. I cannot, I find, proceed on my journey till the morning, and I could not employ my time more agreeably than in conversation with an old friend."

I willingly complied with his request, and we were soon seated beside a comfortable fire, with "all appliances and means to boot," for making the evening pass with *spirit.*

"Now, Frank," said Musgrave, "before we commence, set my mind at rest about my family. Do you know anything of them?"

"It is some time since I saw them; but I heard a few days ago that they were all well."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear fellow; you have removed a load of anxiety from my mind. Fill your glass to 'auld langsyne,' and then we will talk over old scenes and old friends."

Long and confidential was our conversation, and varied were the feelings which it excited. There can be few more interesting events in a man's life than the unexpected meeting with a long-absent friend. There is a mournful pleasure in recalling the past, in contrasting the sad experience of maturer years with the sanguine and glowing anticipa-

tions of our youth. For a few passing moments we forget the march of time, we look back through the long vista of years, and once more the warm, and joyous, and fresh feelings of youth seem to gush forth, and to soften and revive our world-seared and hardened hearts. So it was with *us.*

The present was for awhile forgotten by us; we were living in the past; and loud and joyful were our bursts of merriment when we talked of old jokes and adventures; and then again the thought came over us, like a chilling blight, suffusing our eyes with tears, that the curtain of death had fallen over most of our young and cheerful fellow-actors on the early stage of life. It was with saddened and subdued hearts we dwelt upon the brief career of some of our early companions; and we sat for some minutes in silence, musing upon the vicissitudes of human life. At last, with a forced attempt at merriment, Musgrave exclaimed, in the words of an old sea ditty—

" 'Come, grieving's a folly;
So let us be jolly:
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.'

"Replenish your tumbler, Frank," continued he; "we'll talk no more of the past; that's gone beyond recall; but let us make the most of the present. We have not many hours before us; and I have heard nothing of your adventures since we parted, nor you of mine. Set a good example, and begin."

"My story is soon told," replied I; "for, as you remarked before, time has been flowing on, for me, quiet and undisturbed. I have no adventures to relate—no stirring accidents by field or flood; mine has been a humdrum, peaceful life, unmarked by variety, except those common ones which would be uninteresting to a man of travel and adventure like yourself."

"Nothing connected with my old friend can prove un-

interesting," said Musgrave; "so pray commence your tale."

Thus urged, I began as follows:—I continued at school two years after you so suddenly left it, and was then bound apprentice to a lawyer in this town. I did not much like the profession which had been chosen for me; but there was no help for it. I knew that my father had no interest, and that I must trust entirely to my own exertions for a provision for my future life. I therefore applied myself diligently to my duties, and soon had the good fortune to gain the confidence of my employer. I had been with him about three years, when he sent me to a neighbouring village to wait upon a client of his. This gentleman was a retired post-captain, a man who had seen much service, and had been often and severely wounded.

He was, as I had been before informed, as smart an officer as ever trod a ship's deck; his whole heart was in his profession; and his long residence on shore had not broken him of his habit of interlarding his conversation with sea-phrases; and he delighted in talking over the adventures of his past life to all who would listen to him. Notwithstanding his little peculiarities, he was universally loved and respected. He was a hospitable, kind-hearted man, and a "gentleman of Nature's own making;" for, though he was a little wanting in external polish, his actions proved him worthy of the title. I had often heard of him before, but had never chanced to meet him. I was much pleased with him at first sight: there was so much warmth and frankness in his reception of me; and I felt at home with him in a minute. He was a man of short stature, upright as a dart, with iron-grey hair, and a keen, quick eye; and had on, when I met him in the avenue to his house, an old rusty hat, pinched up in the rims, and placed transversely on his head, so as to look like a "fore and after," as he called it, or, as we would say, a cocked hat.

"Oh," interrupted Musgrave, "you need not take the trouble of explaining sea terms to *me;* they are as natural to me as my native tongue almost."

"I forgot," replied I, "that you are a chip of the same block; so I will continue my *yarn*—you see I have picked up a little sea-lingo too. After I had transacted my business with Captain Trimmer, he pressed me to stay and partake of family fare.

"We pipe to dinner at six-bells," said he; "three o'clock, I mean. You will have plain fare and a sailor's welcome; which, you know, is a warm one either to friend or foe."

I accepted his frank invitation with pleasure; and, as it still wanted an hour to dinner-time, he proposed that we should "take a cruise" through the grounds till "the grub" was ready. During the walk, he amused me greatly with his tales of the sea; but I was often obliged to request him to interpret terms which were as unintelligible to me as Hebrew or Sanscrit. He laughed heartily at my ignorance, but did all in his power to enlighten me.

"You have not had the benefit of a sea education, so what can we expect from you? I'll tell you what, my young friend—I would as soon come athwart the hawse of a shark as a lawyer (no offence to *you),* but, somehow or other, I like the cut of your jib, and think we shall be good friends nevertheless."

"Oh," said I, laughing, alluding to my professional visit, "I am not the lawyer, but the lawyer's *avant courier*—the pilot-fish, not the shark."

He laughed heartily, and kept bantering me on the sharking propensities of my tribe in such an amusing manner that I could not restrain my mirth. At last, the dinner-bell rang.

"Ah! there's pipe to dinner at last! Come along, youngster; let's see if you can take your grub as well as you can take a joke."

We dined alone; for his only daughter, he told me, had gone to visit a neighbour, and would not return till evening. The dinner was substantial and good; the wines excellent; but, though the old gentleman pressed me much to drink, he was very moderate himself. When the cloth was removed, he said—

"Now I will pipe to grog; if you like to join my mess, do so, unless you prefer your wine."

"Why, if you have no objection," said I, "I will not desert this capital claret; you may have all the grog to yourself."

"Well, tastes differ; of course, as a landsman you prefer wine; but you know the old song says—

'A sailor's sheet-anchor is grog.'"

He told me a number of his old adventures; and hours passed away like minutes in listening to them; but I am free to admit that none of his yarns were half so pleasant to me as some of the silken thread-ends he let fall about his daughter Emmeline. There was something in the rough manner in which he gave vent to the feelings of a father, that possessed a tenderness which never could have been expressed by the soft vocables of sentimentality. It is thus (excuse my poetry) that we often admire the fragrance of a flower the more for the rough petals from which it emanates. I was captivated, and twitched the old gentleman on the string which yielded me the best music, till I thought he suspected some love-larking in my sly attempts to get him to praise the absent fair one.

"Come, come," he said, "mind your grog; although *I* say it, who shouldn't say it, she's as pretty a little craft as ever sailed the ocean of life; but we're not to take her in tow throughout all our voyages—so we'll drop her."

"Not till I drink to her, with your leave, sir," said I.

"Oh, as to that, there's no harm," said he. "All I say

is, it's a pity you belong to the land sharks. If you'd been a seaman, I might have fancied you for a son-in-law."

The words startled me; and, if he had had the keen perception of a refined man of the world, he might have augured something from the sound of my voice, though my words belied my thoughts.

"Well, here's to her!" said I; "and may her fortune yield her a better cast up than a limb of the ——" Law I would have said, but he roared out devil, with a laugh, and I joined him.

But, as I had a long walk before me, I was obliged to take my leave of the old gentleman rather early in the night. His daughter had not yet returned; but he was not uneasy on her account, as it was a fine moonlight night, and she was well acquainted with the road.

"Let me see you often, my young friend," said the captain; "I should like to become better acquainted with you. We always pipe to breakfast at nine o'clock, and to dinner at three. I hate your late shore hours. Come whenever you are inclined to do so. I shall be happy to see you."

We shook hands, and parted; and I was really quite sorry to leave my new and agreeable friend.

I was walking quietly along the road homewards; the moon was shining brightly, and the shadow of the high hedge darkened half the road, when I though I heard the sound of suppressed voices some short distance ahead of me. I stopped and listened, and, almost immediately afterwards, I saw two men creep out from the light side of the road, and, looking cautiously around, dart over into the shade. The stealthy motions of the men, and their evident wish for concealment, impressed me with a conviction that mischief of some kind was intended, and I was determined to watch their movements. I got through the hedge, and crept silently along the back of it, till I came to a kind of recess for holding stones, where I paused and listened. I

again heard the murmur of voices near me, and, crawling quietly on, I came close behind the speakers, so near to them that I could distinctly hear every word they said, though I could not see them.

"She'll be here soon, Jem," said one of them; "we couldn't have had a better night for such a job."

"Too much light, for my taste," replied the other; "however, we must make the best on't. Our own mothers wouldn't know us in this disguise, and, without it, she would be too frightened to take particular notice of us. But are you sure she has the swag?"

"Certain, Smooth-faced Jess told me that her mistress was going to receive the rent for her father this evening."

"Oh, that's all right; we'll save her the trouble of carrying it all the way home. It will be rather awkward, though, if she has any one with her."

"No fear of that. I was in the shrubbery when she was leaving the house; and I heard her refuse to have a servant with her. I took the short cut across the fields to join you; and I'm surprised she has not come up yet. She can't be long, however.

This was a pleasant conversation for me to overhear; it was evident that robbery, if not murder, was about to be perpetrated, and I was as evidently destined to be a witness of the act. I might, to be sure, have sneaked out of the scrape, as the men were quite unconscious of my vicinity; but I could not bear the thought of deserting a fellow-creature in the hour of danger, without some attempt for her rescue—and yet what could I do? I was unarmed, except with a small walking cane, which would be of little avail against two ruffians, who were, of course, well provided with the means of offence. I was just meditating to crawl onwards, and endeavour to warn the expected female of her danger, when I was arrested by hearing one of the rascals murmur—"Here she is at last. Jem." A light step

was now heard; and, peeping through a gap in the hedge close beside me, I saw a female form fast approaching. The lady—for such she seemed by her dress—was walking along the illuminated part of the road, apparently unconscious of danger or fear; for she was humming a tune, and every now and then glancing up at the moon. The critical moment had arrived. I could almost *hear* the throbbing of my heart, I felt such a feverish impatience to put an end to my suspense; my nerves were strung to a pitch of desperation. I felt as if the strength of a dozen men were in my arm. I seized a large stone, and, crouching in the gap of the hedge, I waited with breathless impatience for the expected attack. The lady was nearly opposite me, when the ruffians rushed out upon her. There was a faint scream, a momentary struggle, and she lay on the ground at their feet. Their backs were turned towards me. During the noise of the scuffle, my footsteps were unheard, and I was close to them before they were aware.

"Silence! or I'll settle you!" said one of the robbers to his almost unconscious victim, whom, with all the coolness of fancied security, he was beginning to plunder. I dashed the stone I held in my hand into his face, and he fell senseless to the ground, with a heavy groan, while I shouted at the same time, as if addressing some one behind me, "Now, Harry, blow the other rascal's brains out. The other *rascal*, however, did not wait to see the result. He was over the hedge in a moment, and running for bare life. I pretended to follow him, shouting aloud till he disappeared into the next enclosure. I then returned to the road, where I found the man still lying senseless, though breathing heavily. I took the handkerchief from his neck and bound his hands together; and tearing the crape from his face, I took a long and steady look at his features, that I might be able to swear to his identity, if necessary. The lady, who was fortunately unhurt, and had by this time recovered

from her alarm, overwhelmed me with acknowledgments, which I parried as well as I was able; and I endeavoured to turn her thoughts into another channel, by requesting her to look at the face of the senseless man. After a little hesitation, she did so, and immediately recognised him as an old servant of her father's—a worthless vagabond, who had been discharged for theft, and had vowed revenge. Hitherto I had had little time to take any particular notice of the appearance of the lady I had been so fortunate as to rescue. I had merely remarked the grace of her form, and the soft, sweet tone of her voice; but now that I had leisure to look at her features, as the moonbeam rested brightly upon them, I was struck with their beauty: I felt, as Byron has it,

"My sinking heart confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness."

I gladly offered to escort her to her home, which, she said, was only about half-a-mile distant, and where we could procure assistance to remove the still insensible footpad. Before we set off, however, I took the liberty of securing his pistols, which could be of no service to him in his present state, but might materially benefit us. After a sharp walk of ten minutes, the lady stopped at a gate, which I immediately knew to be the one I had so lately left.

"Now, sir, I am at home. Allow me to welcome to it my brave deliverer, and to introduce him to my father."

"I require no introduction," replied I, "if you are, as I surmise, the daughter of Captain Trimmer."

"Do you know him?—he is my father."

"I only left him about an hour ago; and fortunate it was that I did not yield to his urgent wish for me to remain longer."

Captain Trimmer listened in breathless anxiety as his daughter told the tale of her danger and deliverance; and drawing a long breath when it was ended, he muttered,

"Heaven be praised!" He then rang the bell violently, and gave the servants orders, and directions where to find the wounded footpad.

"And now, my dear young friend," said he, "what can I say to *you?* I can't say anything just now, my heart is too full! but there's my hand, and you shall find me, as long as I live, a firm and warm friend"

I could only press *his* affectionately in reply. He insisted upon my remaining where I was for the night, and despatched a man on horseback to explain to my friends the reason of my absence. From this time my intercourse with the worthy captain became daily more intimate—almost every spare hour of my time was devoted to his society. As his character opened out upon me, I saw in his conduct so many proofs of genuine goodness of heart and rectitude of principle, that I felt as much affection and respect for him as for a dear and honoured parent. His daughter Emmeline, too, was one of those gentle, retiring characters, who may require to be known to be admired, and whose virtues, like those of the sweet and modest violet, require to be sought after to be properly appreciated. I was always fond of music. We all know its influence over the feelings —its power to awaken the hidden sympathies of the heart —to recall the joys and sorrows of the past, and to stir up glowing anticipations and high resolves for the future. Her voice was clear and sweet as a bird's; and when she warbled over the melodies of her native land, I felt so much absorbed in the beauty of the strain, as almost to forget the singer. You smile, and anticipate the result. How could it be otherwise? How could I live in close and constant communion with one so fascinating, and escape the fascination? It is not amid the factitious glare and excitement of society that such characters as hers can be appreciated: there the tinsel too often glitters more brightly than the pure gold; but in the calm and peaceful intercourse of domestic life,

their pure and gentle influence is felt and valued. I was becoming daily more and more an admirer of the gentle Emmeline, when the sudden death of my father awakened me from my dream of love, and startled me into serious consideration. He died as he had lived—poor; for it was found, on examining his affairs, that, though maintaining an appearance of wealth and comfort, his life must have been a constant struggle with difficulties; and there was barely sufficient left behind to satisfy the claims of his creditors. Deeply as I was grieved by his loss, I must say that feeling was not a little heightened by the disappointment of finding myself unprovided for. I had always been led to hope, that, though my father, from a wish to give me a spirit of independence, had left me, during my early life, to the exertions of my own energies for support, yet that at his death, he would leave me a handsome competency. But this hope was now disappointed, and with it vanished my bright dreams of Emmeline and happiness. I could not bear the thoughts of exposing the woman of my heart to the risk of poverty and privation. She knew not of my love, and now she must remain for ever in ignorance of it; for what had I to offer her?—a heart, and nothing more; and you know, Musgrave, that though *loving* hearts are very pretty things in *poetry*, *smoking* ones would better furnish forth a poor man's table. I gradually withdrew myself from the society of my good old friend, though it cost me many a severe pang to do so; and whenever I did meet him, I had always some faltering excuse to make about press of business, ill health, or bad weather. I was talking to him one day, when Emmeline, whom I had not seen for some time, unexpectedly joined us. The conscious blood rushed to my face immediately, and I stammered out some incoherent apology in reply to her expression of surprise at my long absence. The old man noticed my embarrassment, and became silent and thoughtful. At last, turning to his

daughter, he said, "Emmeline, my love, see what we are to have for dinner; Mr. Lorimer will take family fare with us. Not a word, youngster" (to me, as I was beginning to remonstrate), "I am commanding officer here." We walked on together for some time in silence; at last he stopped, and taking my hand, while he looked full in my face he said—

"I am not so blind, Mr. Lorimer, but I can see which way the land lies. I like to be fair and above-board with every one; and you are not the man I shall break through the rule with. I like you, Frank Lorimer; and I would do much to serve you. Emmeline—(ah, there go the red colours again!)—you love, her Frank!—win her and wear her if you can; you have my free and full consent. I have heard of your father's death, and its results; and I understand and honour the motives that have induced you to absent yourself from us. I am not a rich man, but I have enough to make two young people happy; and I know no one to whom I would more joyfully confide my daughter's happiness than to yourself."

Kind, generous old man! I had not a word to say. I merely pressed his hand in silence and tears. Yes, tears; for joy can weep as well as grief. I was soon again a constant visitor at Oak Lodge; and in a few months I had the happiness of calling Emmeline my own. I have been now married three years, and have every day greater cause to bless the happy chance which first led me to Oak Lodge. My excellent father-in-law lives with us, and delights in spending his day in nursing his little grandchildren. Long may he be spared to us!

"What! married and a father! O Frank, what a fortunate fellow you have been! Here have I been buffeting about the world for years, the shuttlecock of fate, hunting fortune in every corner of the world, and I return home, poor and penniless as the day I left it. I, whose early dreams were all of the happiness of a married life, shall

sink into my grave a solitary bachelor, without one loved hand to tend my pillow, and to smooth my passage to the tomb."

"Oh, nonsense. Cheer up, Musgrave," said I; "I shall dance at your wedding yet. But why need you care now about the scurvy tricks of fortune abroad, since you have returned to enjoy her favours at home?"

"Favours! What do you mean, Frank?"

"Have you not heard of the death of your poor brother George, and that the lawsuit in which your father was so long engaged has terminated favourably for him. He is now in possession of a rental of three thousand per annum, to which, of course, you will be heir?"

"Heavens! you don't say so!" exclaimed Musgrave; "but I am sure you would not deceive me. I have not heard from home for upwards of a twelvemonth. Frank, you are a fine fellow; shake hands with me."

"Ay, that I will," said I; "and I congratulate you with all my heart. I am glad I have been the first to communicate such pleasing intelligence; and now, the least you can do in return is to give me an account of yourself since we parted."

"Why, I'm not in the best mood in the world for story-telling," replied Musgrave; "this unexpected good fortune has rather destroyed my equilibrium; however, I will brush up my memory for your gratification, though the retrospect will be anything but agreeable to myself. You remember, I daresay, the day when I left school; on my memory, at least, the recollection of it is as vivid as if it were yesterday. When I drove away in my uncle's carriage, I thought I was going home on a temporary visit, and little imagined I was never to return. When I arrived at home, I found in the drawing-room with my father a little, active, dark-looking man, with a stern, prompt manner, who was introduced to me as Captain Fleetwood.

"Richard, my boy," said my father, "you have often expressed a wish to go to sea, and I have now an opportunity of gratifying you. My friend Captain Fleetwood has volunteered to take you out with him as midshipman; and, as I know I could not intrust you to better hands, I am glad to avail myself of his offer. The warning is rather a short one, as you must be on board your ship within a fortnight; you have no time to lose; and I will accompany you to town to prepare your equipment. We will leave this to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

I was rather staggered by this sudden announcement; for, though it had always been the dearest wish of my heart to go to sea, yet there was something so unexpected in the accomplishment of it, that I repented of my choice. My heart sank at the thought of such a sudden parting from home and all that was dear to me; besides, as I had just left school, I would have preferred having a few days' holiday, and an opportunity of strutting in my sailor's dress before the eyes of my admiring schoolfellows. However, there was no help for it now—my lot was cast for life; and, in a fortnight's time, I was fairly shipped on board the Anne, a snug free-trader, bound to the East Indies. I pass over the various details of my early career; you may find an accurate description of my first feelings and impressions, and those of five hundred others, on first joining a ship, in any circulating library in the kingdom. I encountered the usual hardships, and was exposed to the usual privations, incidental to the life of a sailor; but, as there was nothing particularly worthy of notice in the first seven or eight years of my sailor's life, I shall pass at once to the most interesting event in a career of no trifling variety. It is now upwards of two years since I went out chief mate of my old ship, under the command of my first friend, Captain Fleetwood, who was a clever, active seaman himself, and well qualified to make those under him the same We had a

crew of twenty-five young and able fellows, with, as usual, a sprinkling of black sheep among them. Our passengers were four in number—a gentleman and his wife, and two young ladies, going out to Bombay under their protection; all agreeable and well-informed people, and the young ladies blessed with a tolerable share of beauty. Time passed very pleasantly with us, for we were uncomonly favoured in wind and weather; and our captain, who was as kind and benevolent as a man, as he was strict and unflinching as an officer, delighted in promoting to the utmost every plan for the comfort and amusement of the crew.

"Och, isn't he a broth of a boy, now, that captain of ours?" I heard one of our men say to another, on one of the quiet tropical evenings, when the crew were enjoying themselves in the "waist," and the captain was whirling one of the ladies round in a waltz on the quarterdeck. "He's as full of fun as a monkey."

"Take care you don't shave the monkey too close, though, Mike, or perhaps the *cat* will shave *you*."

"Is it the cat you mane?" replied Mike; "then, by the powers, it's myself that's not afeered for the 'cat,' for she never wags her tail here but when a man's either an ass or a skulk, and no man can say black's the white of the eye of Mike Delaney. But I say, Tom, hasn't this been an out-and-out passage? Why, we've never had nothing to do but to spin yarns and knot them; we might have stowed away the reef-points in the hold, we've never had no 'casion for them, and as for salt water, we haven't had a breeze to wash our faces for us since we left home. Blowed if we shan't get too fine for our work by and by—reg'lar gentlemen afloat. I think I'll sport a pair of them overalls that the long-shore beggars call gloves, to keep my flippers white," said Mike—at the same time spreading out a pair as dirty as the back of a chimney and as broad as the back of a skate.

"Gloves and delicate flippers like that!" answered his companion; no, no, Mike—'twould be a sin and a shame to *hide* it; that's a regular dare-devil hand—it cares neither for soap nor water. But, Mike, the voyage is not half over yet. We've had a fair weather passage so far; but I'm always afeerd of those unkimmon fine beginnings; ev'rything goes by contraries in this here world, and a good beginning often brings in its wake a bad ending. It's not in the coorse of nature to see such a long spell of fine weather; it's quite unnatural; it 'll break out, by and by, in a fresh place—see if it don't. That 'ere butcher, the sea, lies there a-smiling at us as if we were so many hinnocent lambs; but he'll maybe have his hand on our throats yet."

"Well, Tom, it's never no use smelling mischief afore it comes; time enough when it does show its ugly mug, to grin in its face. I'm not the man to turn my back on it—nor you neither, for that matter, I'll be bound."

We had run nearly thirty-four degrees to the south of the equator, when the weather became very variable, and the wind at last settled into a strong breeze from the northward. One evening, we were spanking along with the wind in that quarter, with a heavy confused sea, when a thick gloom gradually overspread the sky, and the mercury, falling in the barometer, gave warning of approaching bad weather. All our small sails were taken in, and every necessary precaution adopted to prepare for a change. Our topsails were reefed, and the mainsail was hauled up and handled. About 6 P.M. Captain Fleetwood came on deck, and asked what I thought of the weather.

"Bad enough, sir; it does not seem to have made up its mind what to do; however, we are tolerably well prepared for a change, whichever way it may be."

"You must keep a sharp look-out, Musgrave; if it should begin to rain, depend upon it, the wind will chop suddenly round to southward. You must not let it take you unawares."

"I'll look for it in time, sir."

He had scarcely left the deck, when a light, drizzling rain came on, a partial lull succeeded, and the wind veered suddenly round to the south-westward. We were prepared for it, however, and our yards were soon trimmed to the wind; but our troubles were only beginning. The breeze freshened up so rapidly, that we had barely time to take in sail fast enough; no sooner was one reef in, than it became necessary to take in another. The sea was running, as landsmen say, mountains high; the winds howled through our rigging; and the giant albatrosses hovered round us, seen indistinctly for a moment through the gloom, and then soaring away on the gale, as if they were floating down a stream—their enormous wings extended, but motionless.

But men were aloft, close-reefing, and preparing to furl the foretopsail, when a heavy sea struck the ship, and a sudden squall laid her over on her beam-ends almost. The sudden jerk carried away the topmast backstays. There was no rolling tackle on the topsailyard, which jerked violently as the ship fell over, and the mast snapped just above the parrell. Five of the poor fellows were thrown off the topsailyard to leeward; we heard their cries dying away on the breeze; we could not see them, the weather was so thick, and darkness was coming on; and as for saving them, the attempt to do so would have been madness, although several men sprung forward to volunteer. It was with heavy hearts the men set to work to clear away the wreck; the cries of their poor shipmates were still ringing in their ears, and an hour or two elapsed before it was accomplished. All night long we were hard at work, furling sails, and sending down yards and masts; and when the morning appeared, the ship was hove to, with her head to the south-eastward, under a storm staysail. The decks were lumbered with wet sails, the main and mizen-topgallantmast and yards, and the remnants of canvas and rigging saved

from the wreck of the topmast. We spliced the main-brace, or, as you would say, served out drams; and the helm being lashed a-lee, the ship's company were sent below, to obtain the rest they stood so much in need of. Poor fellows! they were not allowed to enjoy it long.

"Where is the captain?" said the carpenter, rushing up the quarter-hatch with a face like a ghost—"where is the captain?"

"Well, Soundings," said Captain Fleetwood, "what do you want with me?"

"It's just about the soundings, sir, I want to speak to you." Then, drawing close to his side, he muttered, "There are four feet water in the well, sir."

The captain started, but recovered himself immediately.

"Very well. Rig the pumps directly. Mr. Musgrave, call the hands out; the ship has taken a little too much water in, over all. Heaven grant it's nothing worse!" murmured he.

The scene around us was now dreary and desolate in the extreme: the sky was dark, gloomy, and threatening; light, angry-looking, discoloured clouds flitted over it, like spirits disturbed, while overhead the scud careered with lightning-like rapidity; the sea was covered, as far as the eye could reach, with white foam, and the spray was blown over the ship in a constant heavy shower; the little "Mother Carey's chickens" were dipping their tiny wings in the waves under our stern, and the stormy petrel and albatross swept in wide circles round our storm-tossed vessel. The gale howled mournfully through our rigging, and every now and then a giant sea dashed against our side, and threw torrents of water over our decks. The hatches were battened down fore and aft, and the monotonous clanking of the pumps was heard, mingled with the loud cheers of the men, as they spirited each other up to renewed exertions, and the loud "spell oh!" when the different gangs relieved

each other at the pump brakes. The whole of that day was one of incessant labour; for, when, after some hours of hard work, we had gained considerably upon the water, and relaxed a little from our exertions, we found that renewed efforts were required to keep the enemy at bay. Next morning the wind had greatly decreased, and was gradually dying away; but a high sea was still running, and the ship laboured tremendously. More sail was made to steady her; but, in spite of all our efforts, the leak increased; and at last it became evident, after everything had been done which seamanship could propose, or perseverance carry into effect, that the ship was in a foundering state. The captain, who had shewn himself active and energetic during the excitement of the storm, now proved that he possessed that true courage which can face unflinchingly the slow but sure approach of danger and of death. Calm and collected, nay, even cheerful, at least in appearance, his example encouraged and animated the crew, now almost exhausted with their constant exertions. He ordered one watch below to their hammocks, while the other was busied in fitting out the boats, and preparing provisions to put into them, and in keeping the pumps steadily but slowly at work. At last the hands were called out—"Out boats!" and when they were all assembled, Captain Fleetwood addressed them as follows:—

"My lads, the ship is sinking under us, and we must take to the boats. You have been active, patient, and obedient hitherto—be so still, and you may yet all be saved. Remember, that, as long as *one* of your officers is above the water with you, to that officer you owe obedience. For my part, I am determined—and you know I am no flincher—to maintain my authority with my life; but I hope you will not put me to the proof. My intention is to steer for the Island of Tristan d'Acunha, which, if Providence favours us, we may reach in a week or ten days; but much depends

upon your own exertions. Now, go below, and take the last meal you will ever eat on board your old ship. Heaven grant that we may all meet once more on shore!"

The men listened in silence, and uncovered while he spoke; and when he ended, they burst into a loud cheer, and one of them shouted out—

"We will stand by you to the last, sir!"

"Ay, that we will," was responded by all.

The captain took off his hat, and bowed, evidently much affected, and dismissed them.

In about twenty minutes they were again called up, and the boats were hoisted out. We had two quarter-boats, a launch, and a jolly-boat, which were amply sufficient to hold our whole number, reduced as it was by the loss of the five poor fellows in the gale; one of the quarter-boats, however, proved to be so leaky when lowered into the water, that we were obliged to abandon her. The other boats were furnished with masts, sails, a fortnight's short provision and water, arms—everything, in fact, that could be thought of as likely to be necessary. The captain took charge of the launch, and the second mate and I cast lots for the cutter; the chance was against me, and I took command of the jolly-boat. We were eight-and-twenty in number. twelve men, the captain, and two of the passengers, in the launch; myself, one of the ladies, and four men, in the jolly-boat; and the remainder in the cutter. When we had shoved off from the ship, we lay on our oars at some little distance, as if by mutual consent, to see the last of her; but the captain shouted out—

"Come, my lads, we have no time to spare; give the old craft one parting cheer, and let us make the best of our way."

The men stood up, and, taking off their hats, gave three loud and lengthend cheers. The deserted ship seemed as if she heard and wished to acknowledge the compliment;

her head turned gradually towards us; she rose slowly and heavily before the swell, then dipped her bows deep into the water, gave a heavy roll, and sank to rise no more. A stifled groan broke from the men at this sad sight, which cast an evident damp over their spirits.

"Come, cheer up, my lads," said the captain; "we've seen the last of as good a craft as ever floated; but it's of no use being downhearted. Let us have a cheer for good success!"

The men caught his tone immediately, and their spirits rose when they saw how cheerfully he bore his loss. Tristan d'Acunha bore about S. 10° W., about 200 miles distant; and, as the wind had again drawn to the northward, we had every prospect of reaching it in the course of five or six days. For the first two days we went along merrily enough with a fine steady breeze, and tolerably smooth water, but, on the afternoon of the third, the sky again became overcast, and there was every appearance of another "round turn" in the wind. As night closed in around us, the captain hailed us from the launch, and desired us to keep as near together as possible, for fear of separation. This order was obeyed as long as we were able; but, in the darkness, we soon lost sight of each other, and the sound of our voices was drowned in the increasing noise of wind and sea. About ten o'clock, the wind suddenly shifted in a sharp squall; the sail was taken aback, and the little boat lay over for a moment as if never to rise again. Fortunately the haulyards gave way, and the sail went overboard, or she must have been capsized; as it was, she was nearly half-full of water. I immediately jumped forward to drag the sail in again, when, to my horror, I heard the sound of voices crying for help, to leeward: the sail had knocked two of the men overboard, and it was their dying cry we heard. We pulled round the boat, and shouted out to them; there was no answer—they were gone; they must

have been half-drowned before they could get clear of the sail, which had fallen on the top of them. Our grief for their loss was soon absorbed by our fears for our own safety. There were now only three of us remaining—for the lady could be of no assistance—in a small boat, half-full of water; the wind and sea rising, darkness all around, and the nearest land upwards of one hundred miles distant; our prospects were dismal indeed. Fortunately for us, however, we had no time to brood over our misfortunes; the necessity for active exertion drove all thoughts but those of present danger from our minds. We baled the boat out as fast as possible, got the broken mast in-board, and made all as snug as we could. The wind had shifted, as I said before, to the southward, and came on to blow fresh; and the sea was again rapidly rising. We had nothing for it but to keep the boat right before the wind, although it carried us almost in a contrary direction to the course we wished to steer.

At daylight, we looked anxiously around for the other boats; but in vain did we strain our eyes—nothing was visible. Sad were our forebodings as to the fate of our shipmates, and gloomy our anticipations of the future for ourselves. The wind had moderated considerably, but we were still obliged to run before it; and it was not till late in the afternoon that we considered it safe to turn the boat's head again to the southward. By this time it was almost calm, but our two oars could do little against the head sea; and after tugging away at them for some time, we were obliged to lay them in from sheer exhaustion, merely keeping the boat's head to the sea. A light breeze springing up at last from the northward, we got the stump of the mast up, and set the reefed sail upon it, and began slowly to make headway in the wished-for direction.

During the whole of our perilous voyage, the young lady, who had been committed to my charge, behaved with the

greatest courage and resignation; not a complaint escaped her lips, though she was drenched to the skin by the spray and rain; not a scream did she utter when the dark sea rose under our stern, threatening to engulf our little bark. We did all we could to make her as comfortable as circumstances would allow; for rough indeed must be the nature that does not feel kindly towards youth and beauty in distress. She received all our attentions with such heartfelt expressions of gratitude, and bore her discomforts with such cheerful resignation, that the men could not help audibly expressing their admiration, and vowing to spend their life's-blood in her service.

The sun was again smiling over our heads, and the water rippled under the bows of the boat, as she danced before the breeze; and our spirits were revived by the change. On examining our stock of provisions, we found that most of our biscuit was completely saturated with salt water, and that, with the most sparing economy, we had barely sufficient rum and meat left to last us for a week longer. We immediately spread the wet bread on the boat's thwarts to dry, and cut the meat into small equal portions.

"Now, Miss Neville," said I, laughing—though, Heaven knows, there was little joy in my heart—"I, as commander of this vessel, constitute you acting-purser; you shall serve out our rations to us equally and fairly, and, if any one of my ship's company shall dare to question the justness of your division, or to attempt to help himself without your permission, he shall feel the weight of my anger."

There was a *faint* laugh at this *faint* attempt at pleasantry on my part; and Miss Neville replied—

"I think, *Captain* Musgrave, you might have appointed a more sufficient purser than myself; however, I will do my best to justify your choice."

Another day, and another, we kept crawling slowly on; there was little or no wind, and our two oars made but little

way. I said before that the boat's crew was reduced to two men and myself. One of these men, a Scotchman, named M'Farlane, had only lately recovered from a severe attack of illness, before we left the ship. The fatigue incurred during the gale, and the danger and excitement of our situation since, had a fatal effect upon the poor fellow's already shattered constitution; he suffered in silence, never uttering a word of complaint; but it was evident to us all that he was sinking fast. On this day he had been taking his turn at the oar, in spite of my remonstrances.

"You will kill yourself, M'Farlane," said I. "You are not strong enough to pull; take the helm, and give Riley the oar again."

"No, sir," replied he; "Riley has had his spell, and I will take mine, though I die for it. I feel that I am going; but let me die in harness. No man shall have it to say that Tom M'Farlane was not game to the last."

Miss Neville joined her entreaties to mine, that he would give over rowing; but in vain.

"Heaven bless you, ma'am," said he—"and it will bless you, and bring you in safety out of your dangers. You are just beginning the voyage of life—and a rough beginning it has been; but never fear. You'll make a happy port at last. As for me, my voyage is just over. I have had both rough and smooth in my time. I've had no cause to complain; and I shall die happy, if I die doing my duty."

The words were scarcely uttered, when he ceased rowing. I turned round, and saw him, with his face deadly pale, bending over the oar, which he was in vain endeavouring to dip in the water. He made two or three convulsive movements, as if in the act of rowing, muttered "Hurrah, my lads!" and, with a heavy groan, fell backward. Riley and I raised him immediately, blood was gushing from his nose and mouth, which we in vain attempted to staunch. He opened his eyes once, shuddered, and expired. I will not

attempt to describe the feelings with which we gazed upon the body of our unfortunate shipmate, and thought how soon a still more dreadful doom might be ours. Death, with all its horrid accompaniments of starvation, drowning, &c., came before us. All the horrible stories we had heard of deaths at sea, of misery, hunger, and cannibalism, came crowding upon our memories. At last the silence was broken by Riley, who growled out—

"Well, there's one more going to feed the fishes! It'll be our turn soon. However, its some comfort he has left his share of the grub behind: there'll be more for those who remain."

I could hardly restrain my anger at this cold-blooded speech; but a look from Emily Neville checked me. Riley, however, observed the impression his words had made upon me, and, with a diabolical sneer, said—

"You need not look so black about it. I don't care a button about your looks or your anger either. One man's as good as another now, and I won't obey you any longer."

"Riley," said I, starting forward, and seizing him by the collar, while my voice trembled with suppressed passion, "mark my words! As long as one plank of this boat hangs to another, I am your officer; and while I have life in my body, you *shall* obey me."

The scoundrel was staggered by my firmness, and sat gloomily down upon the "thwart." Riley had been one of our *black sheep* on board the Anne. I never liked the fellow. He was always a skulking, discontented, vagabond; ever foremost in mischief, and striving to make his shipmates as mutinous as himself. I saw, by his louring looks, and his sullen, dogged manner, that we must, before long, come into collision again, and I determined to prepare for the worst. I threw all the fire-arms overboard, except a single musket and a brace of pistols, the latter of which I loaded deliberately before his eyes.

"Come," said I, "the sun is long past the meridian, we must pipe to dinner. Miss Neville, serve out our allowance, if you please."

While Riley received his modicum of spirits, he growled out, "Here's a pretty allowance for a hard-working man. Not a stroke more will I put till I get more rum."

"Not a drop more shall you have till the regular time; you must be contented with just enough to keep soul and body together, like your neighbours; we must not all be sacrificed to gratify your greediness."

"Better die at once," said he, "than starve by inches; a short life and a merry one for me!—so hand out the stuff at once, for have it I *will*." And he made a rush to snatch the spirits from Miss Neville.

"Back, scoundrel!" said I, cocking one of my pistols, or I'll blow your brains out."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when the rascal stooped, and snatching up a cutlass which he had concealed in the bottom of the boat, made a cut at me with it, which, but for the tough rim of my leather hat, would have laid my skull open. As it was, I shall carry the scar to my grave. One touch of my trigger, and Miss Neville and I were left in the boat alone. The ball went through his head; he staggered against the gunwale, toppled overboard, and sank at once, tinging the water with his blood. Miss Neville was now obliged to act as doctor as well as purser. She washed my wound, and bound it up as well as she was able. We neither of us spoke; but fearful were the thoughts that passed through my mind. The boat lay becalmed upon the water; my strength, wounded as it was, could do little towards forcing her onwards. Unless a breeze sprung up, we must lie in utter helplessness, and die a lingering death by starvation! Miss Neville read my thoughts, and, stifling her own fears, exerted herself to inspire me with confidence.

"Fear not, Mr. Musgrave," said she: "the merciful Pro-

vidence which has watched over us hitherto, will protect us till the end. Utterly helpless and hopeless as our situation appears at present, He *can* save us, and He *will*."

Her words inspired me with renewed energy; and, with a good deal of difficulty, I stepped the mast, which we had unshipped for greater convenience in rowing. Next day we made the land, and, before evening, after a little danger in passing the surf, I landed my precious charge in safety.

But I must hurry to the conclusion of my tale, for I see Lorrimer, you are beginning to yawn, and I am tired of it myself.

My first care was to seek a snug shelter among the rocks, where I quickly lighted a fire, and shared with my fair fellow prisoner the last remains of our slender sea stock. For the next day's subsistence we were obliged to rely upon my skill as a fowler. I spread the remainder of the powder to dry, and contrived to make up a rude bed for Miss Neville, on which, worn out with fatigue and excitement, she soon enjoyed that rest which she so much required. I retired to a little distance to watch her slumbers; but very soon followed her example. In the morning, invigorated and refreshed, I sallied out with my gun, and soon succeeded in procuring some birds for our morning meal; I then climbed the highest part of the island, and set up the boat's mast with a handkerchief flying from it, in hopes of attracting the attention of some passing South Sea whaler. Weeks passed in dreary monotony; we wanted for none of the absolute necessaries of life; but we were prisoners, and that consciousness alone was enough to make *me* discontented and restless. My fair companion bore all her inconveniences unrepiningly, and did all in her power to soothe and comfort me; her sweet disposition, and gentle, silent attentions, insensibly withdrew my thoughts from the discomforts of the present, and hope pictured a bright future of happiness with her whom fate had thrown upon my protection. One morning

at daybreak, I climbed as usual to my signal-post, and there, about three miles to windward of the island, a ship was standing under easy sail to the westward. The ship was hove to, and a boat lowered. I rushed down to apprise Miss Neville of the joyful event, and we both hurried to the beach, to receive our welcome visitors. After considerable difficulty, on account of the surf, they effected a landing, and were greeted by us with the warmest gratitude. The vessel, we were told, was the Medusa, South-Seaman, and had been out from England nearly two years; they had observed my flag some time before they hove to, and at first thought it had been left there by some former ship, as there were no settlers on the island at the time; but they fortunately saw me through their glasses, and determined upon landing.

The evening was closing in cloudy and threatening, the surf was beginning to run high, and everything indicated bad weather.

"Come, be quick!" said the captain of the Medusa, who was in the boat; "jump in, we've no time to lose; there's a gale coming on, and I wouldn't wait two minutes longer for the world."

As we were struggling through the heavy surf, a sudden roll of the boat threw me overboard, and in a moment I was swept some distance towards the beach. I swam for the shore immediately, as I knew it was in vain to attempt reaching the boat again, or to hope that they would risk their own lives, or the safety of the ship, by longer delay. I was an excellent swimmer, and reached shore in safety, where I had the mortification of seeing the Medusa make sail, and haul off the land. I comforted myself, however, with the reflection, that Emily Neville was in safety, and that, if the captain of the Medusa was a *Christian*, he would return to take me off the island. That night a heavy gale of wind came on from the north-west and a constant

succession of stormy changes of wind and calm followed for some time. In about a month, a sail hove in sight; it was the Medusa! Oh, how delighted I was, once more to feel a solid plank under my foot! I felt myself at home once more when I touched her deck, and asked for Emily Neville. She was gone! The Medusa had fallen in with a Cape trader, and Miss Neville had taken a passage on board of her to the Cape, from whence she meant to proceed to England. Imagine my disappointment! For two months longer we beat about in these latitudes in the Medusa, and then, our cargo being completed, we shaped our course homewards. On my arrival in England, I went to my old friend, Darey, who provided me with the needful, and I am now so far on my way home. You tell me I have gained a fortune, but I have lost the only girl I ever loved, and without her fortune is valueless."

I did what I could to comfort Musgrave, but he would not be comforted.

Next morning he proceeded on his journey. A short time afterwards, there appeared in the papers the following announcement—"Arrival in the river, the Proserpine, from the Cape. The vessel has on board one of the survivors of the wreck of the ship Anne, which foundered at sea some months since, the lady was saved in one of the ship's boat, and taken of the island of Tristan d'Acunha by the Medusa whaler."

I immediately wrote to Musgrave, congratulating him on this happy event; and received an answer in the course of a few weeks, telling me that he was now amply repaid for his past dangers and disappointment; for Emily Neville had consented to become his wife, and to share with him the bounties, as she had before partaken with him of the harsher dispensations, of Providence.

THE RED HALL; OR, BERWICK IN 1296.

SOMEWHAT more than five hundred years ago, and Berwick-upon-Tweed was the most wealthy and flourishing city in Great Britain. Its commerce was the most extensive, its merchants the most enterprising and successful. London in some measure strove to be its rival, but it possessed not a tenth of the natural advantages, and Berwick continued to bear the palm alone—being styled the Alexandria of the nations, the emporium of commerce, and one of the first commercial cities of the world. This state of prosperity it owed almost solely to Alexander III., who did more for Berwick than any sovereign that has since claimed its allegiance. He brought over a colony of wealthy Flemings, for whom he erected an immense building, called the Red Hall (situated where the wool market now stands), and which at once served as dwelling-houses, factories, and a fortress. The terms upon which he granted a charter to this company of merchants were, that they should defend, even unto death, their Red Hall against every attack of an enemy, and of the English in particular. Wool was the staple commodity of their commerce, but they also traded extensively in silks and in foreign manufactures. The people of Berwick understood FREE TRADE in those days. In this state of peace and enviable prosperity it continued till the spring of 1296. The bold, the crafty, and revengeful Edward I. meditated an invasion of Scotland; and Berwick, from its wealth, situation, and importance, was naturally anticipated to be the first object of his attack. To defeat this, Baliol—whom we can sometimes almost admire, though generally we despise and pity him—sent the

chief men of Fife and their retainers to the assistance of the town. Easter week arrived, but no tidings were heard of Edward's movements, and buisness went on with its wonted bustle. Amongst the merchants of the Red Hall was one known by the appellation of William the Fleming, and he had a daughter, an heiress and an only child, whose beauty was the theme of Berwick's minstrels, when rhyme was beginning to begin. Many a knee was bent to the rich and beautiful Isabella; but she preferred the humble and half-told passion of Francis Scott, who was one of the clerks in the Red Hall, to all the chivalrous declarations of prouder lovers. Francis possessed industry and perseverance; and these, in the eyes of her father, were qualifications precious as rubies. These, with love for his daughter, overcome other mercenary objections, and the day for their marriage had arrived. Francis and Isabella were kneeling before the altar, and the priest was pronouncing the service, the merchant was gazing fondly over his child, when a sudden and hurried peal from the Bell Tower broke upon the ceremony, and cries of "The English! to arms!" were heard from the street. The voice of the priest faltered—he stopped; William the Fleming placed his hand upon his sword; the bridegroom started to his feet, and the fair Isabella clung to his side. "Come, children," said the merchant, "let us to the Hall—a happier hour may bless your nuptials—this is no moment for bridal ceremony." And in silence, each man grasping his sword, they departed from the chapel, where the performance of the marriage rites was broken by the sounds of invasion. The ramparts were crowded with armed citizens, and a large English fleet was seen bearing round Lindisferne. In a few hours the hostile vessels entered the river, and commenced a furious attack upon the town. Their assault was returned by the inhabitants as men who were resolved to die for liberty. For hours the battle raged, and the Tweed became as a

sheet of blood. But while the conflict rose fiercest, again the Bell Tower sent forth its sounds of death. Edward, at the head of thirty-five thousand chosen troops, had crossed the river at Coldstream, and was now seen encamping at the foot of Halidon Hill. Part of his army immediately descended upon the town, to the assistance of his fleet. They commenced a resolute attack from the north, while the greater part of the garrison held bloody combat with the ships in the river. Though thus attacked upon both sides, the besieged fought with the courage of surrounded lions, and the proud fleet was defeated and driven from the river. The attacks of the army were desperate, but without success, for desperate were the men who opposed them. Treachery, however, that to this day remains undiscovered, existed in the town; and, at an hour when the garrison thought not, the gates were deceitfully opened, and the English army rushed like a torrent upon the streets. Wildly the work of slaughter began. With the sword and with the knife, the inhabitants defended every house, every foot of ground. Mild mothers and gentle maidens fought for their thresholds with the fury of hungry wolves—and delicate hands did deeds of carnage. The war of blood raged from street to street, while the English army poured on like a ceaseless stream. Shouts, groans, the clang of swords, and the shrieks of women mingled together. Fiercer grew the close and the deadly warfare; but the numbers of the besieged became few. Heaps of dead men lay at every door, each with his sword glued to his hands by the blood of an enemy. Of the warriors from Fife, every man perished; but their price was a costly sacrifice of the boldest lives in England. The streets ran deep with blood; and, independent of slaughtered enemies, the mangled and lifeless bodies of seventeen thousand of the inhabitants paved the streets. The war of death ceased only from lack of lives to prey upon. With the exception of the Red Hall, the town was an awful and a silent

charnel-house. Within it were the thirty brave Flemings, pouring their arrows upon the triumphant besiegers, and resolved to defend it to death. Amongst them was the father of Isabella, and by his side his intended son-in-law, his hands, which lately held a bride's dripping with blood. The entire strength of the English army pressed around the Hall; and fearful were the doings which the band of devoted merchants, like death's own marksmen, made in the midst of them. What the besiegers, however, failed to effect by force, they effected by fire; and the Red Hall became enveloped in flames—its wool, its silk, and rich merchandise blazing together, and causing the fierce element to ascend like a pyramid. Still the brave men stood in the midst of the conflagration, unquailed, hurling death upon their enemies; and, as the fire raged from room to room, they rushed to the roof of their hall, discharging their last arrow on their besiegers, and waving their swords around their heads, with a shout of triumph. There also stood the father, his daughter, and her lover, smiling and embracing each other in death. Crash succeeded crash—the flames ascended higher and higher—and the proud building was falling to pieces. A louder crash followed, the fierce element surrounded the brave victims—the gentle Isabella, leaning on her bridegroom, was seen waving her slender hand in triumph round her head—the hardy band waved their swords, and shouted, "*Liberty!*" and in one moment more the building fell to the earth; and the heroes, the bridegroom, and his bride, were buried in the ruins of their fortress and their factory.

Thus fell the Red Hall, and with it the commercial glory of Berwick.

END OF VOL. XI.

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WILSON'S

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE SCOTTISH HUNTERS OF HUDSON'S BAY.

The gloom of a boisterous winter evening was settling over one of the wild, inhospitable tracts which lie to the north of the St Lawrence. The earth, far as the eye could reach, was covered, to the depth of many feet, by a continuous sheet of frozen snow; over which the bellying clouds, heavily charged with the materials of a fresh storm, hung in terrible array, fold beyond fold, as they descended on every side to mingle with the distant horizon. On the one hand, a frozen lake, deeply buried, like all the rest of the landscape, stretched its flat, unvaried surface for leagues along the waste; on the other, a winding shore, covered with stunted trees and bushes, alternately advanced into the level, in the form of low, long promontories, or retired into little hollow bays, edged with rock, and overhung by thickets of pine. All was sublimely wild and desolate. The piercing north wind went whistling in sudden gusts along the frozen surface of the lake, dashing against each other the stiff, brittle branches of the underwood, and shaking off their icicles, or whirling the lighter snow into huge columns, that ever and anon went stalking along the waste like giants, and seemed at times to thrust their foreheads into the very clouds. Not a single human habitation—not so much as the wigwam of an Indian, or aught that could give evidence of even the occasional visits of

man—could be seen in the whole frozen circle, from the centre to the horizon. All seemed alike uninhabitable and uninhabited—a dreary unpeopled desert, the undisputed domain of solitude and winter.

And yet, on this dismal evening, the landscape was enlivened by two human figures. They were mounted on a rude sledge, drawn by four large dogs, that now, as the evening began to darken, were urging their way at full speed across one of the wider bays of the lake. The keen, penetrating wind blew right ahead, so intensely chill that it felt to the naked hand like a stream of ice; and the travellers, who were seated, with their backs to the blast, on the front part of the car, and who from time to time half turned their heads to direct the course of the dogs, drew closer and closer together as they felt their limbs stiffening, and a drowsy torpor stealing over all their faculties, under the deadening influence of the cold. They were dressed from head to foot in the skins of wild animals, with hoods, like those worn by the Esquimaux, projecting over their faces, and long strips of some thick, coarse fur wrapped in a spiral fashion round their limbs. One of them—a robust, dark-complexioned young man, rather above the middle size—had an Indian blanket bound round his shoulders; the other—who, though tall and well-made, was of a rather slighter form, and much less deeply bronzed by the climate—was closely enveloped in the folds of a Scottish plaid.

"I am afraid, Sandy, it's all over with us," said Innes Cameron, the fairer and handsomer of the two; "I have been dead asleep for the last ten minutes—ah, me! and dreaming of Scotland, too, and of one I shall never, never see more. Do you think there can be any chance of our yet reaching the log-house?"

"I have been more than half asleep, too," said Sandy Munro, the more robust traveller, "and my feet are ice to the ankles; but, if we can hold out for barely one quarter-

of-an-hour longer, we are safe. Pine Creek Point is quite at hand—see how it stretches black across the snow yonder, not four hundred yards away; and, hearken! you may hear the wind whistling through the branches. There is a little bay beyond it, and the log-house is at the bottom of the bay. Just strive and keep up for a few minutes longer, Innes, and we shall get over this night with all the rest."

The sledge reached the promontory, and entered the wood. It was thick and dark; and there was a rustling and crackling on every side, as the dogs went bounding among the underwood—their ears and tails erected, and opening from time to time in quick, sharp barkings, sure indications that they deemed themselves near the close of their journey. The trees began to open; and, descending an abrupt ice declivity, the travellers found themselves on the edge of a narrow creek, that went winding into the interior, between steep banks laden with huge piles of snow, which, hollowed by the blast into a thousand fantastic forms, hung bellying over the level. A log-house, buried half-way to the eaves in front, and overtopped by an immense wreath behind—resembling some hapless vessel in the act of foundering—occupied an inflection of the bank opposite the promontory; and in a few minutes the travellers had crossed the creek, and stood fronting the door.

"Ah, no kindly smoke comes frae the lum, Innes," said Sandy, leaping out of the car; "all dark, too, as midnight at Yule; but we maun just bestir ourselves, and get up a blaze. Do exert yourself, my bonny man, or we shall perish yet. Unfasten the dogs, and be sure you hang up the harness out of their reach, or the puir hungry wratches will eat it up, every snap, afore morning. Unfasten the door, too, and get out our driest skins and driest tinder; and I, meanwhile, shall provide you with brushwood aneugh to keep up a bonfire till morning."

He seized an axe, and began to ply lustily among the underwood; while his neighbour unharnessed the dogs, and, clearing the door, entered the log-house, which soon began to throw up a thick steam through the snow. We shall take the liberty of following him. The apartment was about ten feet square; the walls formed of undressed logs, and the roof of shingles. The snow peeped in a hundred different places through the interstices; and a multitude of huge icicles, the effects of a late partial thaw, hung half-way down from the ceiling to the floor, and now glistened in the light, as the flames rose gaily on the hearth. The dogs were whining and pawing in a corner, impatient for their evening repast. In a few minutes Sandy had half-filled the apartment with brushwood, and then set himself to assist his companion, who seemed but indifferently skilled in the culinary art, in preparing supper, which consisted mostly of frozen fish and biscuit, relished by a dram of excellent rum. It was soon smoking on the floor, and, with the assistance of the dogs, soon discussed; and the two fur-gatherers sat indulging in the genial heat, with the long dark evening before them, and neither of them in the least disposed to retire to the bed of brushwood and skins which they had formed on the floor, immediately behind them.

"We are strange, changeable creatures," said Sandy—"the bairn sticks to us a' life lang; and, if we dinna laugh and cry just in the ae breath, it's no that the feelings dinna vary, but that the pride o' consistency winna always let us show what we feel. Little mair nor an hour ago, we were baith perishin in the bitter cauld, half resigned to die, that we might escape frae our misery, and noo here we are as happy as if there were no such things as death or hardship i' the warld. Man, what a bonny fire! I could maist forget that I was a puir Hudson's Bay fur-gatherer, and that kindly Scotland was four thousand miles awa."

"What," said his companion, "could have induced a steady, sensible fellow like you, Sandy, to indenture with the company? 'Tis easy to divine what brought most of our comrades here — they resemble David's associates in the Cave of Adullam; but you, who could have been neither in debt nor distress, and who are always so much the reverse of discontented—I could never guess what brought you. Come, now, let us have your story; the night is long and tedious, and I know not how we could pass it to better purpose."

"But I do," replied Sandy. "My story is nae story ava. I am but a rude man amang rude men like mysel; but you, Innes, what could hae brought you here? You are a gentleman and a scholar, though ye hae but sma' skill, maybe, in niffering brandy and glass beads for the skins o' foumarts; and your story, no a vera gay one, I fear, will hae a' the interest o' an auld ballad. It's but fair, however, that ye should hae mine, such as it is, first. But draw just a wee bittie out o' the draught; for there's a cauld, bitter wind soughin ben frae the door—and only hear how the storm rages arout!

"There's a curious prejudice," continued Sandy, "among our country folks—and, I suppose, among the folks o' every other country besides—against some particular handicrafts. It's foolish in maist cases. The souters o' Selkirk were gallant fellows; and, had a' our Scottish knights fought half as weel at Flodden, our country would hae lost a battle less; and yet ye canna but ken how our auld poets o' the time—Dunbar, and Kennedy, and Davie Lindsay—ridicule the puir souters. They say that, once on a time, the vera deil himsel wadna keep company wi' ane o' them, till he had first got the puir man to wash himsel. Now, the prejudice against tailors is hardly less strong in our ain days; and yet a tailor may be a stalwart fellow, and bear a manly heart. I'm no sure, had it no been for this prejudice, that I

would now hae been a fur-gatherer on the shores o' Hudson's Bay."

"Would to heaven," exclaimed his companion, interrupting him, "that I had been bred a tailor! I'm mistaken if any such prejudice would have sent me across the Atlantic."

"We can be a' wise enough on our neebor's weaknesses, Innes," said Sandy; "but to the story.

"I come frae a seaport town in the north o' Scotland, no twenty miles frae Inverness, your ain bonny half-Hieland, half-Lowland home. My father, who had married late in life, was an old grey-headed man from the time I first remember him. He had a sma' family; and, in his anxiety to see us a' doing for oursels, I was apprenticed to a tailor in my tenth year. Weel do I mind wi' what a disconsolate feeling I left the twa cows I used to herd on a bonny brae-side speckled wi' gowans and buttercups, to be crumpled down on the corner o' a board hardly bigger than an apron, amang shreds and patches o' a' the colours o' the rainbow, wi' an outlook through a dusty window on the side wa's o' an auld warehouse. And then my comrades were such queer fallows, fu o' a droll, little, wee sort o' conceit, that could ride on the neck o' a new button, and a warld o' fashious bits o' tricks, naething sae guid as the tricks o' a jackanapes, but every grain as wicked; and aften hae they played them aff on the puir simple laddie. There are nane o' our craftsfolks, Innes, but hae some peculiarity to mark them that grows up oot o' their profession; and there's nae class mair marked than the class I belong to."

"I have read Lamb on the Melancholy of Tailors," said Innes, "and remember laughing heartily at the quaint humour of some of his remarks; but I never wasted a thought on the subject after laying him down."

"Ah, Lamb, wi' a' his bonny, bairn-like humour and

simplicity," said Sandy, "is but a Cockney feelosopher after a', and kent naething o' the matter. Melancholy o' tailors, forsooth! Why, man, a Hieland tailor is aye the heartiest cock, and has aye the maist auld stories i' the parish. But I maun gie you the feelosophy o' the thing at some ither time.—I got on but ill wi' my companions," continued Sandy; "and the royitous laddies outside used to jibe me wi' no being a man sax years afore I ceased being a boy. Is it no hard that tailors should lose the reputation o' manhood through a stupid misconception o' the sense o' an auld-warld author? He tells us the tailor canna mak a man, just in the spirit that Burns tells us a king canna mak an honest man. And, instead o' the pith o' the remark being brought to bear on the beau and the coxcomb, wha never separate the human creature frae his dress, it's brought, oot o' sheer misapprehension, to bear against the puir artisan."

"I see, Sandy," said Innes, with a smile, "you are still influenced by *l'esprit de corps*. If you once get back to Scotland, you will take to your old trade, and die a master tailor."

"I wish to goodness I were there to try!" replied Sandy. "But the story lags wofully. I got on as I best could—longing sadly, i' the lang bonny days o' simmer, to be oot amang the rocks o' the Sutors, or on the sea, and in winter, thinking o' the Bay o' Udoll, wi' its wild ducks and its swans, and o' the gran fun I could hae amang them wi' my auld pistol—whan my master employed an auld ae-legged sodger to work wi' him as a journeyman. He was a real fine fellow, save that he liked the drap drink a wee owre weel, maybe; and he had wandered owre half the warld. He had been in Egypt wi' Abercromby, and at Corunna wi' Moore, and o'er a' Spain and at Waterloo wi' Wellington, and in mony a land and in mony a fight besides; and noo he had come hame wi' a snug pension, and a budget o' first-

rate fine stories, that made the ears tingle and the heart beat higher, to live and die amang his freends. Oh, the delight I hae taen in that man's company! Why, Innes, at pension time, though I never cared muckle for drink for its ain sake, I hae listened to his stories i' the public-house till I hae felt my head spinnin round like a tap, and my feet hae barely saired to carry me hame. I hae charged Bonaparte's Invincibles wi' him, fifty and fifty times, and helped him to carry aff Moore frae beside the thorn bush where he fell, and scaled wi' him the breach at St Sebastian; and, in short, sae filled was I wi' the spirit o' the sodger, that, had the wars no been owre, I would hae broken my indentures, and gane awa to break heads and see foreign countries. As it was, however, I learned to like my employment ten times waur nor ever, and to break a head, noo and then, amang the town prentices. Spite o' my close, in-door employment, I had grown stalwart and strong; and I mind, on ae occasion, beating twa young fallows who had twitted me on being but a *ninth*. Weel, the term o' my apprenticeship cam till an end at last; and, flingin awa my thimble wi' a jerk, and sendin my needle after it like an arrow, I determined on seeing the warld. My crony, the auld veteran, advised me to enter the army. I was formed baith in mind and body, he said, for a sodger; and if I took but care—a thing he never could do himsel—I micht dee a serjeant. But whatever love I micht hae for a guid fecht, I had nane for the parade, and my thorough dread and detestation o' the halberds o'ermastered ony little ambition I micht hae indulged in when I dreamed o' a battle. I thocht o' a voyage to Greenland—o' gangin a-sodgerin wi' Lord Byron to Greece—o' emigratin to New South Wales or the Cape—o' turnin a farmer in the backwoods—o' indenturin for a Jamaica overseer—o' goin oot to Mexica for a miner—ay, and o' fifty ither plans besides—whan an adverteesement o' the Hud-

son's Bay Company caught my notice, and determined me at once. I needna tell ye what the directors promised to active young men: a paradise o' a country to live in—the fun o' huntin and fishin frae Monday to Saturday nicht for our only wark—and pocketfus o' money for our pay. I blessed my stars, and closed wi' the agent at once. And now, here I am, Innes, in the seventh year o' my service, no that meikle disposed to contemn my auld profession, and mair nor half tired o' huntin, fishin, and seein the warld. But just twa months mair, my boy, and I am free. And now, may I no expect your story in turn?"

The wind, which had been rising since nightfall, now began to howl around the log-house and through the neighbouring woods, like the roar of the sea in a storm. There was an incessant creaking among the beams of the roof, and the very floor at times seemed to rise and fall under the foot, like the deck of a vessel which, after having lain stranded on the beach, has just begun to float. The storm, which had been so long impending, burst out in all its fury, and for some time the two fur-gatherers, impressed by a feeling of natural awe, sat listening to it in silence. The sounds rose and fell by intervals; at times sinking into a deep, sullen roar, when all was comparatively still around; at times swelling into thunder. In a pause of the blast, Sandy rose and flung open the door. Day had sunk more than two hours before, and there was no moon, but there was a strong flare of greenish-coloured light on the snow, that served to discover the extreme dreariness of the scene; and through a *bore* in the far north, resembling, as Sandy said, the opening of a dark lantern, he could see that, beyond the cloud, the heavens were all a-flame with the aurora borealis. Earth and sky seemed mingled; the snow, loose and fluctuating, and tossing its immense wreaths to the hurricane, resembled the sea in a storm when the waves run highest; the ice, though so deeply covered before, lay

in some places dark and bare, while in others, beneath the precipices, the drift had accumulated over it to the depth of many fathoms. Again the blast came roaring onwards with the fury of a tornado, and Sandy shut and bolted the door.

"Ane o' the maist frightfu nichts, Innes," he said, "I ever saw in America. It will be weel if we're no baith buried a hunder feet deep afore mornin, wi' the log-house for our coffin. The like happened, about twenty years syne, at Badger Hollow, where twa puir chields were covered up till their skulls had grown white aneath their bannets. But though alane, and in the desert, we're no oot o' the reach o' Providence yet."

"Ah no, my poor friend!" said Innes; "I do not feel, in these days, that life is highly desirable; but nature shrinks from dissolution, and I am still fain to live on. A poet, Sandy, would view our situation at present with something like complacency; but I am afraid he would deem your story, amusing as it is, little in keeping with the scene around us, and a night so terrible as this. I can scarcely ask a tailor if he remembers the little bit in 'Thalaba,' where the cave of the Lapland sorceress is described? The long night of half-a-year has closed, and wastes of eternal snow are stretching around; while in the midst, beside her feeble light, that seems lost in the gloom of the cavern, the sorceress is seated, ever drawing out and out from the revolving distaff the golden thread of destiny."

"I mind better," replied Sandy, "Jamie Hogg's wild story o' my brother craftsman, Allan Gordon, and how he wintered at the Pole in the cabin o' a whomilt Greenlandman, wi' Nannie and a rum cask for his companions. Dear me, how the roarins o' the bears outside used to amaze the puir chield every time he was foolish aneugh to let himsel grow sober! But gudesake, Innes, what's that?"

There was something sufficiently frightful in the inter-

ruption. A fearfully-prolonged howl was heard outside, mingling with the hurricane, and, in a moment after, the snorting and pawing of some animal at the door. Sandy snatched up his musket, hastily examined the pan, to ascertain that his powder had escaped the damp, and, setting it on full cock, pointed it to the place whence the noises proceeded. Innes armed himself with a hunting-spear. The sounds were repeated, but in a less frightful tone: they were occasioned evidently by a dog whining for admittance. "Some puir brute," said Sandy, "who has lost his master." And, opening the door, a large Newfoundland dog came rushing into the hut. With more than brute sagacity, he flung himself at the feet of the fur-gatherers, as if imploring protection and assistance; and then, springing up and laying hold of the skirts of Sandy's blanket, he began to tug him violently towards the door.

"Let us follow the animal," said Innes; "it may be the means of rescuing a fellow-creature from destruction; his master, I am convinced, is perishing in the snow."

"I shall not fail you, Innes," exclaimed Sandy; and, hastily wrapping their plaids around them, and snatching up, the one a loaded musket, the other a bottle of spirits, the fur-gatherers plunged fearlessly into the storm and the darkness.

A greenish-coloured light still glimmered faintly from the north, through the thick drift and the falling snow, too faint, indeed, to enable them to catch the outlines of surrounding objects, but sufficient to show them the dog moving over the ice a few yards before them, like a little black cloud. They followed hard in his track towards the bottom of the creek. The steep banks on either hand contracted as they advanced, till at length they could see their shagged summits high above them in the darkness, and could hear the storm raging in the pines, though it had become comparatively calm in the shelter below. The creek at length terminated in a

semicircular recess, surrounded by a steep wall of precipices. The dog bounded forward to a fissure in the rock—and there, at the edge of a huge wreath of snow, which half shut up the entrance, lay what seemed, in the uncertain light, the dead body of a man. The dog howled piteously over it, breathed hard in the face, and then looked up imploringly to the fur-gatherers. Innes leaped over the wreath, followed by Sandy, and, on raising up the body, found, though the extremities were stiff and cold as the ice on which it lay, that life was not yet extinct.

"Some unlucky huntsman," said Sandy; "we maun carry him, Innes, to the log-house; life is sweet even among the deserts o' Hudson's Bay."

The perishing hunter muttered a few broken syllables, like a man in the confusion of a dream. "It grows dark, Catherine," he said, "and I am sick at heart, and cold."

"Puir, puir fallow!" exclaimed Sandy—"he's thinkin o' his wife or sweetheart; but he'll no perish this time, Innes, if we can help it. Pity, man, for the car and dogs; but minutes are precious, and we maun just lug him wi' us as we best may."

Rolling their plaids around the almost lifeless stranger, the fur-gatherers bore him away over the ice, the dog leaping and barking with very joy before them; and in less than half-an-hour they had all reached the log-house.

The means of restoring suspended animation, with which the casualties of so many Hudson's Bay winters had made Sandy well acquainted, were resorted to on this occasion with complete success; and the stranger gradually recovered. He proved to be one of the most trusted and influential of the company's managers—a native of Scotland, and much loved and respected among the inferior retainers of the settlement, for an obliging disposition and great rectitude of principle. He was a keen sportsman, and had left his place

of residence in the morning, on a solitary hunting excursion, accompanied only by his dog. But, trusting to his youth and strength, the enthusiasm of the hunter had drawn him mile after mile from home; and, on the breaking out of the storm, he had lost his way among the interminable bays and creeks of the lake. On his recovery, he was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and meant all that he said. He was, perhaps, not much afraid to die, he remarked, but then he had many inducements to live, and there were more than himself who had a stake in his life, and who would feel grateful to his preservers.

"Compose yourself," said Innes; "you have been strangely tried to-night, and your spirits are still much flurried. Set yourself to sleep, for never had man more need; and my companion and I shall watch beside you during the night. Remember you are our patient, and entirely under our control.". The manager good-humouredly acquiesced in the prescription, and in a few minutes after was fast asleep.

"Now, Innes," said Sandy, "as there's to be no bed for us to-night, you maunna forget that you're pledged to me for your story. Remember, my bonny man, our bargain when ye got mine."

"I do remember," replied Innes; "but I well know you will be both tired and sleepy ere I have done."

"I have long had a liking for you, Sandy," continued Innes—"I knew you from the first to be a man of a different cast from any of our fellows; and, ever since I saw you take part with the poor Indian, whom the two drunken Irishmen attempted to rob of his rum and his wife, I have wished for your friendship. It is not good for man to be alone, and I have been much too solitary since I entered with the company. You were, when in Scotland, the victim of a silly prejudice against a humble, but honest calling, but you could have lived in it, notwithstanding, had not a love for wandering drawn you abroad. I, on the contrary—though

like the hare with many friends, I was a favourite with every one—was literally starved out of it. My father was a gentleman farmer, not thirty miles from Inverness, whom the high war prices of cattle and grain had raised from comparative poverty to sudden, though short-lived, affluence. No man could be more sanguine in his hopes for his children. He had three boys, and all of us were educated for the liberal professions, in the full belief that we were all destined to rise in the world, and become eminent. Alas! my brother, the divine, died of a broken heart, a poor over-toiled usher in an English academy; my brother, the doctor, perished in Greenland, where he had gone as the surgeon of a whaler, after waiting on for years in the hope of some better appointment; and here am I, a lawyer—prepared to practise, as soon as we get courts established among the red men of Hudson's Bay. But I anticipate. I am not sure nature ever intended that I should stand high as a scholar; but I was no trifler, and so passed through the classes with tolerable *eclat*. I am not at all convinced, either, that I possess the capabilities of a first-rate lawyer; but I am certain I have seen men rise in the world with not more knowledge, and with, perhaps, even less judgment to direct it. What I chiefly wanted, I suspect, was a genius for the knavish parts of the profession. Will you believe me when I say I have known as much actual crime committed in the office of a pettifogging country lawyer, as I ever saw tried in a sheriff court. Oh, what finished rascality have I not seen skulking under the shelter of the statute-book!—what remorseless blackening of character, for the sake of a paltry fee!—what endless breaches of promise!—what shameless betrayals of trust!—what reckless waste of property! Sandy Munro, I am a poor Hudson's Bay fur-gatherer, and can indulge in no other hope than that I shall one day lay my bones at the side of some nameless creek or jungle; but rather that, a thousand, thousand times, than affluence, and

influence, and respectability—ay, respectability—through the wretched means by which I have seen all these secured!"

"You are an honest chield, Innes," said Sandy, grasping him by the hand. "I have had a regard for you ever since I first saw you; and the mair I ken o' you the mair my respect rises."

"My father," continued Innes, "was respectably connected; I had a turn for dress, a tolerably genteel figure, and was fond of female society; and, during the four years I served with the lawyer in Inverness, I found myself a welcome guest in all the more respectable circles of the place. Scarcely a tea-drinking or dancing party was got up among the *élite* of the burgh, but I was sure of an invitation. I danced, played on the flute, handed round the tea and the sweetmeats—all *par excellence*—and was quite an adept in the art of speaking a great deal without saying anything. In short, I became a most accomplished trifler—an effect, perhaps, of my very imperfect love of my profession. The men who rise to eminence, you know, rarely begin their course as fine fellows; and were it not for a circumstance to which I owe more of my happiness and more of my misery than to any other, I would have had to attribute my failure in life less to an untoward destiny than to the dissipation of this period. But I was taught diligence by the very means through which most young people are *un*taught it. I fell in love. There was a pretty, simple lassie, the daughter of one of the bailies of the place, whom I used frequently to meet with in our evening parties, and with whose appearance I was mightily taken from the moment I first saw her. She united, in a rare degree, all the elegance of the young lady with all the simplicity of the child; and, with better sense than falls to the share of nineteen-twentieths of her sex, was more devoid than any one I ever knew of their characteristic cunning. You have

heard, I daresay, that young ladies are anxious about getting husbands; but, trust me, it is all a mistake. The anxiety is too natural a one to be experienced by so artificial a personage as the mere young lady. It is not persons but things she longs after—settlements, not sweethearts. I have had a hundred young-lady friends, who liked my youth and gentility, and who used to dance, and romp, and chat with me, with all the good-will possible, but who thought as little of me as a sweetheart as if I were one of themselves. Thoughts of that tender class were to be reserved for some rich Indian, with a complexion the colour of a drum-head, and a liver like a plum-pudding. This bonny lassie, however, was born—poor thing!—with natural feelings. We met, and learned to like one another; we sang and laughed together; talked of scenery and the *belles lettres;* and, in short, lost our hearts to one another ere we so much as dreamed that we had hearts to lose. You must be in love, Sandy, ere all I could tell you could give you adequate notions of the happiness I have enjoyed with that bonny, kindhearted lassie. Love, I have said, taught me diligence. I applied to my profession anew, determined to be a lawyer, and the husband of Catherine. I waded through whole tomes of black-letter statutes, studied my way over forty folios of decisions, and did what I suppose no one ever did before—read Grigor on the Game-laws. Not half-a-dozen practitioners in the country could draw out a deed of settlement with equal adroitness—not one succeeded in putting fewer double meanings into a will. My master used to consult me on conveyancing; and when, at the expiry of my term, I left his office and set up for myself, you will not wonder it was with the hope that my at least average acquirements would secure for me an average portion of success. You will see how that hope was realised.

"The father of my sweetheart was, as I have said, an

Inverness bailie; he was extensively engaged in trade, and all deemed him a rising man; but the case was otherwise. An unlucky speculation, and the unexpected failure of a friend, involved him in ruin; and I saw his office shut up not three weeks after I had opened my own. A week after brought me the intelligence of my father's death. He had been sinking in the world for years before; getting, much against his will, into arrears with every one; and now, immediately on his death, all his effects were seized by the laird. He was an easy-tempered, obliging man—credulous and confiding—and hence, perhaps, his misfortunes. You will deem me cold and selfish, Sandy, to speak in this way of my father; and yet, believe me, I felt as a son ought to feel; but repeated blows have a stupefying effect, and I can now tell you, with scarcely a twinge, of hopes blighted and friends lost. All my hopes of rising by my profession soon failed me. No one entered my office. Though not without some confidence in my acquirements, as you may see, I have ever had a sort of shamefaced bashfulness about me, that has done me infinite harm. People were afraid to trust their cases with one who seemed to mistrust himself—the forward, the impudent, and the unprincipled carried off all the employment, and I was left to starve."

"Honest, unlucky chield!" ejaculated Sandy, with a profound yawn. "One might guess, by the way ye bargain wi' the Indians, that ye hae a vast deal owre little brass for makin a fortune by the law. But what cam o' your puir simple lassie, Innes, when her father broke?"

"Ah, dear, good girl," replied Innes, "with all her simplicity, she was, by much, better fitted for making her way through the world than her lover. She was highly accomplished, drew beautifully, read Chateaubriand in the original, and had a pretty taste for music. Through the recommendation of a friend, she was engaged as governess in the family of a Highland proprietor, in which, when I left

Scotland, she continued to be employed—well, I trust, for her own happiness—usefully, I am sure, for others. I shall forget many things, Sandy, ere I forget the day I passed with her on the green top of *Tomnahurich*, ere we parted, as it proved, for ever. You know that beautiful hill—the queen of all our Highland *Tomhans*—with the long winding canal on the one side, and the brattling Ness on the other, and surrounded by an assemblage of the loveliest hills that ever dressed in purple and blue. It was a beautiful day in early spring, and the sun shone cheerily on a hundred white cottages at our feet, each looking out from its own little thicket of birch and laburnum, and on the distant town, with its smoke-wreath resting over it, and its two old steeples rising through. The world was busy all around us: we could see the ploughman following his team, and the mariner warping onward his vessel; the hum of eager occupation came swelling with the breeze from the far-off streets —and yet there was I, a poor supernumerary among the millions of my countrymen, parting almost broken-hearted from her whom I loved better than myself, just because there was no employment for me. Oh, the agony of that parting! But 'tis passed, Sandy, and 'tis but folly thus to recall it. No one, as I have already told you, ever thought of entering my office—no one, save my landlord and the old woman with whom I lived; and you may believe there was little of comfort in their visits. I was in arrears to the one for rent, and to the other for lodging. So far was I reduced, that, in passing through the old woman's room, I have been fain to take a potato from off her platter, and that single potato has formed my meal for the time. On one occasion I was for two days together without food."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Sandy—"what came o' a' the grand freends that used to gie ye the teas and suppers? Had they nae bowels ava?"

"I would sooner have starved, Sandy, than have made

my wants known to the best of them. But there was one on whom I had a nearer claim, to whom I applied in vain—a brother of my father—a close old hunks, who, though he had realised thousands as a ship-broker in London, had not heart enough to part with a shilling for the benefit of his poor nephew. But I believe the wretched man was well-nigh as unkind to himself as he was to me, and, in the midst of his wealth, fared nearly as ill. You are getting sleepy, Sandy, and I daresay 'tis little wonder you should; but I find a melancholy satisfaction in thus retracing the untoward events of the past, which I am certain I could not feel, did conscience whisper that my misfortunes were in any great degree owing to myself. Well, but to conclude. I became squalid and shabby; all the ladies sent me to Coventry, and all the gentlemen spurned me as a fellow of no spirit. I had mistaken my profession, it was said; and blockheads, who had been guiltless of a single new idea all their lives long, used to repeat from one another that my father, in making a wretched lawyer of me, had spoiled a good ploughman. I could bear no longer. The Hudson's Bay Company had an agent, you know, at Inverness. I called on him one evening after a day of fasting and miserable low spirits—and now here I am, in the second year of my service with the company."

'But, how, Innes, man," inquired Sandy, "could ye hae found heart to leave Scotland, without seein the puir lassie, your sweetheart? Do ye ken aught o' her now?"

"Know of her!" exclaimed Innes; "alas! I too surely know I have lost her. The last thing but one that I did ere I sailed from Stromness, was to write her to say how I had fallen from all my hopes regarding her, and to bid her forget me; the very last thing I did was to cry over a kind, cheerful letter, which had followed me all the way from Inverness, and in which she urged me to keep up my heart, for that all would yet be well with us. Little did she know,

when writing it, what I was on the eve of becoming—a poor vagabond fur-gatherer on the wild shores of Hudson's Bay. Dear, generous girl! I trust she is happy."

"May I ask," said the manager, who, unknown to the two fur-gatherers, had lain awake for some time, listening to the narrative—"may I ask if you are not Innes Cameron, late of Inverness, only surviving son of Colin Cameron of Glendocharty, and nephew of the lately deceased Malachi Cameron, of Upper Thames Street, London?"

"I am that Innes Cameron," said the fur-gatherer; "and so my poor old uncle is dead?"

"And having died intestate," continued the manager, "you, as heir-at-law, succeed to his entire estate, personal and real, consisting of a property of a few hundred acres in the vicinity of Inverness, and twenty thousand pounds vested in the three per cents. A considerable remittance from London has been waiting you for the last month at the Hawk River Settlement, and, what you will deem very handsome in the circumstances, a free discharge from the company for your five remaining years' servitude. I am acting manager at the River, and to my care the whole has been committed."

Innes seemed astounded by the intelligence; his gayer companion leaped up and performed a somerset on the floor.

"Innes, Innes, Innes!" he exclaimed, "why are ye no dancin?—why are ye no dancin? Did I no ken ye were born to be a gentleman? I maun hae a double glass to drink luck to ye; and I'm sure the manager winna say no. Goodness, man, it's the best news I hae heard in America yet!"

Morning at length broke—a calm, clear morning, for the clouds had passed away with the storm—and the travellers, after sharing in an ample, though not very delicate, repast, prepared to set out on their journey. The dogs were harnessed, and the car laden. The manager, who, from the fatigue and exhaustion of the previous night, still felt indis-

posed, was mounted in front; the two fur-gatherers were lacing on their snow-shoes to follow on foot. At length the sun rose far to the south, through a deep frosty haze, that seemed to swaddle the horizon with a broad belt of russet, and the travellers set out in the direction of a distant promontory of the lake. The snow all around, the woods that rose thick over the level, the overhanging banks of the lake, the hills in the far distance, were all bathed in one rich glow of crimson, that more than emulated the blush of a summer's evening at sunset; the shadows of the travellers, as they stretched for many fathoms across the lake, had each a moon-like halo round the head, like the glory in an old painting; and the very air, laden with frost rime, sparkled to the sun, like the gold water of the chemist. The scene was altogether strangely, I had almost said unnaturally, beautiful; it was one of those which, once seen, are never forgotten.

"You have been silent, Innes," said Sandy, "for the last half-hour, and look as wae and anxious as if some terrible mishanter had befallen ye. I'll wad the best quid in my spleuchan, ye hae been thinkin about Catherine Roberts, and o' your chance o' findin her single. I'd advise ye, man, just for fear o' a disappointment, to marry the manager's sister: she's ane o' the best, bonny lassies I ever saw, and plays strathspeys and pibrochs like an angel. Oh, had ye but heard her at 'Lochaber no more,' and the 'Flowers o' the Forest,' ye wad hae grat like a bairn, as I did. Dear me, but she's a fine lassie! Had I as mony thousands as ye hae, Innes, I wad marry her mysel."

"How came you to hear her music?" asked Innes, in a tone that showed he took but little interest in the query.

"Ah, there's a story belongs to that question," replied Sandy. "It's about a month or twa mair nor a twelvemonth noo, sin Tam M'Intyre and I set out frae Racoon Settlement, on ane o' the weariest and maist desperate journeys I have

yet taen in America. About Christmas, a huntsman, in passing the settlement, tauld us there was to be a grand ball on New-year's Day at the Hawk River, and that there were to be four Scotch lassies at it, who had come owre the simmer afore, forbye a bonnie young leddie, the manager's sister. The River, ye ken, is no mickle aboon twa hundred miles frae Racoon Settlement, and Tam M'Intyre and I, who for five years hadna seen a living creature liker a woman than an Indian squaw, resolved on going to the ball, to see the lassies. We yoked our sledges on a snell frosty morning, set out across the great lake, and reached the log-house at Bear's Point about dark. We got up a rousin fire, and drunk maybe a glass or twa extra owre our cracks about Scotland and the lassies; but I'll tak my aith on't there was neither o' us meikle the waur. But, however it happened, about midnight we baith awakened mair nor half scomfisht, and there was the roof in a bright lowe aboon our heads. M'Intyre singed a' his whiskers and eebrees in getting out; I was luckier, and escaped wi' the loss only o' my blanket and our twa days' provisions. But we just couldna help it; and, yokin our dogs by the light o' the burnin, aff we set, weel aware that we wad baith miss our breakfasts or we reached the Hawk River. We travelled a' that day and a' the next nicht, the dogs hearty and strong, puir brutes, for we had been lucky aneugh to get the hinder half o' a black fox in a trap—the other half had been eaten by the wolves; but oursels, Innes, were like to famish. When mornin came, we were within thirty miles o' the Hawk River. There was little wind, but the frost burned like het iron. I dinna remember a sneller morning. M'Intyre had to thaw his nose three times, and my chin and ears had twice got as hard as bits o' stockfish. We had rubbed off a' the skin in trying to mak the blood circulate, and baith our faces had so swelled out o' the size, and shape, and colour o' humanity, that, when we reached

the settlement, we were fain to steal into an outside hut, just that the lassies mightna see us. Man, but it was a sair begeck! The ball night came, and we were still uglier than ever, and I thought I wad hae gane daft wi' vexation. We could hear the noise o' the fiddles, and the dancin—and that was just a'. M'Intyre had some thoughts o' hangin himsel oot o' spite. Just when we were at the warst, however, a genteel tap comes to the door; and there there was a smart bonny lassie wi' a message to us frae her mistress, the manager's sister. We were asked down, she said; her mistress, hearing o' our misluck, and that we had baith come frae the north country, had got up a snug little supper for us, where there would be none to ferlie at us, and was noo waitin our comin. Was this no kind, Innes? I made a veil o' my plaid as I best could, M'Intyre muffled himself up in a napkin, and aff we went to the manager's. But, oh man! sic kindness frae sae sweet a leddy! She sang and played till us—and weel did it set her to do baith; and mixed up our toddy for us—for we were gey blate, as ye may think; and, on takin our leave, she shook hands wi' us as gin we had been her equals. I've never been fule aneugh to be in love, Innes—beggin your pardon for sayin sae—but I feel I could lay down my life for that bonny lassie ony day. Weel, but kindliness is a kindly thing!"

"What is the young lady's name?" inquired Innes, with some eagerness, as a sudden thought came across him. "Her brother, I think, calls her Catherine."

"Ah, no your Catherine, though," said Sandy; "the manager's name is Pringle, ye ken, and that's no Roberts."

"I am a fool," replied Innes, with a sigh; "and you see it, Sandy."

The track pursued by the party, which had hitherto lain along the edge of the lake, now ascended the steep wooded bank which hung over it, and, after winding for several miles through a series of shaggy thickets, with here and

there an intervening swamp, opened into an extensive plain. A few straggling clumps of copsewood served to enliven the otherwise unvaried surface, and, in the far distance, there was a range of snowy hills that seemed to rise directly over a deep narrow valley in which the plain terminated. There was no wind, and a column of smoke, which issued from the centre of a distant wood, arose majestically in the clear sunshine, till, reaching a lighter stratum of air, it spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree.

"Some Indian settlement," said the manager. "There is much of beauty in this wild scene, Mr Cameron—beauty merging into the sublime; and the poor red men, its sole inhabitants, form exactly the sort of figures one would choose to introduce into such a landscape. I am now much more a lover of such scenes than before my sister joined me."

"A taste for the wild and savage seems to be an acquired one," remarked Innes; "a taste for the beautiful is natural. Certainly the first comes later in life to the individual, and it is scarcely ever found among the uneducated. One of the finest wild scenes in Ross-shire—a deep, rocky ravine, overhung with wood, and with a turbulent Highland stream roaring through it—is known by all the country folk in the neighbourhood by the name of the Ugly Burn."

"The remark chimes in with my experience," said the manager. "I ever admired the beautiful; but it was Catherine who first taught me to admire the sublime. There is a savagely wild scene before us, where I can now spend whole hours in the fine summer evenings, but which I used to regard, only a few years ago, as positively a disagreeable one. But such scenes make ever the deepest impression, whether the mind be cultivated or no."

"Ay, Mr Pringle," remarked Sandy; "and frae that I draw my main consolation for havin spent sae mony o' my best years in gatherin skins for a wheen London merchants."

"How?" inquired the manager.

"Why, I just find that I am to bring hame wi' me recollections and impressions aneugh to ser' me a' my life after; recollections o' mony a desert prairie, and mony a fearfu storm—o' encounters wi' wild beasts and wild men—o' a' that we deem hardship now, but which we will find it pleasure to dwell on afterwards."

"Thank you for the remark, Sandy!" said Innes; "I find I am to bring home with me something of that kind, too."

Towards the close of the day, the course of the travellers had lain along the banks of the river; the waters were bound, from side to side, with a broad belt of ice, but, at the rapids, they could hear them growling beneath, like a wild beast in its den; and, just as the evening was beginning to darken, they descended into a deep hollow, surrounded by immense precipices and overhung by trees, into the upper part of which the stream precipitated itself in one unbroken sheet of foam, which had resisted the extremest influence of the frost. Innes thought he had never before seen a scene of wilder or more savage grandeur. There was a lofty amphitheatre of rock all around; the centre was occupied by a dark mossy basin, in which the waters boiled and bubbled as in a huge caldron; a broad, level strip, edged with trees and bushes, lay immediately under the precipices; and, directly beneath the cataract, there was a fantastic assemblage of tall riven peaks, laden with icicles, that seemed in the gloom a conclave of giants. A deep, gloomy cavern, whose echoes answered incessantly to the roar of the torrent, opened behind and under it; while, immediately in front, there rose a large circular mound, roughened with a multitude of lesser hillocks, and now wrapped up, like all the rest of the landscape, in a deep covering of snow."

"'Tis an Indian burying-place," said the manager, point-

ing to the mound; "wild and savage, you see, as the people who have chosen it for their final resting-place. These hillocks are sepulchral cairns. My sister spends most of her summer evenings here—for we are now little more than a mile from the settlement; and she has taught me to be well-nigh as fond of it as herself. Should she die in this country, I am pledged to lay her among the poor Indians. There are strange stories among them of yonder cave and cataract—the one is a place of purification, they say, the other, a way to the land of spirits. I am certain you will feel much interest, Mr Cameron, in discussing with Catherine what she terms the beginnings of mythology, as illustrated by this place. She has naturally an original and highly vigorous mind, and her father (by the way, she is but a half-sister of mine) spared no pains in cultivating it. But now that we have gained the ridge, yonder is the settlement; see—that higher light comes from Catherine's window. Trust me, you may calculate on her warmest gratitude for what her brother owes you."

Hawk River Settlement is situated in the middle of a valley, surrounded by low, swelling hills, with a river in front, and a deep pine-wood behind. It forms a small straggling village, composed mostly of log-houses, with a range of stone and lime buildings—the store places of the company—rising in the centre. On reaching the manager's house—a handsome erection of two storeys—Innes and his companion were shown into a small, but very neat parlour. There were books, musical instruments, and drawings. The very arrangement of the furniture showed the delicate and nicely-regulated taste of an accomplished female. The shutters were fast barred, there were candles burning on a neat mahogany table, and the cheerful wood-fire glowed through the bars of a grate, and threw up a broad powerful flame, that, in the intense frost, roared in the chimney.

"Ah," said Innes to the manager, "your neat, Scotch-looking parlour brings Scotland to my mind, and my old evening parties; it reminds me, too, that a dress of skins is not quite the fittest for meeting a young lady in. Can you not indulge me with a change of dress?"

"Ah, how stupid I am," replied the manager, "not to have thought of that! Attribute it all to my eagerness to introduce you to Catherine. There is a whole chestful of clothes from London waiting you below. Come this way. We shall join you, Sandy, in less than twenty minutes, when Mr Cameron has made his toilet; and Catherine, meanwhile, will find what amusement for you she can."

On their return, Catherine and the fur-gatherer were engaged in conversation.

She was a lady of about two-and-twenty; paler of cheek and sparer of form than she had been once; for there was an indescribable something in her expression that served to tell of sufferings long endured, and exertions painfully protracted; but she was still eminently beautiful; and there was an air of mingled spirit and good-nature in the light of her fine black eyes, and the smile that seemed lurking about her mouth, that might well be termed fascinating. Sandy had evidently felt its influence ere his companion entered the room.

"And what," eagerly inquired the lady, as the manager opened the door, "is the name of your companion, the man to whom, with you, my brave, warmhearted countryman, I owe the life of my brother?"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Innes, springing forward, "can it be possible?—Catherine Roberts, the best, truest, dearest of all my friends!"

"Innes Cameron!" exclaimed Catherine; and in one moment of intense, life-invigorating joy, whole years of suffering were forgotten.

But why lengthen a story rapidly hastening to its con-

clusion, in the vain attempt to describe what, from its very nature, must always elude description? Never was there a happier evening passed on the shores of Hudson's Bay.

It has long since become a truism, that, when fortune ceases to persecute a man, his story ceases to interest. It was certainly so with Innes Cameron and his story. Few men could be happier than he for the two months he remained at Hawk River Settlement. When, however, the ice broke up, and vessel after vessel began to arrive from Europe, he had become happier still; and when, about the middle of summer, he sailed for Stromness, in the good ship Falcon, accompanied by Miss Roberts and his old comrade, Sandy, there was yet a further accession to his happiness. An old file of Inverness newspapers, from which I manage to extract a good deal of amusement in the long winter evenings—for no one writes more pleasingly than Carruthers—shows me that his enjoyments were not wholly full, until after his arrival in Scotland, when he was married, says the paper, "at Belville Cottage, by the Rev. Dr Rose, to the beautiful and highly accomplished Miss Catherine Roberts." I find, in a more recent number of the same newspaper, a very neat description of a masonic procession in one of our northern towns. "There is, to a native of Scotland," says the editor, "something very pleasing in the contemplation of a goodly assemblage of Scotchmen, powerful in muscle and sinew—suited either to repulse or invade—to preserve the fame of their country, or to extend it; and this feeling was of general experience among the people of Sutorcreek on Friday last. After the brethren had paraded the streets, they returned to their lodge, where dinner was prepared for them, and where, after choosing Mr Alexander Munro, late of Hudson's Bay, as their master for the ensuing year, they spent the evening in most cordiality." And here my story ends. The lives of a country gentleman, of superior talent and worth,

and a shrewd, honest mechanic — varied only by those migrations which the Vicar of Wakefield describes—migrations from the blue room to the brown, or from the workshop to the street—however redolent of happiness and comfort to themselves, furnish the writer with but little scope for either narrative or description.

THE PROFESSOR'S TALES.

THE WEDDING.

On a certain vacation-day of August, of which I have still a vivid recollection, I fished in Darr Water; and with so much success, that night had gathered over me ere I was aware. I was at this moment fully fifteen miles from home, in a locality unmarked by one single feature of civilisation; for here neither plough, nor sickle, nor spade had ever made an impression. For anything I knew to the contrary, there was not a human habitation nearer than ten miles. I was loaded down to the very earth with fish, and not a little fatigued by the forenoon's travel and sport. It behoved me, however, at all events and risks, to set my face homewards; and, although I might have followed the Darr till it united with the Clyde, and thus made my way with a certainty home at last, yet I preferred retracing my steps, and saving at least a dozen of miles of mountain travel. But the mist was close and crawly, lying before me in damp, danky obscurity; and the wind, which during the day had amounted to a breeze, was now wrapped up, and put to rest in a wet blanket. All was still, except the voice of the plover, mire-snipe, and peese-weep. The moss or muir, or something partaking of the nature of both, and rightly neither, was lone, uniform, and unmarked; it was like sailing without star or compass over the Pacific. Meanwhile, day, which seemed to be desirous of accelerating its departure, disappeared, and I was left alone in my wilderness. I could not even lie down to rest, for the spongy earth gave up its moisture in jets and squirts. I hurried on, however, following my breath, which smoked like a furnace amidst

the mountain mist, and trailing my fish, in a large *bag*, after me. I had killed somewhere about sixteen dozen. At last I gained a small stream, and, as I have an instinctive liking for all manner of streams, I was led by the ear along its course, till I found myself in a close ravine or dell, surrounded on each hand by steep grassy ascents, scaurs and rocks. I kept by the voice of the water, which now fell more contractedly over gullet and precipice, till at last, to my infinite delight, I heard, or thought I heard, the bark of a dog; and in a few seconds one of these faithful animals occupied the steep above me, giving audible intimation of my unlooked-for presence. The shepherd's voice followed hard behind; and I never was happier in my life than on the recognition of a fellow-creature. My tale was soon told, and as readily understood and believed. To travel home on such a night was out of the question; so I was conducted to the shepherd's sheiling—to that covert in the wilderness in which there is more downright shelter, comfort, and happiness than in town palaces; for comfort and happiness are inmates of the bosom rather than of the home.

My entrance was welcomed by the shepherd's wife and an only daughter. There was likewise a young lad, of about twelve years, who was the younger of two sons, the elder being dead. Servants there were none; for where all serve themselves, there is no need of what the Americans call "helps." Nothing could exceed the kind hospitalities of this family; the very dogs, with a couple of young puppies, gathered round me. They licked the wet from my legs and clothes, and seemed sufficiently satisfied even with a *look* of approbation. My supper was the uncelebrated, but unequalled, Dumfries-shire feast—champit potatoes. I slept soundly till morning; and, after a breakfast of porridge—"Scotland's halesome food"—and learning that the young and beautiful woman, the shepherd's daughter, was to be married on Saturday eight-days, I bent my way homewards,

to hear and bear merited reproof for the anxiety which my absence (which was, however, luckily attributed to a stolen visit to an aunt) had occasioned.

Saturday eight-days dawned, and by this time I had resumed my fishing preceptor and companion, *Willie Herdman*, to accompany me to the mountains, thinking to decoy him, as it were, to the neighbourhood of the wedding, and there to treat him with a view of the happy party and blooming bride. I kept my own secret, and we were within a mile of the sheiling ere I disclosed it. It was then about two o'clock, and, so far as we could guess, precisely the marriage dinner-hour. Willie, who was an old soldier, had no objection to join in the merriment, nor to drink a glass to the future happiness of the young folks. So on we trudged, our lines rolled up, and our fishing-wallet (for baskets we had none) properly adjusted. We soon caught the descending stream; and, at a pretty sharp turning, came all at once within view of the hospitable cottage; but, to our surprise, there was neither noise nor cavalcade—all was desolation and silence around. The very dogs rather seemed to challenge than to invite our advance, and neither smoke nor bustle indicated any preparation. At first I thought that I had mistaken my way, and was upon the point of entering, to ascertain the fact, when the shepherd presented himself in the doorway. I then could hear the voice of mourning—"Rachel weeping" within, and the boy lying across a half-demolished hay-rick, crying and sobbing as if his heart would burst. The face of the shepherd was blank and awful—it was as if by a sudden concussion of the brain he had lost all recollection of the past. He stood leaning against both lintels of the door, and neither advanced nor retreated. At last, hearing the voice of lamentation wax louder and louder behind him, he turned suddenly round, and disappeared. Impressed with the belief that something terrible had happened, but

not knowing the nature or extent of it, I advanced to the boy, with whom, as a fellow-fisher in the mountain streams, I had made up an acquaintance at the former meeting, and, taking him firmly by the shoulder, endeavoured to turn his face towards me; but he kept it concealed in the hay, and refused either commiseration or comfort. The very dogs seemed aware of the calamity, and one of them howled mournfully from the corner of a peat-stack adjoining. At last a woman, with whom I was totally unacquainted, emerged from the doorway, and informed us of the cause of all this lamentation. She had been sent for as a relation from a distance, and had only arrived a few hours before. The particulars were as follows:—Two days previous to the day set apart for the marriage, the young, light-hearted, and blooming bride had been employed in building a rick or stack of bog-hay, for winter fodder to the cow. She was in the act of completing the erection, and standing on the contracted apex, when her foot slipped, and she fell head foremost, and at once dislocated her neck. Had there been immediate medical assistance (as had been injudiciously communicated to the family), the fatal accident might have been remedied; but, alas! there was not, and, long ere surgical aid could be procured, the ill-fated bride had ceased to breathe!

The first thought of the household had been directed towards the bridegroom, who had, ever since the fatal tidings, lost his reason, and become apparently fatuous, ever and anon insisting that the wedding should take place "for a' that!"

We did not deem it proper, nor would it have been so, to inflict our presence upon such a household. And for months after, I never slept without dreaming of this incident, and of the distressed family—of whose future fortunes I know nothing further.

MIKE MAXWELL AND THE GRETNA GREEN LOVERS.

THERE are many individuals who think they are safe if they act within the strict letter of the law of the land, although they transgress the precepts of Holy Writ, as well as the dictates of their conscience. There is a wide field of right and wrong, good and evil, within the lines of demarcation drawn by legislators or moralists; and as the acts therein performed are equally removed from punishment and reward, the merit of the actors is the greater, the less they are influenced by the hope of praise or the fear of censure. It would, indeed, be as absurd for an individual to say that he cannot be blamed if he acts within the law, as for another to allege that he can do no good unless his actions are blazoned in the columns of a newspaper, after the fashion of the five-pound donations of dukes and duchesses; but, clear as the proposition is, there are many who pretend to say that it is far from being self-evident. To such mole-eyed moralists, the best lesson is one derived from a practical example drawn from life; and we shall, as public moral teachers, in our humble sphere, proceed to lay one, not, we hope, altogether divested of amusement, before our readers.

The remembrance of the strange individual, Michael Maxwell, who lived, in the end of the last century, in the village of Gretna, so famed for irregular marriages, is not, it is supposed, yet extinct. He was the son of a small farmer, called David Maxwell, who claimed relationship to the Maxwells of Tinwald; and having died when Michael was still young, left him to the care of his mother, without, however, any means of support. His friends gave him a

little education, and endeavoured to prevail upon him to learn some trade; but early habits of roving, and living on the chance occurrences of the day—perhaps strengthened by the continued assistance of his mother's friends, who got her a small house, with an acre or two of ground, for a trifling rent, and thus furnished some occasion for his services (when these could be procured) at home—rendered all kinds of business disagreeable to him.

He became remarkable, as he grew up, for great strength, strong love of enterprise, and amazing bodily agility, so that no man in that part of Dumfries-shire could cope with him at the games of the neighbourhood, or in personal contest. Of these gifts he was prouder than those who are possessed of undisputed superiority, in any respect, generally are; but he claimed also the possession of other qualities, which are not often found associated with those we have mentioned: an adroit cunning, or Scottish sagacity, and certain powers of humour, on which he plumed himself more than on his bodily strength and agility. In his trials of strength with the English, whom he loved to vanquish, he sometimes contrived to bring all those qualities into operation at once—a feat in which he delighted. Giving his English vaunting opponent in a wrestling match every advantage, he allowed him gradually to get more confident and proud of his anticipated victory, wiled him on to greater exertions and more impertinent boastings, and, when he saw him rising on his tiptoe for the last triumphant throw, laid him on his back like a child, amidst the mirth and applause of the assembled crowds.

It was a problem which few of the people about Gretna even attempted to solve, how Mike Maxwell, as he was called, lived; and how he contrived to keep a swift black mare always well fed and redd, besides supporting his old mother, apparently from the proceeds of a small mailing of ground, formed an addition to the difficulty, and set the

wits of the wiseacres at defiance. Some supposed that he had a secret intercourse with the smugglers of the Solway, and that he kept the horse for the purpose of aiding him in directing the contraband dealers on what part of the coast to land their commodities; others again surmised that he was secretly employed by the village secular-marriage priest, to act as *avant courier* to runaway couples, whom, by leading through circuitous roads, he might enable to escape from their pursuers.

Of all those who speculated on the subject, none felt a greater interest in the mystery than a young Englishwoman of the name of Alice Parker, the daughter of a widow who lived on the English side of the Borders, and with whom Maxwell had been long on habits of great intimacy, notwithstanding of an indomitable prejudice he entertained against her country and countrymen. The great leveller of all distinctions of rank shows little respect for national prejudices; the two were devoted to each other, and would have been united, if he would have complied with her repeated request, to satisfy her as to the means whereby he maintained himself, and would maintain her. The condition of the young woman was reasonable; and one night, as she was accompanying him a short way on his road homewards, she pressed the point with so much force, that Maxwell could scarcely resist an explanation.

"It is not I alone," said she, "who feel a curiosity on this subject, which perhaps you may think only concerns yourself. The inhabitants of the surrounding country all know you, in consequence of the fame of your strength; and my countrymen of Cumberland, by token of their broken limbs and dislocated joints, know you in particular to their cost. It is to this fame, which you yourself have produced, that you owe the curiosity that is entertained about your means of living; for your maimed enemies would fain make out that you betake yourself to the highway—a very con-

venient and satisfactory way of accounting for the mystery, as it includes an explanation of your object in keeping Black Bess there; who, as I mention her name, looks about to chide me for the imputation."

"Weel may she," answered Maxwell, "for it is a foul charge; and if I knew wha originated it, I wad mak the place o' him it sprang frae (his head) sae dizzy that he wad be at some loss again to find it. But is it no yersel, Alice, wha maks the charge, and faithers it on the hail o' Cumberland, to force me to gie ye an explanation, which, after a', ye dinna need? The mailin I rent frae Laird Dempster keeps Bess, the kailyard my mither, and" (smiling, and taking his companion round the neck) "a man in love, Alice, needs little meat."

"No one has any chance with you, Mike," replied she. "Your arm lays your foes on the ground, and your Scottish tongue, made supple by cunning, baffles all attempts to reach your judgment; yet you have not succeeded in this instance, for you tell me in plain terms that, if I marry you, I must live on love. That sounds not well in the land of roast beef, of which I am as fond as my neighbours; so you shall be no husband of mine."

"You forget, Alice," said Maxwell, still smiling, "the three weeks ye lay in bed sick wi' love, when I left ye for Bridget o' the Glen. How muckle o' yer national dish did ye eat durin that time?"

"Again at your Scottish humour!" replied Alice; "but I am in earnest. You treat me ill, Mike. What is your love to me, if I am denied your confidence? Yet may I not be asking poison? I could not hear that you were a lawless man, and live a week after I was intrusted with the secret. Unhappy fate, to love, and be forced, by the mysterious conduct of my lover, to suspect his honesty!"

"You are on dangerous ground, Alice," said Maxwell. "We o' the north side o' the Borders say, that love has nae

suspicions, and that whar there are suspicions, there is nae love. Do ye mean that I should suspect yer love, as ye do my honesty."

"Would to heaven," cried Alice, "there were as little ground in the one case as in the other! Here comes a carriage at full speed; take Bess to the side of the road."

"Na," cried Mike, with a sudden start, and looking in the direction of the carriage; "Bess and I will tak the middle o' the road. She'll no stay behind a carriage; she has owre muckle gentle bluid in her veins."

The carriage came up with great speed; the blinds were up, and the route was to Gretna.

"Guid-nicht, Alice," cried Mike, as he flung himself suddenly on the back of Bess, and bounded off immediately behind the flying carriage.

The young woman stood and looked after her friend with feelings of surprise, and it was some moments before she became sufficiently self-possessed to try to account for so abrupt a departure. Was he angry with her? His conversation showed the reverse, and his good-nature was a prominent feature of his character. A painful question followed these thoughts: Was he away after the carriage, to realise the suspicion she had been communicating to him by the privilege of love? It seemed too likely; for he had never left her before without many endearing expressions of attachment; and she had observed the sudden change of manner and look which seemed to be produced by the approaching vehicle. All the vague reports she had heard concerning him came in aid of these suspicious appearances; and as she wandered slowly home to Netherwood, where her mother resided, she sunk into a gloomy train of thought, which shadowed forth, on the dim horizon of futurity, disgrace and shame to her lover, and misfortune and death to herself.

The carriage which Maxwell followed under such un-

favourable appearances was, as already said, on the route for Gretna. The speed of the horses, and the loud cracking of the whip which propelled them, indicated haste; and the close blinds told of adventure, secresy, and love. Maxwell followed hard; and just as the vehicle turned to take the direction of the village, Black Bess and her rider flew past with the speed of light, and by another path reached the back-door of a small house, where she stopped. Maxwell descended, and tapped lightly at the door.

"David Hoggins," said he, "are you in?"

"Yes," answered the individual addressed; "what's wanted?" And the door was opened by an old man in a Kilmarnock nightcap.

"There's a couple on the road, David," said Maxwell, "dootless in search o' you. The night is gettin dark, and the carriage-lights winna tell them north frae south. I'll wait at the back-door till you try and get me engaged to lead the fugitives out o' danger and the reach o' their pursuers."

"The auld condition, I fancy," said David—"half and half."

"Lively," answered Mike—"quick; the row o' the wheels mak the village ring. There, they're landed. Awa wi' your noose, and dinna let me slip through the loop."

"I'm as sure's a hangman," said David, nodding significantly, and shutting the door, to proceed to the front of the house, where his presence was in great request.

Maxwell stood for a considerable time waiting the issue of his proposal, stroking down occasionally the sleek back of Bess, and at times muttering somewhat irreverent expressions of impatience against David and his customers. At last the door opened.

"They dinna need ye," said David; "Jehu will do their business, though it's clear they're pursued. They're for Berwick, and intend travellin a' nicht. She's a bonny

cratur, man; sae young and guileless, and yet sae fond o' the wark, that she wad hae been doin wi' ae witness, to save the time o' gettin anither. As for him, I can see naething o' him for whiskers, the cause, I fear, o' a' the mischief. It's a Chancery touch, doubtless. They're for aff this minute. Five guineas, Mike—ha! ha!" (shutting the door.)

"Five guineas," muttered Maxwell, imitating David's laugh, "and naething for me. Come, Bess, and let us try what our Scottish cunning may do against English treachery. It has filled our purse afore, and I dinna see how it shouldna do't again. If they winna hae us as guides, they canna refuse us (that is, Bess, if your heels keep, as they say, the spur o' your head) as followers; and I hae made as muckle i' the ae capacity as the ither. Come, lass" (throwing himself in the saddle, and clapping her sleek neck as she tossed her head in the air), "come—hark! the wheels row—awa—but whip or spur—awa—we'll try baith their mettle and metal."

As he finished these words, he dashed down the lane, the foot of which he reached just as the carriage containing the buckled lovers passed, at the top of the speed of their spurred horses. It was clear they were afraid of pursuit, and were hastening on to Berwick, to take shipping for the Continent, the usual retreat of all runaway lovers passing through Gretna. Confiding in the abilities of Bess, Mike allowed the carriage to proceed onwards for half-a-mile before he seriously took the way, as he did not wish to be observed following it so near to the village. He kept moving in the middle of the road, reining in Bess, who, having been gratified by the noise of the carriage-wheels, pricked up her ears, pawed the ground, and capered from side to side. Roused by the sound of a strange voice, he started and turned round.

"You've time yet, man," cried Giles Baldwin, a Cumber-

land man, whose arm Mike had broken at a wrestling-match the year before, and whose suit to Alice Parker he had strangled by her consent. "But her going's like a Scotsman running from an Englishman over the Borders. Were my arm whole, I'd lead Bess's head to the follow. Away, man, or the booty's lost, like the field o' Flodden, before it is won."

"Ye've anither arm to brak, Giles," said Mike, in a low voice. "A craven has nae richt to be impudent till a' his banes are cracked, and then, like the serpent, he may bend and spit his venom. I'll see ye at the next match at Carlisle, and let ye feel the strength o' the grip o' friendship and kind remembrance. Tell Alice, as ye pass Netherwood, that I'm awa after a carriage, to show a couple the way to Berwick. Marriages beget marriages, they say; and she'll maybe tak ye, to be neebor-like, and to get quit o' me, against whom ye hae tried to poison her ear."

Saying these words, Mike bounded away; and gave the Cumberland man no opportunity of replying, otherwise than by bawling out some further impertinence about his successful rival's expectation of booty from the expedition in which he was engaged.

"If I had been to put mysel within the reach o' the arm o' the law," muttered Mike to himself, as he moved rapidly along, "this man's impudence micht hae scared me and saved me; but, thanks to Lewie Threshum, the writer o' Dumfries, I ken what I'm about. I can wring a man, in wrestling, to within an inch o' his life; and cut so close by an act o' parliament, that the leaves o't move by the wind o' my flight. Nae fiscal dare speak to me, sae lang as my Scottish cunning does justice to Threshum's counsel, and my arm defends me against a' ithers. Stretch on, guid Bess, and let me hae twa words wi' the happy couple."

The spirited animal increased her speed, and, in a short time, approached the carriage, which continued to whirl

along with great rapidity. A series of quick bounds brought Mike alongside of it. He now saw that the blinds were still up, and the driver so intent upon propelling his horses forward, that he did not know that any one was in pursuit, while the noise of the vehicle prevented the possibility of hearing the soft pattering of Bess's heels. Taking the point of his whip, Mike gave a slight and knowing tap on the carriage-blind, like the announcement of an expected lover. A noise, as of sudden fright and agitation, followed from within.

"A's richt," muttered Mike to himself.

But the blinds were still kept up. He paced on a little further, and, seeing that no answer was returned to his application, repeated the rap a little louder than before.

"Who's there?" cried a rough voice.

"A friend," answered Mike.

"What is your name?" said the other, evidently in agitation.

"I never gie my name through closed doors,' answered Mike; "and sae lang as ane acts within the law, there's nae use for imitatin the ways o' jail birds. My name, however, is no unlike your lady's maiden ane—an admission I mak through sheer courtesy and 'guid manners, and respect for her worthy faither."

The blind was taken down hurriedly, and a face covered with a great profusion of curly black hair presented itself. Mike drew down his hat, so as to cover his face, and, clapping Bess on the neck, paced along at great ease. After trying to scan his countenance, the gentleman seemed at a great loss.

"What is it, sir, that you wish with me?" said he; "or what is your object in thus disturbing peaceable travellers by legal turnpikes?"

"I beg your pardon," replied Mike. "The night is dark, and the road lonely; I thought ye micht hae wished a com-

panion—sma' thanks for my courtesy. The gentlemen in the carriage that's comin up behind, at a speed greater than yours, ken better what is due to Scottish civility. I accompanied them a space, and enjoyed their conversation. They're in search o' twa Gretna fugitives, and wished me to assist them in the pursuit. I'm sorry I left them, seein I hae forgathered wi' ithers wha dinna appreciate fully my motives. I think I canna do better than ask Bess to slacken her pace, and bring me again to the enjoyment o' their society and conversation."

A suppressed scream from a female within followed this speech. The gentleman withdrew his head, to assist the lady; the coachman looked round, and was inclined to halt; but the words, "Drive on!" rang in his ears, and he obeyed. Mike calmly kept his course, clapping Bess's neck occasionally, and pretending not to notice the agitation and confusion within the carriage, where it seemed as if the lady had gone off in a faint. After some time, the same whiskered face appeared at the carriage-window.

"Hark ye, friend," said he, in an agitated tone; "you're a Scotchman, I presume, and must be *up*, as we say in London. What would you take to put the gentlemen in the other carriage *off the scent?*"

"What scent?" asked Mike, gravely.

"The scent of the couple they're after," said the other. "Could you not stimulate their noses with a red herring drag? Don't understand me? Hey, man, quick! What say ye?"

"I understand ye," answered Mike, "mair easily than I can assist ye, I fear. The hounds ken their track owre weel. They're for Berwick direct; but a Scotchman micht maybe send them scamperin to Newcastle—I mean that is possible, barely possible."

"Well, well!—what say ye?" replied the other. "Name your sum. Come, quick!"

"Let me see," said Mike; "by returnin, I may lose the market—a dead loss o' twenty pound, at least. Gie me that, and I'll answer for their being twenty miles on their way to Newcastle by the time ye're twenty miles on to Berwick."

"Here, here, then," said the gentleman, holding out his hand.

Mike met him half-way, and received a handful of guineas, among which was a ring.

"Keep yersel and the braw leddy easy," said he, as he put the money into his pocket. "Drive on, my lad" (to the driver), "and, if ye keep aff the Newcastle road, ye'll no fa' into the hands o' the chancellor."

With these words, Mike drew up Bess's head, turned, and sauntered slowly back to Gretna, gratifying his humour by a few words of soliloquy.

"But whar is the coach, wi' its contents, I was to send on to Newcastle? A principle o' honesty I hae aboot me maks me almost wish for an opportunity o' fulfillin my promise; but a' I undertook to insure was safety, and if they hae safety ony way, they get value for their siller; so, after a', I'm nae cheat. But here's anither coach drivin at deil's speed."

"Holloa! sirrah!" cries a person from the window; "met you a carriage on your way, driving quickly, and with closed blinds, towards Berwick?"

"You'll no likely find what ye want atween this and Berwick," replied Mike. "But I dinna wonder at your speed; I could almost wish to flee after her mysel. Sweet cratur!—she maun be fond o' whiskers."

"Then you have met the carriage!" cried the man, with great vehemence, quickened by the concluding remark of Mike. "Quick, quick—tell us where they are, and whither going. We lose time."

"I lose nane," replied Mike; "I'm saunterin at ony

rate, thinkin o' my poverty; ane o' the very warst o' a' subjects o' mortal meditation."

"Will money drag a direct answer from you, sir?" cried the man.

"No; but it will draw it out o' me as smoothly as oil," replied Mike.

"Here, then," said the other, handing him some—"will that satisfy you?"

"Double it," said Mike, "and I'll halve your labour."

The eagerness of the pursuers forced a ready compliance.

"The lady and gentleman you are in quest o'," said Mike, "hae changed their minds, and are on to Newcastle. They gave out Berwick as a decoy—an hour's ridin will bring ye up to them. But, hark ye! I have acted honourably by you—you maun do the same by me; and, therefore, when ye come up to the fugitives, ye will act discreetly, and say naething o' your informer. A nod's as guid's a wink——ye ken the rest."

The pursuers took no time to reply, but flew off at full speed to Newcastle, while Mike sought, at his ease, his mother's house, at a little distance from Gretna. About two hours after he arrived, a loud knock came to the door. Mike himself opened it.

"Is your name Mike Maxwell?" said a man habited like a sheriff-officer.

"It is," said Mike; "and wha in thae parts doesna ken me, either by grip or sicht?"

"It's by the first I get my acquaintance o' folk," said the officer, as he seized his prisoner. "I apprehend ye in the name o' the king, for highway robbery, committed on a lady and gentleman bound for Berwick."

Maxwell threw himself back, and, freeing himself from the grasp of the man, laid him, by one blow, at his feet. His humour was gratified; and, laughing boisterously, he lifted the messenger from the ground.

"That was merely for your impudence," said Mike. "I'm owre confident o' innocence, either to fecht or flee. A present is nae robbery—they gied me what I got o' their ain free-will and accord; and, if this is the way they tak to get their gifts back again, I can only say that the presents o' the English to the Scotch are like their blows—weel returned."

"Then you admit having the property of the lady and gentleman," said a second officer, who, attended by a concurrent, now came up. "We must search you."

"There's nae occasion for that," said Mike; "there's the guineas and the ring."

"But where is the portmanteau and the papers?" said the officer, as he took the gold. "Search the house, Jem, while we hold him; the hen's no far off when the chicken whistles."

The man searched the house. Mike looked surprised and confused, and suspected they had mistaken their man. He told them he had taken no portmanteau, and expressed total ignorance of what they meant. The men only laughed at him; they had got a damning evidence against him already—the ring, which had carved on it the initials "C. B." (Charles Beachum), the individual who had been robbed; and they did not require to hesitate an instant about his apprehension. They therefore carried him direct to Dumfries Jail.

Next morning, the news had spread far and wide that Mike Maxwell had been apprehended for highway robbery; he and another individual, unknown, having, on the previous night, attacked a travelling-carriage, knocked down the driver, wounded the gentleman, frightened the lady, and carried off a portmanteau filled with valuable articles, and particularly many important documents, together with the gentleman's diamond ring (which had been found on Maxwell's person), and other things of great value. On being

examined, Maxwell thought it best to tell (with a slight exception) the truth; that he had followed the carriage to inform the runaway couple that they were pursued, and had received the money and the ring for undertaking to disappoint their pursuers. He kept the secret to himself, that when he got the money he did not know, certainly, that there were any persons in pursuit, and had therefore obtained it on false pretences; but, even with this prudent qualification, his examination was held to be just as complete an admission of the highway robbery as any criminal ever uttered, under the excitement of fear or the promise of pardon. The great desideratum was the portmanteau, which the robbers had carried off; and this, by the request of Captain Beachum, who had left instructions to that effect at the next inn, as he proceeded onwards, was searched for by many individuals, under promise of a very high reward.

About two hours after his examination, Maxwell was told that a young woman wished to get in to see him. He knew at once who it was; and the jailer, who was an old acquaintance, permitted her to enter.

"The secret that is denied to true love," said Alice, as she stood before Mike, looking at him sorrowfully and dignifiedly, "is sometimes told to the king. You hate my country, yet an Englishwoman would have saved you, if your confidence had been equal to the love you have expressed for me. When I asked you how you lived, you told me that a lover requires little food. How much, Mike Maxwell, does a prisoner within these walls either require or get? What avails your Scottish cunning now, and how much does it transcend English honesty? But, thank heaven, I have made a narrow escape! What would your strength, your fair face, and manly bearing, which have made such conquests at our country games, have yielded me of pride or pleasure, if I had been wedded to a *robber?* Is it possible that that word and Mike Maxwell claim kindred?—that

Alice Parker, who treasured up your image in her bosom as a sacred thing, or a charm against the evil eye, should this day be doomed to the pain of saying that that hateful word and the name of her heart's choice are one and the same? Miserable hour!"

"Alice," replied Maxwell, "I did you injustice. I should have confided everything to your bosom; but I didna require to pollute that pure casket wi' the confidence o' a robber. I am nae robber—the first man wha said the word was laid in an instant at my feet, and sae should a' slanderers be served. I defy Scotland and England to prove Mike Maxwell a robber."

"The ring you have given up to the sheriff," said Alice, "is proof against you."

"Ha, Alice," replied Mike, laughing, "rings are dangerous things. Was the ane I got frae you, wi' a plait o' that raven hair in't, a sign o' robbery?"

"Would to heaven that it had been such a sign!" said the maiden; "I would not then have had to lament this miserable hour, and this dreadful night." (Pausing.) "But can it be, Mike, that you are so hardened in vice that you can laugh in a jail?"

"And why no, my love, if ane is innocent?" replied Maxwell. "I am indebted for this apprehension to some enemy—probably my rival, Giles Baldwin—who has got up a story about a portmanteau that never was stolen; and my honesty in confessin that I got the ring frae the gentleman for puttin the English beagles wha pursued him aff the scent, has gien the lee some colour o' truth. Conscious as I am o' my innocence, I am determined to keep up my spirits, laugh at my enemies till I get out, and then mak game o' their banes, by gicin them joints whar nature never intended them to be."

"You have often, in playfulness, mocked me, Mike," answered she, "and turned the inquiries of my love into

questions to myself, by the force of your Scottish humour; but I bear faith that you never told me a lie. Yet, when I think of the mystery of your life, your secresy, the strange way in which you left me last night, to make after the carriage, your admission concerning the ring, and many other circumstances, I must also admit that my heart is not satisfied. I cannot help it. Even my love, unbounded as it is, does not enable me to vanquish a cold feeling that, like the shivering of an ague, creeps over my skin. I cannot say I *disbelieve* you; but oh, what would I not give for *proof* to still this restless aching heart!" (Pausing.) "That proof, Mike, I *shall* have. The unpretending Englishwoman, whose counsel the wily Scotchman despised, shall now try to redeem the character of her countrywomen, and shew that love and honesty are stronger than wiles and secresy."

"Weel said, heroine Alice!" cried Mike, still laughing. "Ye intend to mak me guilty, to increase the glory o' your efforts to save me; but, thanks to the laws o' our country, there's nae great merit in savin an innocent man. I defy a' my faes, and wad prefer a kiss o' my bonny Alice" (clasping her to his bosom), "to a' her noble endeavours to do that which innocence itsel will do for her lover."

"We stand at present on a *new* footing, Mike," said she, as she struggled to get free, and retired back. "I must have my *proof*. Till then, farewell!"

"Noble wench!" said Mike, as she departed. "However I may dislike her suspicions, I canna but admire her guidness and spirit. But Lewie Threshum will soon blaw awa this cloud, wi' the wind o' the leaves o' Stair or Mackenzie, and a' will shine bright again on Alice Parker and Mike Maxwell."

The views and feelings of Alice were very different: she suspected her lover, and the thought was death to her; yet her native nobility of soul urged her to the task of draining

every source of evidence to prove his innocence. She called on Lewis Threshum, who had undertaken Mike's defence, and learned from him, what pained her to the uttermost, that the evidence, so far as it went, was loaded with heavy presumptions against the prisoner. A letter had been lodged in the hands of the fiscal, from Captain Beachum, stating that the robbery was committed at a distance of about ten miles from Gretna; that the perpetrators were two ruffians, mounted on good horses; that they had taken the portmanteau filled with valuable papers, and also his purse, containing a balance of twenty-two guineas, and a diamond ring, marked "C. B.;" all of which they carried off in the direction of Gretna. The letter contained authority to the Lord Advocate to prosecute the perpetrators, and recover the articles. The ring and guineas, *minus two*, had been found on Mike Maxwell, within some hours of the robbery. Then Giles Baldwin had sworn that he saw Mike Maxwell in full pursuit after the carriage some short time before the robbery was committed; and some other individuals swore that they saw him return to Gretna some time after, mounted on his black mare. In addition to all this, was Mike's improbable examination, which seemed of itself to be conclusive of the case. This appeared to Alice overpowering, especially when she added to it what she herself had witnessed—the arrival of the carriage, and the precipitate retreat of Mike, at a time when it was *impossible* he could know that there was (according to his theory) any carriage coming up in pursuit of the other.

She went home, sad and disconsolate, and passed the remaining part of the day and the night in the greatest misery. She revolved in her head various schemes for eliciting something favourable to her lover; but the absence of Captain Beachum, who could alone give any account of the circumstances attending the alleged robbery, formed a bar to her inquiries which she could not overleap. As she sat next

evening, musing on the unfortunate current of events that cast her from the elevation of the pride of one who possessed the favour of the most proper and comely man of the Borders, to the shame of the confidential friend and lover of a robber, who might shortly be hanged, after associating, on the scaffold, her name with his sorrows—she was roused from her grief by a tap at the window. She started. It was Mike's rap, and the very hour at which he generally visited her. She flew to the window, thinking he had escaped, and had thus come to communicate the joyful tidings.

"Is it possible? It is not you, Mike?" she said, lowly.

"No, but it is his friend," said a voice she thought she knew.

"What friend?" said she; "and with what object does he call here?"

"Names have a dangerous odour," said the other, "when the beagles are out and snuffing every breeze for the scent of red game. You wish Mike Maxwell well—you visited him yesterday; would you aid in his escape?"

"Doubtless," said Alice. "Tell me what I could do to attain that object honourably."

'Here is the portmanteau," said the other, "which was taken from Captain Beachum. If it is sent back to him, he will give up the prosecution against Mike, as all he wants is the papers contained in it. Open the window a little till I rest the end of it on the sill."

Rendered stupid by this statement, Alice obeyed like an automaton. She lifted up the window. The portmanteau was placed within it in an instant.

"Get it sent to Beachum," said the voice. "*I joined Mike in the robbery, and wish him to get off.*"

The window fell from the powerless hold of the thunderstruck girl, and struck the speaker's hand which was on the end of the portmanteau. The blow was a severe one;

he ran off, and the portmanteau fell down within the house, where it lay as if it had been placed there by the hands of a housewife. It was some time before the miserable girl came back to the consciousness of her true position. The last words of the voice—"I joined Mike in the robbery, and wish him to get off"—rung in her ears like a death-knell; and the next moment her eyes fell on the fatal portmanteau—the very article stolen by her lover—that which was to convict him, to hang him. She grew frantic, ran to the door, looked east and west through the shadows of the trees, flew first one way, then another, called aloud, screamed, and called again. No one answered. The man was gone. She returned into the house, where her eyes again met and recoiled from the damning memorial. Terror now took possession of her mind. The circumstance of the portmanteau being found there would form the only link wanting of the evidence that would hang her lover. Were she to state how it came there—concealing the last dreadful words which still haunted her ear—she would not be believed; and if she told the whole truth, including the fatal words, the same result—the condemnation of her lover—would follow. What therefore was she to do? She could not discover it; but could she conceal it without danger to herself as well as to him? It was clear she could not; and, besides, her soul abhorred secresy and deceit of all kinds.

As she sat in this state of doubt and despair, a noise of footsteps was heard at the door, with whisperings and broken ejaculations. A tremor passed over her. They might be officers of justice come to search the house. A rap sounded softly on the door, and the whisperings continued. The portmanteau must, in any view, be concealed in *the meantime;* and, until her mind was made up, she flew and seized the covering of the bed, and hurriedly threw it over the glaring evidence of her lover's guilt. She had scarcely accomplished this hasty, but fatal concealment, when the door

opened, and three sheriff-officers entered the house, and asked her if Mike Maxwell had left anything to her charge? The necessity for acting prudently called up her energies. She stood erect before the men.

"No," she replied, "Mike Maxwell committed nothing to my charge."

"We have here a warrant for a search, young woman; and you will not be annoyed by our putting it to execution."

She was silent, and shook from head to heel. One of the men drew off the bed-cover, and discovered the object of their search. Captain Beachum's name was on the top of it.

"So Mike committed nothing to your charge?" said the man, addressing Alice again.

"No," she answered, firmly

"You can tell that to the sheriff," said the man. "Meantime, we take this article along with us."

He threw the portmanteau on his shoulders, and departed along with the concurrents, leaving the girl fixed to the floor like a statue.

In a short time after, her mother, who was against Maxwell's suit, and blamed her daughter for having anything to do with him, entered the house. Alice dared not make her mother her confidant; she was reduced to the necessity of not only wrestling single-handed with her difficulty, but of concealing it from her parent. Bed-time came, and she retired to rest, but slept none. At daybreak she started, dressed herself, and, without saying one word to her mother, proceeded to Dumfries to visit Lewis Threshum. On arriving at his house, she found he was in the prison along with Maxwell, and waited till he came home. She informed him truly of everything that had taken place, and saw, from the effects of her communication, that she was condemning her lover. Starting up in great agitation, he cried—

"Mike's life is in your hands, Alice: will you hang or save him?"

"Save him if I can," replied the girl.

"Then you must tell the shirra," said Lewie, "everything ye've tauld me, but the last words uttered by the secret visiter. These you maun keep in your bosom, and hauld like grim death, otherwise Mike's a dead man."

"I will speak the truth," said Alice, calmly.

"Didna you love Mike?" said the writer, staring at her.

"Yes, but I loved also, and still love, truth and honesty."

"Idiot cratur!" ejaculated Lewie, stamping with his feet. "Mike Maxwell is a dead man—Mike Maxwell is a dead man!" (Pausing and looking at her.) "Will you hide yourself then?"

"No," replied she; "I do not love secresy."

"Hang him then!" cried the infuriated man; "hang him, and then drown yourself, like the rest o' your inconsistent sex."

Offended by the violence of Threshum, which resulted, however, from his wish to save his friend and her lover, Alice left the room suddenly, and had scarcely got to the door, when she heard the writer calling after her. At this moment she was seized by a sheriff-officer, and conducted before the sheriff to be examined. She told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The fatal words of the secret visiter—"I joined Mike in the robbery, and wish him to get off"—were formally recorded, and the deposition closed. Threshum, finding the necessity of exerting his best energies to overcome the weight of this overpowering evidence, called at the office of the fiscal, and demanded, on behalf of his client, to see the contents of the portmanteau. This was conceded to him; and the man of the law, having examined carefully the papers in presence of the fiscal, and taken notes of them, departed, to turn his information to the best account he could for his client. He discovered

that the papers belonged to Mr William Anson, merchant in Bristol, the guardian of the runaway bride, Miss Julia Anson.

This done, Lewis got hold of Alice before she left Dumfries, and took her with him to the prisoner, to see if the efforts of Mike would have any effect upon making her depart from her intention of adhering to the truth on the day of trial—the examination she had already undergone being merely a step in the preparation of the evidence. When they entered, they found Mike enjoying himself over some brandy, which the friendship of the jailer had procured for him. Lewis told him, with a grave face, of the extraordinary circumstances attending the recovery of the portmanteau, and, in particular, the words uttered by the individual who handed it in at the window. Mike remained unmoved.

"And do ye believe the words o' the ruffian wha thus hounds me?" said he to Alice.

"I cannot disbelieve what accords so well with everything else I have seen," replied she. "Alas! would that I could disbelieve them!"

"But ye'll keep them at least to yersel, Alice?" said Mike.

"If I could keep my heart to mysel, Mike, I would," replied she. "But God does not allow that, and I must speak the truth. What would you have me to do?"

"To say naething," replied he.

"Fule, man!" rejoined Lewis; "say naething! That wad hang ye mair certainly than what she has already said to the fiscal (to whom she has tauld everything), and intends to repeat at the trial, unless we can, in some way, prevent it. Say naething, man! You and she are tryin, like the competin millspinners o' Dryden's mill, which o' ye is best at twistin hemp. If she said naething, wha wad be presumed to be the depositor o' the portmanteau in the hands o' Alice Parker, the weel-kenned lover o' Mike Maxwell? Wha

but Mike Maxwell himsel? Could it come frae a mair likely hand than that on whase finger the owner's diamond ring was, or micht hae been? Ye're baith fules. The lassie should swear, and she *maun* swear (unless, indeed, she wants to hang ye, which seems to be the case), that the portmanteau was handed in at the window by a man wha said ye were innocent, and had sent back the papers to try to save ye."

"Will ye say that, Alice?" said Mike.

"I cannot tell a lie, Mike," replied Alice. "I will speak the truth; and I would do that if Alice Parker's neck, in place of Mike Maxwell's, were in danger of the rope."

"Incomprehensible wench!" cried Mike. "Is this the last and strongest proof o' your affection? Does this agree wi' the sabbin heart and watery ee o' the greetin Alice, as she used to hang round my neck amang the green shaws o' Netherwood, and get me to promise that I never again wad see May Balfour? or does it agree wi' my promise, made on the condition that you wad renounce Giles Baldwin, wha, I fear, is at the bottom o' a' this affair? Is it common for women to agree to marry simple men, and then hang them? — to promise them a gowden ring for the finger, and gie them a hempen ane for the craig?"

"It is common for women to love," replied Alice, "and it is too common for women to lie for love; but the love that is leagued with the falsehood of the tongue, cannot be supported by the truth of the heart. No woman ever loved man as I loved you, Mike; but you are only a man, and there is a God" (looking upwards) "to be loved—ay, and to be feared. But you say you are innocent; and when did white-robed innocence require the piebald, ragged covering of falsehood, to show the purity which it covers? It were a mockery of the laws of God and man, to swear falsely to save an innocent man. And, alas! if you are guilty (and appearances are sadly against you), no falsehood ought to save you from the injured laws of your country."

"The plain Scotch o' a' this English, Mike," said Lewie, "is, that the lassie is determined to hang ye, as a repayment for a' the kisses ye were at the trouble to gie her in the holms o' Netherwood; and, after ye're dead, she'll sing 'Gilderoy' owre your grave. But, in sober seriousness, she's an idiot, like a' the rest o' her English freends. A Scotchwoman wad hae leed through fire and brimstone for her lover; and, after she swore the rope aff his neck, placed her saft arms round his craig, in place o' the hemp. Mercy on me, whar wad be a' my glory at *proofs* if folk were to speak the truth? My pawkieness, slyness, cunnin, art, and triumph o' the cross-question, wad be o' nae mair avail than sae muckle ordinary fair rubbish o' straightforward judgments and honesty. Keep up your spirits, Mike; I'll no let her hang ye. The English man or woman's no born that will hang Mike Maxwell."

"Are ye resolved, Alice?" said Mike, approaching her, and holding out his arms to enfold her.

"I am," replied she, receding. "Clear yourself by the aid of truth, and there's no haven in this world that could be dearer to me than these arms. Till then, I am the bride of sorrow. Farewell!"

And she departed, leaving Lewis Threshum with Maxwell.

"Saw ye ever sic a stubborn fule?" said Lewie.

"I never saw sae noble a wench," replied Mike.

"Ha! ha!" cried the writer. "A pair o' fules! Ye're the first man, Mike, I ever heard praise the person that swears awa his life; but this nonsense will neither prove nor pay. We maun set aboot discoverin the mystery o' this adventure at Alice's window. Ae thing seems to me perfectly clear; and that is, that it wasna the robber that handed in that portmanteau."

"Hoo do ye mak oot that?" said Mike.

"You're as simple's the puir English fule," replied Lewie. "Wad the man wha took the portmanteau frae Captain

Beachum hae admitted to Alice Parker that he was the robber? and, what's mair, wad he hae said that ye joined him in the robbery—a lee—at the very moment when he wanted to save ye by returnin the stolen article?"

"You astonish me, Lewie," said Mike; "thae things never occurred to me."

"A lawyer's ee has twa lenses," said Lewie. "The man, whaever he is, who handed in that portmanteau at Alice Parker's window is your enemy, and no the robber. How he got the portmanteau is a different thing; but maybe we may be able to discover that also."

"If my enemy," said Mike, "he maun be Giles Baldwin, the lover o' Alice."

"Ha!" cried Lewie, "there's light there, man, Why was the portmanteau no taen to yer mother's? The question's a curious ane. Baldwin was the likely man to tak it to Alice's, and the *only* man wha wad hae tauld the lover o' his successfu rival that that rival was the robber. There's conies i' this hole; I see the marks o' their feet; and whar will ye find a better terrier than Lewie Threshum? Mair, man: wha sent the officers to Alice's house? That I'll sune discover. Keep up your spirits, Mike; and, while ye try to shake that fause English woman frae yer heart, I'll try and keep Hangie frae yer craig."

And away Lewie hastened, to continue his inquiries. He went first to the officers who searched for the portmanteau, and ascertained from them, through the influence of that heart-aperient whisky, that it was in fact Giles Baldwin who had told them to go and search the house of Widow Parker. Lewis next proceeded to Gretna, where he interrogated Alice more distinctly.

"If ye're determined to speak the truth," said he to the grieved girl, "ye should tell us the hail truth, as ye did to the shirra. Did the voice o' the man no strike ye as a kent ane?"

"It did," replied Alice; "but though I have been trying to discover whose it resembled, I have not been able to make anything of it."

"What say ye to Giles Baldwin's?" said Lewie.

"When you mention it," said Alice, "it does strike me that the resemblance between the two voices was very great. But a thought now strikes me: when the man said that Mike had joined him in the robbery, I let fall the window, which struck him over the knuckles a severe blow. The mark must be on his hand yet. For God's sake, fly to Giles' house, and see if his hand is hurt. If that is the case, I will believe that Mike Maxwell is an innocent man."

"Why," said Lewie, looking cunningly into her face.

"Because," said she, "Mike Maxwell never would have joined Giles Baldwin, his enemy, in a robbery; and, therefore, the statement made to me at the window was a lie; and one lie, like a fly in a box of ointment, corrupts the whole mass of evidence."

"My writing-chamber maun be like a charnel-house, then," said Lewie. "But, lassie, you're surely Scotch, wi' merely an English tongue."

"Sir," said Alice, "I would wish you would hasten to Giles Baldwin, rather than joke about this serious affair."

"A' my triumph in the law consists in jokin when I am serious," replied Lewie, with a grave face. "Ye wadna tak my advice when I wanted ye to save yer lover; and now I'll no tak yours when ye want me to save him" (leering); "I mean, Alice, just that I'll gang to Giles Baldwin at my ain time. Will ye swear to his voice and his hand?"

"If Giles Baldwin's hand," said she, "is cut in such a way as might have been done by the fall of that window, I will swear to my perfect belief of his being the man who handed in the portmanteau."

"Aneugh, aneugh," cried Lewie; "I kent ye were Scotch; and now I'll awa to Giles, and *shak hands* wi' him."

Lewis departed, and went away direct to Baldwin's house. He found Giles at the door, and, holding out his hand, asked him, in a friendly manner, how he did. Giles intuitively extended his hand, which, as Lewie seized it, he observed, was clearly peeled along the back, a little above the knuckles.

"Ye hae a hard grip, Giles," said the writer. "Is this the arm that Mike Maxwell broke at the wrestlin match last year?" (Looking down at his hand.) "I declare, there's the marks o' Mike's fingers on yer hand yet! But I'm sorry ye hae fa'n into this new scrape, Giles. The craig's a mair kittle part than the arm or the hand, and often does penance for the acts o' its restless freend. I'm sorry for you, Giles."

"What's the matter?" said Giles. "I need no man's sorrow, nor money either."

"A man that has been successful in the highway doesna need the last," said Lewie; "but he is in great need o' the first. It was strange that twa enemies should join thegither to commit robbery. It's now quite ascertained that you and Mike Maxwell were the robbers o' Captain Beachum."

"Wha dares say that?" replied Giles, looking alarmed.

"Alice Parker," said Lewie. "That nicht ye handed into her Captain Beachum's portmanteau at the window, and got your hand" (taking hold of it) "hurt by the fa' o' the sash (the mark is on't yet—Providence winna let thae marks heal), you told her very honestly—but I canna say, Giles, it was prudent o' ye—at least I wadna hae dune sae unguarded a trick—that Mike Maxwell joined you in the robbery. You then told Jem Anderson, the shirra-officer, to gae and search for the portmanteau in Widow Parker's hoose. What made ye do that, man? Couldna ye hae come to me, and gien me six and eightpence for an advice? The neck o' a sheep, wi' the head at ae end, and the harri-

gals at the ither, is worth eighteenpence. Surely the craig o' a man is worth six and eightpence."

Giles was bewildered by this speech, and appeared like a man who gets the folds and meshes of a net thrown over him. He stood and stared at the writer. The great terror was the charge of robbery, of which he was quite innocent; and he was conscious that he had so far convicted himself, by an unwary statement to that effect made for a certain purpose to Alice Parker. His mind, occupied by this fear, let go the apprehension of a discovery of the mere act of handing in the portmanteau.

"I see no harm in handing in the portmanteau," he said, irresolutely, his mind still occupied by the major terror; "a person finding it on the road might take that way of returning it to the owner, and saving poor Mike. I committed no robbery."

"Giles Baldwin," said Lewie, "this winna do; I can prove that ye hae *admitted being a robber*. Now, tak yer choice—admit the truth about the portmanteau, (for I dinna believe ye stole it), or run the risk o' a trial for yer life. If ye refuse me, I'll hae ye apprehended within an hour."

The scrape into which Giles had got was evident to himself. He saw no way of escaping; but he was still dogged and silent.

"Guid-day, Mr Baldwin!" said Lewis; "ye needna try to flee the country; I'll hae twa beagles after ye afore ye can even cut a stick frae that ash to help ye on. Twa hangins on ae wuddy maks twa pair o' shoon to the hangman, but only ae ploy to the people."

"Mr Threshum," cried Baldwin, as the writer was going out, "what do you want?"

"Explain to me a' ye ken about the portmanteau," said Lewis, "and I'll guarantee ye against the wuddy: that's fair."

"I found the portmanteau," said Giles, at last overcome

with fear, "and gave it to Alice Parker to send to the owner, and save Mike."

"That's no a' true," said Lewis. "If ye wanted to save Mike, why did ye tell a lee, and say that he was ane o' the robbers, yoursel bein the ither?"

Giles was caught; he saw now that he had only one course, and agreed to sign a paper, setting forth all he knew and everything he did in relation to the transaction. Lewis sat down accordingly, and took down his declaration, which, after it was finished, he signed and authenticated. It bore that he had a grudge against Mike Maxwell, for having broken his arm, and taken from him his lover, Alice Parker. He had heard the suspicions which were afloat in regard to Mike's mode of living; and, having seen him that night sitting on Black Bess, and looking after the carriage, he suspected he was after prey. He insulted him in the way mentioned; and Mike having retaliated in the way also already set forth, Giles was wroth against him, and seeing, some time after, a carriage hastening after the other, he got up behind it, and rode on, with the view of watching the motions of Mike, and of being enabled to inform upon him, and thus revenge himself. After riding for some time, he heard the conversation between Mike and the gentleman in the carriage, which has been already detailed; and, having proceeded on some distance farther, to get some whisky at a house where he was acquainted, he noticed, as the carriage swerved to a side, a portmanteau lying on the ground. He jumped down, and, taking hold of the article, swung it behind a hedge, and covered it with leaves and twigs. Some time after, two men came up, and asked him if he had seen a portmanteau. He denied that he had, and they passed on. Then came two sheriff-officers, who told him that a robbery had been committed on a lady and gentleman going to Berwick, whereby a valuable portmanteau had been taken from the carriage. This made Giles prick up his ears: he suspected that Mike

had been the robber; and his suspicion was confirmed by the fact, that he had heard him send the gentleman in the second coach to Newcastle, though he knew they were after the couple that were bound for Berwick—a device resorted to by Mike, no doubt, for preventing them from coming upon the robbed couple, and giving information against him when they had met. Filled with this suspicion, and his desire of revenge, Giles sent the officers to Mike's house, and afterwards gave as much evidence against him as he could, consistently with his wish to keep the contents of the portmanteau to himself. Having gone and examined it next day, he found nothing in it but papers; and therefore resolved upon committing it to the charge of Alice, and then informing the officers that it was in her custody. To prevent Alice from telling how it came into her possession, and of course to leave the presumption open that she had got it from Mike, he said that Mike had been one of the robbers; and the reason why he had said that he himself was the other, was, that he was personating one of the robbers at the time when he was speaking to Alice; and, as he knew that the report spoke of two robbers, he glided naturally into the statement he had made to Alice, whom he wished also to prejudice against his rival. This declaration Giles signed; and Lewis came away with it in his pocket very well pleased. He read it to Alice Parker as he passed along. She was delighted beyond adequate powers of expression, and only wanted an explanation of the ring to satisfy her entirely.

"That ye'll get too," said Lewie. "I hae a' that, cut and dry; but the time's no just come yet. Ye maun hae patience, and I wad recommend to ye to pay some attention in the meantime to puir Mike, and mak amends for yer cruelty, in refusin to tell a lee to save the life o' a fellow-cratur."

"If people were not cruel to themselves," said Alice, "they would not require any one to commit for them so heinous a sin."

Lewis left her, and returned to Dumfries, where he communicated his success to Mike. Some time afterwards, the former understood that Captain Beachum had written from Paris, wishing to avoid a personal appearance in Scotland; but the Lord Advocate wrote him back, to say that, if he did not appear, he would neither get the criminal prosecuted, nor receive up his portmanteau and papers. The captain (leaving his young wife on the Continent) accordingly came over to Dumfries, extremely anxious to have the trial over, and get possession of his papers. As soon as Threshum knew he was arrived at the Cross Keys, he waited upon him.

"Captain Beachum," said Lewis, "ye hae committed an honest man to prison, on a charge o' being the individual wha robbed ye o' your portmanteau, guineas, and ring. Wad ye ken him if ye saw him?"

"No," said the captain; "but there's proof enough against him; he had my ring in his possession, and the portmanteau was discovered in the house of his sweetheart."

"The last part o' the charge gaes for naething," said Lewis, "as I can prove to your satisfaction; and the first proves nae robbery, but only your munificence in giein a man a dimond ring, as a luck-penny to a bargain, whereby ye saved yersel and yer wife frae the vengeance o' Mr Anson, wha was that nicht followin you wi' a' the speed o' a guardian's flight after his ward."

"What mean you?" said the captain.

"Do ye no recollect," said Lewis, "o' giein a man on a black mare twenty guineas to mak a red-herrin drag across the nose o' Mr Anson?"

"I do," said the captain; "but I did not give him the ring."

"I can assure ye that ye did, though," said Lewis. "Recollect yoursel."

"I'm not inclined to try to recollect my own stupidity,"

had struggled for years to gather together, was swept, as by a whirlwind, from off the face of the earth!

I stood till I beheld the edifice that had been the pride of my heart a mass of smoking ruins, with, I may say, scarce one stone left upon another. All the manufacturers round about sympathised with me very sincerely, and one of them drove me back to Manchester in his drosky. When I entered my own house, I believe I appeared like a person on whom sentence of death has been passed, as he is removed from the bar, and led back to his prison.

"Weel, Reuben," asked Priscilla, in her own calm and gentle way, "is the damage great?"

"Oh, my dear," said I, "there is nothing left but a heap o' ashes! Nothing! nothing!—we are ruined!"

"No, no," replied she, as quietly as ever, "we arena ruined. The back is aye made fit for the burden. The Hand that sent the misfortune, as we think it, upon us, will enable us to bear up against it. Now, just ye compose yersel, and dinna be angry at what I am gaun to say, but we are just as rich now as we were three years ago; and, I am sure, Reuben, we were quite as happy then as we are now. Ye have still a very excellent business, and a fortune far beyond onything that you and I could ever expect to possess when we cam thegither. You have your health and I have mine; and our twa bits o' bairnies are growing up to be a comfort to us baith. They will ne'er feel the loss o' the cotton-mill, and you and I ne'er kenned the guid o't. Wherefore, then, should ye grieve? Ye ought rather to be thankfu that it is nane o' your family that is taen frae ye. And, I have nae doubt that, although we self-wise and shortsighted mortals canna see it, this visitation will be for the guid o' us a'. It is better that ye should lose the mill than forget your Maker; and, forgie me for saying it, but I feared it was setting your heart upon the things o' this world to a degree which did not become the faither o' a

Christian family. Therefore, let me entreat you to say, 'His will be done,' and to believe that this has fallen upon you for the best. Our loss is not so great but that, if times keep good, we may soon o'ercome it."

I had often experienced the value of my wife, and admired her meek, patient spirit and affectionate heart; but I never, until this trial came upon me, knew her real worth. She enabled me to begin the world; ay, sir, and this far she had guided me through it. She was better than twelve years older than me—but what of that? She looked as young like at forty as ever I saw another woman do at twenty; and now, when she has been my wife for thirty years, I hardly ken her aulder. A glaiket lassie, under such circumstances, might have wrung her hands, and upbraided me for allowing the supper and the dance; but Priscilla strove only to comfort me, to imbue my mind with fortitude, and to turn the accident to my eternal advantage. I had long loved and esteemed her, but I now reverenced her.

I sat and I listened to her, and looked in her face for the space of ten minutes, without speaking a word; and, at last, fairly overpowered wi' her gentleness and her tenderness, I rose and took her hand; and "Priscilla," says I, "for your sake, dear, I will think no more about the matter. The mill is destroyed; but, as you say, we may overcome the loss—and I shall try."

Though I have as keen feelings as onybody, I was not a person to sit down long, and croon and shake my head over misfortunes that couldna be helped. I might be driven back from an object, and defeated in accomplishing it; but it would be necessary to take my life before I could be made to relinquish my attempts, or to conquer me. Perseverance, and a restless, ambitious spirit of enterprise, spurred me on.

I endeavoured to extend my business more widely than ever; and, as I had sometimes had losses with houses on

the Continent, I resolved to visit France, and Germany, and other places, myself, and see in what situation the land lay. I did so; and in Holland and Switzerland in particular I entered into what proved some very profitable speculations. Now, sir, it is my conviction, that where there is no speculation, there can be no luck. As well might a man with his hands in his pockets expect a guinea to drop into them. People who, perhaps, have been born with a silver spoon in their mouths, or had enough to purchase them a hot joint every day, thrust upon them by accident, will tell you, in speaking of any particular subject, "Oh, I will have nothing to do with it—it is only a speculation." Now, sir, but for some speculation that had been entered into before they were, the one would have neither had the silver spoon in his teeth, nor the other the hot joint. Without speculation, commerce could not exist. In the community where its spirit is not felt, they must be dull as horses in a ring; moving round and round as regularly and as monotonously as the wheels of a machine, to procure the every-day bread and cheese of existence. I have been a speculator all my life—I am a speculator still. Neither you nor I have time for me to enter into the particulars of thirty years' enterprises. It is true I have lost by some, but in more I have been successful, or until this day I would have been a handloom weaver in this my native town of Galashiels.

But, sir, within three years I had built another mill. I commenced manufacturer, and prospered; and, in a short time, I began the business of printer also. You understand me—it is a calico-printer I mean, not a book or newspaper printer; for if, in a town in Lancashire, you ask for a printer, nobody would think of showing you to a consumer of ink and paper.

Our two daughters had been educated at a boarding-school in Yorkshire; but they were now come home, and were, I may say, women grown, for they were eighteen; and, al-

though I say it, that, perhaps, ought not to say it, remarkably fine-looking young women they were. People said that Elizabeth was a perfect picture; though, so far as I could judge, Rachel was the bonniest of the two; but they were remarkably like each other. There, however, was this difference between them—Rachel was of a sedate and serious disposition, and very plain in her dress, even plainer, sometimes, than I wished to see her; but she was always so neat, that she set whatever she put on. Elizabeth, on the other hand, though a kindhearted lassie, was more thoughtless, and more given to the vanities of this world. When her sister was at her books, she was at her looking-glass. She was as fond of dress as Rachel was the reverse. I have often said to her—

"O Bessy! Bessy!—dress will turn your head some day or other. Ye will frighten ony man from having ye."

"Don't be afraid of that, father," she replied, laughing, for there was no putting her out of temper—she was like her mother in that—"there is no danger, and it is time enough yet."

She was also excessively fond of amusements—such as balls, concerts, plays, and parties; much fonder, indeed, than it was agreeable for me or her mother to observe. And we frequently expostulated with her; for, though we did not wish to debar her entirely from such amusements, yet there is a medium to be observed in all things, and we did not like to see her going beyond that medium.

Well, sir, she had been at a party one night in Mosley Street, and a young gentleman, who, I afterwards understood, had shown her a great deal of attention throughout the evening, saw her home. There was no harm in this; but he called again the next day, and, as I shortly after learned, every day. So, when I heard this, I thought it was right and proper that I should see him, and learn who and what he was. I accordingly stopped at home a forenoon for the

express purpose, but not much, as I easily observed, to the satisfaction of Elizabeth. About eleven o'clock the gentleman came as usual. I easily saw that he was rather taken aback on perceiving me; but he recovered his self-possession as quick as the eyelids can twinkle, and perfectly confused me with his superabundance of bows and scrapes. I did not like his appearance. He was dressed like a perfect fop. He wore silk stockings, and his feet were wedged into bits of French-soled pumps, which, to my eye, made it perfectly painful to look on them. He had on a light green, very fine, and very fashionable coat and trousers, with a pure white waistcoat, and a riband about his neck. He also carried a cane with an image on the head o't; and he had a great bunch of black curls on each side of his head, which, I verily believe, were pomatumed, brushed, and frizzled.

"I must put an end to your visits, billy," thinks I, before ever he opened his lips.

He was what some ladies would call "a most agreeable young man." In fact, I heard one (not my daughter) pronounce him to be "a prodigious fine gentleman!" "Prodigious!" thought I, when I heard it. He had a great flow of speech and spirits, and could run over all the scandal of the town with a flippancy that disgusted me, but delighted many. He could also talk like a critic about dancers, singers, actors, and race-horses, and discuss the fashions like a milliner. All this I ascertained during the half-hour I was in his company. He also gabbled French and Italian, and played upon a thing like a sort of bass-fiddle without a bow, that they call a guitar. I at once set him down in my own mind for a mere fortune-hunter. He was a shallow puppy; he carried all on the outside of his head, and nothing within it. I found he knew no more about business than the man in the moon. But he pretended to be the son of an Honourable, and carried cards with the words, "*Charles Austin*,

Esq.," engraved upon them. He was above belonging to any profession—he was a gentleman at large.

Disgusted as I was with him, I had not the face to rise and say to him, "Sir, I will thank you to go out of my house, and not to enter it again." And from the manner in which I had been brought up, I had not the manner of what is called—bowing a person to the door. But what vexed me most, while he remained, was to observe that even Priscilla sometimes laughed at the silly things he said, which, as I afterwards told her, was just encouraging him. When he left the house, I turned to Elizabeth, and—

"Now, Betty, hinny," says I, "tak my advice, as yer faither and yer freend, and ne'er speak to that young man again, nor alloo him to keep ye company; for, as sure as my name is Reuben, there is something essentially bad aboot him."

She hung her head, and there was a tear in her ee, and I think for the first time ever I had observed it in my days, she looked rather sulky; but I could get no satisfaction from her.

I think it was between two and three months after this —during which time I had seen and heard no more of the fashionable Charles Austin—that, having business to transact in Liverpool, I took Priscilla down with me in the gig, for the benefit of her health. It was in the summer season, and eleven o'clock had just chimed from the steeple of the collegiate church before we returned at night. But never, never shall I forget our miserable home-coming. There was our poor Rachel, sitting by herself, wringing her hands, and the tears running down her bonny cheeks.

"Rachel! dear Rachel! what is the matter, love?" cried her mother and myself at the same instant.

"O Elizabeth!—Elizabeth is away!" sobbed my poor bairn.

Priscilla was stupified, and she repeated the word "Away!"

but the truth broke over me in a moment; and I sank back into a chair, as helpless, for all the world, as a new-born infant.

Rachel tried to compose herself the best way she could; and she informed us that her sister had left the house about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and that she had not since returned. She also mentioned that Elizabeth had been seen in the company of Charles Austin shortly after leaving the house; and that, when she did not return in the course of the day, suspecting that they had fled to Gretna, she had sent my principal clerk, Thomas Galloway, after them, in a chaise-and-four, to bring back Elizabeth.

Distressed as I was, I admired the presence of mind which Rachel had exhibited. She had done all that I could have done myself, had I been at home; and a fitter person than Thomas Galloway could not have been sent. His zeal, honesty, and industry, had long rendered him a favourite with me; and, though he was but a young man, I treated him more as an equal than a clerk. Nor had I any doubt but in the mission he was sent upon, he would show as much courage, if such an article were required, as he had at all times shown zeal and prudence in my service.

But Thomas returned. He had heard nothing of them on the road, and they had not been at Gretna. These tidings threw us all into deeper affliction; and a week passed, and we could hear nothing of my daughter, and our misery increased. But, on the ninth day after her disappearance, a letter arrived from her. It was dated *Coldstream.* My fears read its contents before it was opened. In it she poured forth a rhapsody in praise of her "dear Charles," as she termed him, and said, if we knew his virtues as well as she knew them, we would love him as she did. She begged forgiveness for the step she had taken, and sought permission to return with her husband, and receive mine and her mother's blessing. She concluded the letter by signing her-

self our "affectionate and dutiful daughter, *Elizabeth Austin.*"

"*Dutiful!*—the ungrateful, the silly gipsy!" cried I, flinging down the letter, and trampling it under my feet, in pure madness; "she shall never inherit a penny of mine—she shall never enter my door. She is ruined—she has married worthlessness and misery!"

It was some time before Priscilla said anything; but I saw she was very greatly affected. At last, the mother's love for her offspring got the better of every other consideration in her heart, and she endeavoured to soothe me, and to prevail on me to forgive Elizabeth, and to see her again.

I had intended that the marriage portion of my daughters, on the very day they became wives, should be ten thousand each, providing that I approved of the match—though I by no manner of means wished or intended to direct their choice, or control their affections, further than it was my duty as a parent to see that they did not throw themselves away. But I was perfectly persuaded that, to give ten thousand, or the half of it, or any sum, to such a person as Elizabeth had got, would be no better than to fling it into the fire.

However, the entreaties and persuasion of Priscilla prevailed. I consented that Elizabeth should return, and gave her husband five thousand pounds as her dowery, with a promise of more, if they should conduct themselves to my satisfaction. He had not received the money many days when they set out for London.

Some time previous to this, I thought I had observed a sort of particular kindness between my daughter Rachel and my clerk, Thomas Galloway, of whom I have already spoken, and to whose worth I have borne testimony. He was a native of Newton-Stewart, and a young man of humble parentage, like myself; but I liked him nothing the worse upon that account; for, in my opinion, there is no real re-

spectability, save that only which a man purchases through his own merits. Now, I once or twice, when I went out to enjoy the air in the summer nights, after business hours, perceived Rachel and Thomas oxtering together along the green lanes, behind a place in the suburbs that is called Strangeways. Such was the high opinion that I had of him, that I was determined, if there was anything between them, to offer no obstacle in the world to their marriage. I considered that a character, a disposition, and a knowledge of business, such as Thomas had, were far before riches. But I knew that, in certain respects, both of the two were such bashful creatures, that neither of them would dare to mention the matter to me. So, after their familiarity became every day more apparent, though they tried to hide it, and when, at different times, I had tried humorously to sound both of them in vain, I mentioned the subject to Priscilla. I found that she had perceived it long before me; for women have quick eyes in such matters. But she said that Rachel was such a strange reserved lassie, that, though her own bairn, she could not speak to her with a mother's freedom; though, now that she had heard my mind concerning the match, she would ask Rachel how matters stood between her and Thomas Galloway that very day.

She therefore went into the room where Rachel was sitting sewing, and, after talking about various matters, by way of not just breaking the matter at once, she said—

"Rachel, dear, are ye aware if your faither has ever made ony sort o' recompense to Thomas Galloway for his trouble in gaun a' the way to Gretna after Elizabeth, when the foolish lassie ran away wi' young Mr Austin?"

"I do not think it," replied Rachel.

"Then," said her mother, "he has not done what he ought to have done. Indeed, I think he would only be doing his duty if he were to do something for Thomas; for he is a fine, genteel, deserving lad. Do ye not think so, dear?"

This was a home-thrust which our bit lassie was not prepared for, and it brought the vermilion to her cheeks. But, after a moment's hesitation, she said, though not without a manifest degree of confusion—

"Yes, I think him a very deserving lad."

But her mother had made the first step, and she was not to be put back, and therefore she continued—

"He is a lad that will rise in the world yet, and he weel deserves it; for a kinder, or more prudent, and obliging young man, I never saw—and I am glad, hinny, that ye hae the good sense to think weel o' him."

"Mother!" said Rachel, and her confusion greatly increased.

"Come, love," continued Priscilla, "ye needna blush or conceal onything frae yer mother. She's a bad mother, indeed, that a daughter daurna trust wi' a virtuous secret; and I hope ye ne'er saw onything in me, Rachel, that need debar ye frae making yer feelings known to me. Dinna suppose, love, that I am sae shortsighted but that I hae observed the tender affection that has been long springing up between ye; and I have not only observed it, but I have dune sae wi' satisfaction and pleasure; for I know not a young man that I could have more credit by in calling him son-in-law. So look up, dear, and tell me at once, am I not right—would ye not prefer Thomas to any man ye have seen for your husband?" And she kindly took our daughter by the hand.

"*Yes*, mother!" faltered my sweet, blushing blossom, and she sank her head on her mother's breast.

"That is right, hinny," said her mother; "but ye micht hae tauld me before, and it would hae saved ye baith mony a weary hour o' uneasiness, I hae nae doobt. But ye shall find nae obstacles in yer way; for it is a match that will gie baith yer faither and me great satisfaction. He has observed the attentions o' Thomas to ye as weel as mysel,

and spoke to me concerning it this very hour. Indeed, I may just tell ye, that he desired me to mention the subject to ye; and if I found that yer feelings were as we supposed, that the marriage should immediately take place. And he will also take Thomas into partnership."

Rachel, poor thing, grat with joy when her mother told her what I had said; and when Thomas heard of it, he could have flung himself at my feet. The upshot was, that, in a few weeks, they were married, and I took Thomas into partnership with me, which lifted a great burden off my shoulders—and more particularly as I had recently entered into a canal speculation, and become one of the principal shareholders and directors of the company.

For twelve months from the time that Elizabeth went to London, we had but two letters from her; and one of them was abusing her sister for what she termed her "grovelling spirit," in marrying her father's clerk, and bringing disgrace upon the family. When I saw the letter, my answer back to her was—

"Elizabeth, my woman, do not forget yourself. Your sister has married a deserving lad; and your mother married a packman."

As to her husband, I never, in my born days, had a scribble from his pen. But I heard, from people that had business in London, that they were flinging away the money I had given them with both hands; and that Elizabeth, so far from being a check upon her husband's extravagance, thoughtlessly whirled round with him in the vortex of fashionable dissipation.

The third letter we received from her was written about fourteen months after her marriage. It was in a strain of the wildest agony. In one line, she implored to have her full dowery bestowed upon her, and in the next she demanded it—and again she entreated me to release her "dear Charles," who, as she termed it, had been imprisoned

for the paltry sum of five hundred pounds. I saw plainly that to do anything for them would be money thrown away, and only encouraging them in their ridiculous, not to say wicked, course of fashion and folly. Therefore, in a way, I had made up my mind to let them feel what distress was, so that they might come to some kind of an understanding of the value and the use of money, which it was as clear as the sun at noonday that neither the one nor the other of them had. But Priscilla was dreadfully distressed; I never had seen anything put her so much about. We held a sort of family parliament, consisting of my wife and myself, Rachel and her husband, to consider what was best to be done. Rachel, poor thing, pled hard for her sister, which I was pleased to see, though I said nothing; and Thomas suggested that I should release Charles Austin from prison, and give Elizabeth two hundred pounds for their immediate wants, and that I would set up her husband in whatever line of business he might prefer; but that I neither could nor should keep them in idleness and extravagance. This advice was agreed to. I released my hopeful son-in-law from prison, and sent two hundred pounds to my daughter, with a long letter of admonition, entreaty, and advice.

We heard no more of them for six months; and I wrote to Elizabeth again, and her mother wrote, and so did Rachel; but we all wrote in vain—our letters were never noticed. But there was one morning that my son, Thomas Galloway, came into the parlour where I was sitting, with an open letter in his hand, and his face was like the face of death. A trembling seized me all over. I was glad that there was no person beside me, for I saw that something had happened.

"Thomas!" cried I, as I saw the letter shake in his hand, "is my bairn dead?"

"No," said he, "but ——" And he stood still, and handed me the letter.

I just glanced my eyes on it, and it fell out of my hand. It showed us that a forgery had been committed upon our house to the extent of ten thousand pounds!—and, oh horrible!—by my own worthless son-in-law, Charles Austin! It was a dreadful trial—I knew not how to act. If I permitted the villain to escape unpunished, I was doing an injustice to society; and, oh, on the other hand, how was it possible that I could send to the gallows the husband of my own bairn! Thomas posted off instantly to London, to see what could be done; and I broke the bitter tidings in the best manner I could to Rachel and her mother. Their distress was even greater than mine. Thomas returned in a few days, and brought us word that the villain had escaped abroad somewhere; but where he could not learn; and it was supposed he had taken his wife and child with him—for they had an infant about eight months old.

It was not the loss of the money, nor even the manner in which it had been lost, that chiefly affected me, but the loss, the ruin, the disgrace of my bairn. Indeed, it made such an impression upon me, that I never was the same man afterwards in any business transaction. Therefore, about twelve months after this melancholy event, I purchased a property in Dumfries-shire, and Priscilla and myself went to reside upon it. I intrusted the entire business to the prudence and experience of Thomas Galloway, and became merely a sleeping partner in the firm.

We had been better than a year in our house in Dumfries-shire—it was about the Christmas time, and Thomas and Rachel were down seeing us, with their little son, who was just beginning to run about and climb upon our knees. It was a remarkably cold and gousty night, and a poor wandering woman came to our door, with a bairn at her breast, and another on her back, and begging a morsel, and a shelter for herself and infants. We were all sitting round the fire, when one of the servants came up and told us con-

cerning her, asking if they might give her a seat by the fire. I never liked to harbour beggars, and, says I—

"No: there is a shilling for her; gie her some broken meat, and tell her to go down to the village—it is only two miles."

"And give her this from me," said Rachel; and Priscilla had her hand in her pocket, when the lass added—

"Poor creature! I dinna believe she is able to crawl as far as the village, for baith her and her infants seem starving to death."

"What like is she?" asked Rachel.

"A bonny young creature, ma'am," answered our servant, "but sair, sair dejected."

"She had better be brought in, father," said my daughter.

"Take her into the kitchen, and let her warm herself and her bairns by the fire," said Priscilla. And the lass went away down-stairs and brought her in.

Well, in the course of half-an-hour, Rachel went down to the kitchen, to see if there was anything that she could do for the poor woman and her infants—anything that they stood in need of, like—such as a gown, a frock, a pair of shoes, or the like of those things. But the sound of her light footsteps was hardly off the stairs, when we heard a scream, and the exclamations—

"Sister! sister!"

I started to my feet—we all started to our feet; and Priscilla, and Thomas, and myself looked for a moment at each other, in an agony of wonder. We hurried down to the kitchen, and there was Rachel weeping on the bosom of the poor wandering woman—my lost, my ruined Elizabeth! She sobbed as though her heart would burst, and would have fallen down and embraced our knees; but her mother pressed her to her bosom, and cried, "My bairn! my bairn!"

I took her hand, and, bursting into tears, could only sob,

"My poor Betsy!"—and I felt her heart throb, throbbing, as she pressed my hand to her breast.

Rachel again flung her arms around her neck, and took her and her little ones from the kitchen, to clothe them with her own apparel, and that of her child. Poor Priscilla could do nothing but weep; and, when Rachel had clothed her, and cast aside the rags that covered her, she brought her into the parlour, where we sat waiting for them; and her mother and myself again rose and kissed her cheek, and bade her welcome. Throughout the evening, she sat sobbing and weeping, with her face towards the ground, and could not be comforted. We were not in a state of feeling to ask her questions, nor she to answer them.

But, in a few days, she voluntarily unbosomed her griefs to her sister, who communicated to me her tale of wo. It was evident that she knew nothing of the crime which her husband had committed, and we agreed that she should never know, as it would only add a heavier load to her broken spirit. All she knew was, that he had hastened with her to America, where he had changed his name, in consequence, as he said, of a property that had fallen to him in that country. He had long treated her with coolness and neglect, and prohibited her from writing to us, using threats that made her tremble for her life, if she attempted to do so. But, on arriving in America, his indifference gave place to open brutality; and in a few months he basely deserted her and her infants in a strange land. She sold the few trinkets and articles of apparel he had left her; and, with her children in her arms, fainting and broken-hearted, slowly performed a journey of several hundred miles, to the nearest seaport, where, after waiting for some months, doling out the little money she had left to procure food for her children, she at length found a vessel about to sail for Greenock, and her passage-money deprived her of her last coin. My poor bairn had been landed in Scotland without a penny in her pocket,

and was begging her way to Manchester, to throw herself at our feet, when Providence directed her to our door.

Never do I think of the sufferings which my bairn must at this period have endured, but my heart melts within me, and I think what must have been the tortures of her proud spirit before she could seek assistance from the cold and measured hand of charity. Oh, what a struggle there must have been in her gentle bosom, between the agonies of hunger, the feelings of the mother, and the shame that burned upon her face, and deprived her of utterance!—and while her bits of bairnies clung to her neck, or pulled at her tattered gown, and cried, "Bread, mother—give us bread!"—while her own heart was fainting within her—how dreadful must have been the sufferings that my poor Betsy endured! The idea that she was perishing, and begging like a wretched outcast from door to door, while we were faring sumptuously every day, brings the tears to my eyes even to this hour; and often has my heart overflowed in gratitude to the Power that in mercy directed her steps to her father's house.

From that day, she and her children have never left my roof; and she shall still share equally with Rachel. About six months ago, I received a double letter from America. The outer one was from a clergyman, and that which was enclosed bore the signature of *Charles Austin*. It was his confession on his death-bed, begging my forgiveness, and the forgiveness of his wife—my poor injured Elizabeth—for the wrongs and the cruelties he had committed against her; and declaring that she was ignorant and innocent of the crime he had committed against me. He also beseeched me to provide for his children, for their mother's sake, if they yet lived. It was the letter of a dying penitent. Four thousand of the sum with which he had absconded he had not squandered, and it he had directed to be restored to me. The letter from the clergyman announced the death and

said the captain. "It is impossible I could be so foolish as to give away my diamond ring, either as a present or by mistake."

"If you're no inclined to do that muckle justice to an injured man, maybe you'll gie me the papers that belang to Mr Anson, by virtue o' this letter o' authority" (taking out the letter). "Tak your choice."

"The papers, sir," said the captain, getting frightened, "are all I want. I care nothing for the prosecution of the man. It's certainly possible I may have given him the ring by mistake; but how do you account for the portmanteau being in his lover's house?"

Lewis read to him Giles Baldwin's deposition.

"Then," said the captain, "all the evidence against Maxwell is the ring?"

"Naething mair," said Lewis.

"He shall not be hanged for that," said the captain. "I shall go off to the authorities, and inform them that it is very probable I gave the man the ring in the way you mention. You say nothing of Mr Anson and the papers, you know."

"I canna interfere, luckily," said Lewis.

On the statement of Captain Beachum, Mike was liberated. He afterwards took a farm, married Alice Parker, whom he admired the more for her love of truth, and lived with happily for many years; but he ever lamented the course of life he had led. He run a great risk of being hanged, from the curious combination of circumstances that conspired against him—lost reputation by it, and caused unspeakable grief to one of the best of women. Hence our moral: that one is not always safe from the effects of vice, though he act within the laws.

REUBEN PURVES; OR, THE SPECULATOR.

SPECULATION is the soul of business; it is the mainspring of improvement; it is essential to prosperity. Burns has signified that he could not stoop to crawl into what he considered as the narrow holes of bargain-making; and nine out of every ten persons who consider themselves high-minded profess to sympathise with him, and say he was right. But our immortal bard, in so saying, looked only at the odds and ends—the corners and the disjointed extremities—of bargain-making, properly so called; and he suffered his pride and his prejudices to blind, in this instance, his mighty spirit, and contract his grasp, so that he saw not the all-powerful, the humanising, and civilising influence of the very bargain-making which he despised. True it is, that as a spirit of speculation or bargain-making contracts itself, and every day becomes more and more a thing of farthings and of fractions, it begets a grovelling spirit of meanness, that may eventually end in dishonesty; but as it expands, it exalts the man, imbues his mind with liberality, and benefits society. The spirit of commercial speculation will spread abroad, until it render useless the sword of the hero, cause it to rust in its scabbard, and to be regarded as the barbarous plaything of antiquity. It will go forth as a dove from the ark of society, bearing the olive-branch of peace and of mutual benefits unto all lands, until men shall learn war no more.

But at present I am not writing an essay on speculation or enterprise, but the history of Reuben Purves, the Speculator; and I shall therefore begin with it at once. Reuben was born in Galashiels, than which I do not know a more

thriving town, or one more beautifully situated, on all the wide Borders. As you pass it, seated on the outside of the Chevy-Chase coach on a summer day (if perchance a sunny shower shall have fallen), it lies before you as a long and silvered line, the blue slates reflecting back the sunbeams. In its streets, cleanliness and prosperity join hands; while before it and behind it rise hills high enough to be called mountains, where the gorgeous heather purples in its season. Before it—I might say through it—wimples the Gala, almost laving its thresholds. There the spirit of speculation and of trade has taken up "a local habitation and a name," in the bosom of poetry. On the one hand is the magic of Abbotsford, on the other the memories of Melrose. But its description is best summed up in the condemnation of a Cockney traveller, who said, "Vy, certainly, Galashiels would be wery pretty, were it not its vood and vater!"

But I again digress from the history of Reuben Purves. I have said that he was born in Galashiels: his father was a weaver, and the father brought his son up to his own profession. But although Reuben

> "Was a wabster guid,
> Could stown a clue wi' onybody,"

his apprenticeship (if his instructions from his father could be called one) was scarce expired, when, like Othello, he found "his occupation gone," and the hand-loom was falling into disuse. Arkwright, who was long considered a mere bee-headed barber, had—though in a great measure by the aid of others—brought his mechanism to a degree of perfection that not only astonished the world, but held out a more inexhaustible and a richer source of wealth to Britain than its mines did to Peru. Deep and bitter were the imprecations of many against the power-loom; for it is difficult for any man to see good in that which dashes away his hard-earned morsel from the mouths of his family, and leaves them calling in vain for food. But there were a

few spirits who could appreciate the vast discovery, and who in it perceived not only the benefits it would confer on the country, but on the human race. Arkwright, who, though a wonderful man, was not one of deep or accurate knowledge, with a vanity which in him is excusable, imagined that he could carry out the results of his improvements to an extent that would enable the country to pay off the national debt. It was a wild idea; but, extravagant as it was, it must be acknowledged that the fruits of his discoveries enabled Britain to bear up against its burdens, and maintain its faith, in times of severest trial and oppression.

Reuben's father was one of those who complained most bitterly against the modern innovation. He said, "the work could never be like a man's work. It was a ridiculous novelty, and would justly end in the ruin of all engaged in it." It had, indeed, not only reduced his wages the one-half, but he had not half his wonted employment, and he saw nothing but folly, ruin, and injustice in the speculation. Reuben, however, pondered more deeply; he entered somewhat into the spirit of the projector. He not only entertained the belief that it would enrich the nation, but he cherished the hope that it would enrich himself. How it was to accomplish his own advancement he did not exactly perceive, but he lived in the idea—he dreamed of it—nothing could make him divest himself of it; and he was encouraged by his mother saying—

"Weel, Reuben, I canna tell, things may be as ye say—only there is very little appearance o' them at present, when the wages o' you and your faither put thegither are hardly the half o' what ane o' ye could hae made. But ae thing is certain—*they who bode for a silk gown always get a sleeve o't.*"

"Nonsense, woman! ye're as bad as him," was the reply of his father; "wherefore would ye encourage the callant in his havers? I wonder, seeing the distress we are a' brought to, he doesna think shame to speak o' such a thing. Mak a

fortune by the newfangled system, indeed!—my truly! if it continue meikle langer, he winna be able to get brose without butter."

"Weel, faither," was the answer of Reuben, "we'll see; but you must perceive that there is no great improvement can take place, let it be what it will, without doing injury to somebody. And it is our duty to watch every opportunity to make the most of it."

"In my belief, the laddie is out o' his head," rejoined the father; "but want will bring him to his senses."

Reuben, however, soon found that it became almost impossible to keep soul and body together by the labours of the loom. He therefore began to speculate on what he ought to do; and, like my honoured namesake, the respectable poet, but immortal ornithologist, he took unto himself a PACK, and, with it upon his shoulders, he resolved to perambulate the Borders. There was no disgrace in the calling, for it is as ancient, perhaps more ancient, than nobility; and we are told that, even in the time of Solomon, "there were chapmen in the land in those days." Therefore Reuben Purves became a chapman. He, as his original trade might lead one to suppose, was purely a dealer in "*soft*" goods; and when he entered a farmhouse, among the bonny buxom girls, he would have flung his pack upon the table, and said—

"Here, now, my braw lassies; look ye here! Here's the real upright, downright, elegant, and irresistible muslin for frills, which no sweetheart upon this earth could have the power to withstand. And here's the gown-pieces—cheap, cheap—actually giein them awa—the newest, the most elegant patterns! Only look at them!—it is a sin to see them so cheap! Naething could be mair handsome! Now or never, lassies. Look at the ribands, too—blue, red, yellow, purple, green, plain, flowered, and gauze. Now is the time for buskin your cockernony—naething could withstand

them wi' sic faces as yours—naething, naething, and that ye would find. It would be out o' the question to talk o't. Come, hinnies, only observe them, I'm sure ye canna but buy—or look at this lawn."

"O Reuben, man," they would have said, "they are very bonny; but we hae nae siller."

"Havers!" answered he; "young queans like you talking about siller! Sell your hair, dears, and buy lang lawn?"

Then did Reuben pull forth his scissors, and begin to exercise the functions of a hairdresser, in addition to his calling as a chapman—thinning, and sometimes almost cropping, the fair, the raven, the auburn, or the brown tresses of the serving-maids, and giving them his ribands and his cambrics in exchange for their shorn locks. The ringlets he disposed of to the hairdressers in Edinburgh, Newcastle, or Carlisle, and he confessed that he found it a very profitable speculation; and where the colour or texture of the hair was beautiful, he invariably preferred bartering for it, to receiving payment in money. This was a trait in Reuben's character, at the outset of his career as a speculator, which showed that he had a correct appreciation of the real principles of trade—that he knew the importance of barter, without which commerce could not exist; and it afforded an indication of the future merchant.

He was in the habit of visiting every town, village, and farm-stead within sixty miles of the Borders—to the north and to the south—and taking in the entire breadth of the island. His visits became as regular as clock-work. No merchant now-a-days knows more exactly the day and almost the hour when he may expect a visit from the traveller of the house with which he deals, accompanied with an invitation to drink a bottle of wine, and pay his account, than the people in the Border villages knew when Reuben would appear amongst them.

It was shrewdly suspected that Reuben did not confine

himself solely to the sale of ribands, gown-pieces, and such-like ware, but that his goodly pack was in fact a magazine, in which was concealed tea, cognac, and tobacco. At all events, he prospered amazingly, and in the course of three years—though he lessened its weight at every village he came to—his pack overgrew his shoulders, and prosperity compelled him, first, to have recourse to a pack-horse, and, before he had had it long, to a covered cart or caravan. In short, on arriving at a village, instead of going round from house to house, with his stock upon his shoulders, as he was wont to do, he sent round the drummer or bellman: or, where no such functionaries are known, he employed some other individual, with a key and a trencher, to go round the village and make the proclamation—

"This is to give notice, that Mr Reuben Purves, with his grand and elegant assortment of the newest and most fashionable varieties of soft-ware goods, *and other commodities*, all bought by him for ready money, so that great bargains may be expected, has just arrived (at such an inn), and will remain for this day only; therefore those who wish the real superior articles, at most excellent bargains, will embrace the present opportunity."

Let not the reader despise Reuben because he practised and understood the mysteries of puffing. There is nothing done in this world without it. No gardener ever "lichtlied" his own leeks. All men practise it, from the maker of books to the maker of shoe-blacking, or the vender of matches. From the grandiloquent advertisement of a metropolitan auctioneer, down to the "*only* true and particular account" of an execution, bawled by a flying-stationer on the streets, the spirit of puffing, in its various degrees, is to be found. Therefore we blame not Reuben; he only did what other people did, though perhaps after a different fashion, and with better success. It gave a promise of his success as a tradesman. He said he ventured on it as a speculation,

and finding it to suit his purpose, he continued it. In truth, scarce had the herald made the proclamation which I have quoted, until Reuben's cart was literally besieged. His customers said, "it went like a cried fair—there was nae getting forward to it."

Moreover, he was always civil; he was always obliging. He had a smile and a pleasant and merry word for every one. Buy or not buy, his courtesy never failed him. In short, he would do anything to oblige his customers, save to give them credit; and that, as he said, was not because he had any doubt of their honesty, or that he was unwilling to serve them, but because he had laid it down as a rule never to trust a single penny, which rule he could not break. He was also possessed of a goodly person; was some five feet ten inches in height; he had fair hair, a ruddy, cheerful countenance, intelligent blue eyes; and his years but little exceeded thirty.

At this period of Reuben's history, there lived in the town of Moffat one Miss Priscilla Spottiswoode. Now, Priscilla was a portly, and withal a comely, personage, and though rather stout, she was tall in proportion to her stoutness. Nothing could surpass the smoothness of the clear red and white upon her goodly countenance. There was by no means too much red, and constitutional good-nature shed a sort of perpetual smile over her features, like a sunbeam irradiating a tranquil lake. In short, it was a reproach to every bachelor in the town and parish of Moffat, to have permitted forty-and-four summers to roll over the head of Priscilla, without one amongst them having the manliness to step forward and offer his hand to rescue her from a state of single solitariness. She had been for more than twenty years the maid, or rather I might say the nurse, of an old and rich lady, who at her death bequeathed to her five hundred pounds.

Reuben first saw Priscilla about three months after she

had received the legacy. "Five hundred pounds," thought he, "would set a man on his feet." He also gazed on her kind, comely, smiling countenance, and he said within himself that "the men of Moffat were blind." And eventually he concluded, communing with himself, that the fair Priscilla was a speculation worthy the thinking of. She wished to purchase a few yards of lace for cap-borders, and such-like purposes; and as Reuben sold them to her, he said to her a hundred pleasant things, and he let drop some well-timed and well-turned compliments, and she blushed as his eulogy on the lace aptly ended in praise of her own fair features. Yet this was not all; for he not only sold to her fifty per cent. cheaper than he would have parted with his goods to any other purchaser, but he politely—by what appeared a wilful sort of accident—contrived to give her a full yard into her bargain. Priscilla looked upon Reuben with more than complacency; she acknowledged (that is, to herself) that he was the best-looking, polite, and most sensible young man she had ever seen. She resolved that in future she would deal with no one else; and, indeed, she had got such an excellent bargain of the lace, that she had come to the determination of again visiting his stock, and making a purchase of other articles. And, added she, to a particular friend, "It does a body good to buy from him, for he is always so pleasant."

But Reuben saved her the trouble; for early the next day he called at her house, with a silk dress under his arm. He said—

"It was the last piece of the kind he had—indeed it was a perfect beauty, equal to real India, and would become her exceedingly—and not to think about the price, for that was no object."

"What, then, am I to think about?" thought Priscilla; and she admired the silk much, but, peradventure, if the truth were told, she admired its owner more.

Reuben spent more than two hours beneath the roof of the too-long-neglected spinster. Often in those two hours she blushed, his tongue faltered, and when he rose to depart, he had neither the silk beneath his arm, nor the cash for it in his pocket; but he shook her hand long and fervently, and he would have saluted her fair cheek—but true love, like true genius, people say, is always modest. Priscilla, on being left alone, felt her heart in a very unusual tumult; and now she examined her face in a mirror, and again admired the silk which he had presented to her. She had always heard him spoken of as a steady, thriving, and deserving young man; and it became a settled point in her mind, that, if he directly popped the important question, she would be as candid with him, and at once answer, "*Yes.*"

Reuben was frequently seen in Moffat after this, even when he brought no goods for sale; and within six months after her purchase of the lace, the sacred knot, which no man may unloose, was tied between them; and at the age of forty-and-four years and four months, but before time had "wrote a wrinkle" on her fair brow, Miss Priscilla Spottiswoode blushed into Mrs Purves.

While following his avocation as a chapman, Reuben had accumulated somewhat more than two hundred pounds, which, with the five hundred that his wife brought him, raised his capital to more than seven hundred. But he was not a man to look only at the needle point of things, or whose soul would be lost in a nut-shell. Onward! onward! was the ruling principle of Reuben—he had been fortunate in all his speculations, and he trusted to be fortunate still. Never, during all his wanderings, had he lost sight of the important discoveries of Arkwright, and of the improvements which were every day being made upon them; and, while he was convinced that they would become a source of inexhaustible wealth to the nation, he still cherished the

hope and the belief that they would enrich himself. He said also—and Mrs Purves agreed with him—that travelling the country was a most uncomfortable life for a married man. He therefore sold his horse and his covered cart, disposed of his stock at prime cost, and, with his wife and capital, removed to Manchester.

He took a room and a cellar at the top of Dean Street, and near to the foot of Market Street,

> "Where merchants most do congregate."

The upper room served them for bedchamber, parlour, kitchen, and all, while the cellar he converted into a wareroom. Perhaps, having more than seven hundred pounds to begin the world with, some may think that he might have taken more commodious premises; but rents were becoming high in Manchester—many a great merchant has begun business in a cellar—and Reuben, quoting the words of poor Richard, said:—

> "Vessels large may venture more,
> But little boats should keep near shore."

And he further said, "I am but serving my time yet; we must creep before we walk."

Never was any man who prospered in the affairs of this world more diligent in business than Reuben Purves, and in Priscilla he found an admirable helpmate. She soon learned the name, the price, and the quality of every description of goods; and when he was necessarily absent, she could attend to the orders of customers as promptly as himself. The reader unacquainted with the Manchester mode of business, is not to suppose that Reuben, although his stock was wedged up in a cellar, was a retail draper or haberdasher. Its magnitude considered, there are fewer such in Manchester than in any other town in the kingdom; but Reuben commenced as a wholesale merchant—one who supplies the country dealers. He always went to the markets to purchase with the money in his hand, as Joseph the patriarch's brethren

came to him to buy corn—and pity it is that the good old custom has too much fallen into disuse. He made his purchases chiefly from the small manufacturers, to whom ready money was an object of importance, and consequently bought his goods to much advantage to himself. During his extensive perambulations on the Borders, also, he had become generally acquainted with the drapers in all the towns upon his circuit; and at the seasons when they generally visit Manchester, he might have been seen rapidly passing along what is now called Piccadilly, and passing the coach from the north, just as it drew up to the inn; and if one whose face he knew stepped off it or out of it, Reuben turned suddenly round as if by accident, took the north-country purchaser by the hand, and invited him home to "eat beef" with him, or to take supper, as the case might be. He was generally successful; for to resist his solicitations was a matter of difficulty, and after partaking of a frugal meal and a single glass, the stranger was invited to examine the stock in the warerooom, and seldom failed of becoming the purchaser of a part. By such means, and perseverance, his business in a few years increased exceedingly. He was of opinion that there is hardly anything too difficult for resolute perseverance to accomplish or overcome, at least he always found it so; and I confess I am very much of his mind.

Within three years he had taken extensive warerooms. He had a clerk, a salesman, four warehousemen, a traveller, and a porter. He had also taken his father from the loom. Reuben had seized fortune at the flood, and he floated down with the stream. He said he never undertook a speculation, but he was convinced in his own mind it would be successful. He also said, that fortune-making was like courtship; it was never venture never win—only to know what you were venturing upon.

I should have mentioned, that, previous to this, Priscilla

had made Reuben the happy father of twin daughters, and the one they named Rachel, the other Elizabeth. The mother gloried in her children, and her husband looked on them with delight. He was a fortunate man and a happy one; and his cup of felicity, if it did not run over, was well filled.

In a short time, Reuben not only supplied with goods to a great extent the merchants on the Borders, but throughout the three kingdoms; and he also exported extensively to other countries, and even to some where the importation of British goods was prohibited.

"A fig for their tariffs," he was wont to say, snapping his fingers; "the profit will cover the risk. The principle of trade is like the principle of steam—there is no restraining it. Neither kings, emperors, congresses, nor laws, are a match for it. They canna cage it up like a bird. They might as well say to the waves of the sea, 'hitherto shalt thou come and no farther,' as to the spirit of trade—'*stop!*'"

In these speculations however, Reuben frequently experienced the common fate of the smuggler; and the goods which he sent into countries where they were prohibited were seized. He was of too ardent a temperament to be merely the purchaser and vender of other men's manufactures, and eventually he erected a cotton-mill of his own, a few miles out of Manchester.

And here it will, perhaps, be more acceptable to the reader, that I detail the remainder of Reuben's narrative in his own words, as he related it to an old schoolfellow in his native town, after an absence from it of more than thirty years. It was delivered with his unchanged Scottish accent, and with many Scottish phrases and modes of expression, which a residence of more than three times ten years in England had not destroyed:—

I was now (said he, alluding to the erection of the

mill), at what I had always considered as the very pinnacle of my ambition—the proprietor of a cotton-mill, and of one, too, that had cost me several thousands in completing it. I had no manner of doubt, but that it would turn out the master-speculation of my existence; for, bless ye, at that period, to have a mill was to have a mine. A spinning-jenny was worth its weight in rubies. There was Arkwright, made a fortune like a nobleman's in a jiffy; and Robert Peel, greatly to his credit from being a weaver lad, I may say, in less than no time, made a fortune that could have bought up half the gentry in the country. Indeed, wealth just poured in upon the millowners; and, I must confess, they werna bad times for the like o' me, that bought their calicoes, and got them dressed and printed to sell them out, as you may judge from my having been able to erect a mill of my own before I had been many years in business. But, I must confess, that the mill ran between me and my wits. All the time it was building, I was out and in frae the town to see how the workmen were getting on, wet or dry; and, I dare to say, that if I dreamed about it once during the twelve months it was in hands, I dreamed about it a thousand times. Many a time Priscilla has said to me—

"Reuben, I doubt ye are thinking owre meikle about that mill, and really it's no richt—it is sinfu. I fear it is aneugh to mak the concern no prosper."

"My dear," I used to say, "do ye consider what an immense speculation it is?—it is like death or life to me; and, if I dinna think o't, and look after the workmen to see how they are gettin on wi' it, who, do ye suppose, would? There is naething like a man lookin after his own concerns; and, where there is sae meikle at stake, it is impossible but to think o't."

But, sir, I looked after the progress of the mill, and my thoughts were taken up concerning it, to the neglect of my

more immediate business. After commencing in the wholesale line, I found it impossible to abide by my original rule of—no credit; and, during my frequent absence from my warehouse, my salesman had admitted the names of men into my books of whom I knew nothing, but whom I afterwards learned were not to be trusted. Their payments were not forthcoming in the proper season; and, in looking after them, I put off insuring the mill at the time I intended. Delay, sir, is a curse to a person in business; it is as dangerous as the blandishments of a harlot to the young—and so I found it. On the very night that the machinery and everything was completed, I allowed the spinners and others that I had engaged, to have a supper and dance in it wi' their wives and sweethearts. I keepit them company for an hour mysel, and very merry they were. But, after charging them all to keep sober and harmonious one with another, and to see that they locked the doors behind them when they broke up, and to leave everything right, I wished them good-night; and they drank my health, and gave me three cheers as I left them. I got into my gig, and drove home to Manchester. But I dinna think I had been three hours in bed, when Priscilla gied me a dunch with her elbow, and, says she—

"Waken, Reuben! waken!—there's an unco knocking at the street-door."

"Hoot! it will be some drunk body passing," says I, and turned round on my side to compose mysclf to sleep again.

But the knock, knocking, continued louder and louder.

"That is nae drunk body," said Priscilla; "something has happened."

I started owre the bed, and I was hardly half-dressed, when I heard the street-door open, and the servant lass come fleein up the stair.

"What is it?" cried I.

"Oh, sir—the mill!—the mill!" said she.

Had she shot me, she could not have rendered me more stupefied.

"What about the mill?" cries I, all shaking with agitation.

"Oh, it's on fire—it's on fire!" replied the lassie.

I heard Priscilla scream, "On fire!" and she also sprung to the floor.

I cannot tell ye how I threw on my coat—I know that I banged out without a napkin about my neck, and, rushing down the stairs, I couldna even stop to get the horse from the stable and saddled, but away I flew upon my feet. If ever a man ran as if for his life, it was me that night. It was six miles to the mill, but I never slacked for a single moment. I didna even discover, though the stones were cutting my feet, that I had come away without my shoes. The mill absorbed both thought and sense—I was dead to everything else. But oh, upon reaching it, what a sight presented itself to my view! There was the great red flames roaring and raging up the height of its five storeys; and the very wheels of the machinery, seen through the windows, glowing as bright as when in the hands of the smith that formed them. The great suffocating clouds of smoke came rolling about me, and even blinding me. Hundreds of women ran about screaming, some carrying water, and some running in the way of others, and drunken men staggered to and fro, like lost spirits in the midst of their tortures. Oh, sir, it was an awful sight for any one to behold; but for me to witness it was terrible! For some minutes I was bereft of both speech and reason; and, had the spectators not held me back, I would have rushed into the middle of the flames. Crash after crash, the newly-erected walls and the floors fell in, and I was a helpless spectator of the destruction of my own property. In one night, yea, in one hour, more than half of the fortune that I

burial of the unhappy young man, and that he had been appointed to carry his dying requests into effect.

I communicated the tidings of his death and his repentance of his conduct towards her; and she received them meekly, but wept as the remembrance of young affection touched her heart.

Such, sir, is an account of my speculations, and the losses and crosses with which they have been attended. But success and happiness have predominated; and I must say that I am happier now than ever. And at the season when Rachel and Thomas come down to see us, with the bairns, and they run romping about with Elizabeth's, who are two interesting creatures, and three or four will be crying at once, "Granny this, and granny that," I believe there is not a happier auld woman in Britain than my Priscilla, who first enabled me to speculate to some purpose.

THE SEA-STORM.

It was a beautiful, calm afternoon in summer; the surface of the Solway was as smooth as glass, for it was just high-water, and there was scarcely wind enough to dimple its surface, or to raise the dense train of smoke which the Liverpool steamer left behind her, as she came rapidly and steadily bearing down from Port Carlisle towards Annan Water-foot, where a crowd of passengers were anxiously expecting her arrival. The air was so still that the sound of her paddles, and the rush of water from her bows, were distinctly heard a great distance, and the toll of the bell of Bowness Church fell full and clear upon the ears of the dweller on the Scottish coast. Here and there a solitary sea-gull soared lazily over his shadow in the water, and then bending downwards, dipped his wing in the smooth stream, rising up again with a sharp, quick turn, and a shrill scream, which sounded rather ominously, particularly as there was a kind of bright, hazy indistinctness hanging over the whole scene, and a close, suffocating oppression in the atmosphere, foretelling change and storm. The wooden jetty at the water-foot was crowded with people—some about to embark for Liverpool, others attracted by curiosity, and by the beauty of the afternoon. On the road near the jetty lay a large flock of sheep, and several cattle, ready for embarkation; and Ambrose Clarke's Dumfries coach, and other conveyances, stood at hand, ready to transfer their freights into the steamboat. It was altogether a beautiful and exciting scene; bright and joyous summer seemed to have shed its cheering influence over the spirit of man, as well as over the face of nature; and, amid the throng

around me, I did not remark a single unhappy countenance. At length the steamboat bore up for the mouth of the Annan, and, after a great deal of manœuvring with the paddles, was laid safely alongside the jetty. Then came the tug of war, and the peaceful quiet of the calm afternoon was disturbed by the loud and various sounds of embarkation. The bleating of sheep, the bellowing of cattle, the loud shouts of their drivers; the elbowing and jostling of passengers of various classes making a rush on board, dragging after them their trunks or portmanteaus, regardless of legs or elbows in their progress; and, over and above all, the loud, deafening, rushing, roaring noise of the steam, like the voice of some giant bellowing to them all to be as quick as possible—converted the late quiet scene into one of Babel-like confusion. At length the sheep were comfortably wedged up together, and the cattle secured; and then the bell rang as a warning to those who were going to stay on board, and to those who were staying on board too long, to take their departure.

While standing on the jetty, I had exchanged a few commonplace remarks with a frank, middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man standing near me, who, like myself, was *en route* for Liverpool; and when the steamboat was fairly off, I made up to my new acquaintance again, and we had a long and amusing conversation together. To those who are fond of studying human character, and who derive amusement from observing its numerous varieties, a public conveyance of any kind is an interesting *study*—a cabinet in which they may chance to meet with strange and rare specimens to add to their collection of human originals. I do not envy the man who seems to think the warning bell of the steamboat, or the shutting of the door of the stage-coach, a signal to him to close the door of his mouth and ears; and who can doze away in a corner, uninterested and uninteresting, and leaves the conveyance, as he entered it, dull and heavy, un-

comfortable and discontented himself, and a species of incubus upon the spirits of his companions.

We had only left our port about two hours, when the sky began to overcast, and heavy clouds rose slowly from the horizon. The wind seemed to be awaiting in silence, and reserving its strength for the approaching conflict of the elements, for there was not a breath stirring; the sea-birds shrieked around us, as if to warn us of approaching danger; and the smoke from the engine-fire hung heavily over the deck, and covered the water around us, as if to hide us from the coming storm. At length the forerunner of the *squall* appeared in the shape of a broad, bright, sudden blaze of lightning, followed by a rattling peal of thunder, which seemed to have burst open the floodgates of heaven, for the rain descended in torrents from the overcharged clouds, while flash followed flash, and peal followed peal, in rapid succession. A light breeze soon springing up from the south, the flashes of lightning became less and less vivid; and we heard, afar off, the low growling of the thunder, as the clouds slowly and unwillingly retreated before the wind, which now freshened up rapidly. In a short time it blew a gale, and occasioned such a heavy sea, that most of the passengers were driven below by the violent motion of the vessel. I, being an old stager, preferred the cool breeze on deck, to the close, confined air of the cabin; and, to my great surprise, saw my new and agreeable acquaintance walking up and down the deck as unconcernedly as if the boat were lying at the jetty.

"You seem to have excellent *sea-legs*, sir," said I; "you walk the deck with the confidence of one to whom such unsteady footing is familiar; you do not look like a sailor, but still I am greatly mistaken if this is the first time you have been in a gale of wind."

"You are right," replied he, "in both your conjectures: I am not a sailor by profession, and I have been in many a

gale. I owe the greatest happiness of my life to a storm and its consequences."

"Indeed!" said I; "if it is not asking too much, will you favour me with an account of the adventure to which you allude?—it will serve to beguile the time till we turn in."

"With all my heart," said he; "and with the greater pleasure, because I perceive you are a sailor, and will understand me. If you find me tedious, remember you have yourself to blame for the infliction:"—

When I was a youngster, I was sent out by my friends to join a mercantile house in Bombay, of which my father had formerly been a partner. After labouring for some years as clerk, I was admitted as junior member of the firm, and being considered a stirring man of business, I was sent by the heads of the house as supercargo of one of their ships trading to the Straits and China. It was in this way I acquired the sea-legs on which you have been pleased to compliment me; and, what was still more to the purpose, I managed well for my employers, and added considerably to my own resources.

Fortune smiled upon all my private mercantile speculations; and, in the course of a few years, I amassed what I considered a comfortable competency. As my constitution, although it had been severely tried, was still tolerably unimpaired, I thought it wiser to return home at once, to enjoy the moderate fruits of my labour, than to risk my health in the endeavour to add to my means. I accordingly retired from the firm, wound up my affairs, transferred my money to the English funds, and took my passage in a country ship to China. From thence I embarked in a fine Indiaman of 1000 tons burden, called the Columbine, bound to England, and to touch at the Cape of Good Hope. Our passage was quick and pleasant; and I greatly enjoyed our fortnight's stay at the Cape, where our party was in-

creased, by the addition of a lady and gentleman to our cabin circle. The gentleman was a retired surgeon of the Indian army, and one of the funniest little Sancho Panza figures I ever beheld. When he first stepped over the gangway, there was a general titter among the crew at his strange appearance. He was dressed in a little scarlet shell-jacket; a pair of wide Indian-made *continuations* of nankeen, with stockings as nearly as possible of the same colour; a little black velvet hunting-cap, stuck on one side over his round, fat, rosy face; a walking-cane in one hand (a walking-cane on board a ship!); and a leather bottle, suspended by a belt from his shoulders. On further acquaintance, I found he was as odd in character as in appearance. He was a regular old bachelor, fidgety and particular. His countenance bespoke him a lover of the good things of this life—and it did not belie him, for dearly did he enjoy them all; nothing came amiss to him, that came in a *perishable* shape, provided it had all the "appliances and means to boot" of the culinary art. It was really quite a treat to hear the smack of genuine pleasure (a kind of *parting-salute*, a token of good-will and kindly feeling) which followed the engulfment of every mouthful of the captain's excellent claret—and his mouth, like the Irishman's, held exactly a glass; and then his little dark eye twinkled with anticipated delight, as it wandered discursively over the cuddy table, when the covers were raised at dinner. And yet with all this spice of epicurism and apparent selfishness, he was liberal, kind-hearted, and obliging. He had been so long absent from home that he had become completely *Indianised;* and his strange opinions and expectations respecting England, were in the highest degree ludicrous.

The lady was a young widow, who had accompanied her husband, a Madras civilian, many years her senior, to the Cape, in the hope of re-establishing his health; but it was too late—the hand of death was upon him, and he had

been taken from her about six months before our arrival. She remained at the Cape, waiting for expected letters from Madras, and then determined upon proceeding to Europe. She came on board in mourning and in tears: the sight of the ship seemed to have re-awakened the memory of him she regretted; and she did not for some time take her place at the cuddy-table, nor appear among the other passengers. Now and then, in the calm moonlight evenings, she came stealing up like a shadow, and wandered listlessly up and down the deck, leaning on the captain's arm, or bending over the bulwark of the poop, gazing mournfully on the waves below. Time, with the absence of all objects that could revive her painful recollections, soon had the effect of soothing her grief; and after we had crossed the *Line*, she was persuaded to join the cuddy party. She was young, and without being decidedly beautiful, was one of the most interesting-looking females I had ever met with. There was an air of mild, uncomplaining resignation in her look and manner, which irresistibly attracted sympathy and admiration. During the bustling scenes of my life in various parts of the East, I had met with all varieties and shades of beauty, and, strange to say, had passed unharmed and "fancy-free" through the ordeal of whole constellations of bright and beaming eyes. Love had hitherto been a stranger to me; I had read of it, talked of it, heard of it, but had never felt its overpowering influence; and I had begun to doubt whether I had a heart at all, at least for the tender passion. But I now soon found that I had been mistaken, and that I had feelings, and tender ones too, as well as those whom I had been in the habit of ridiculing for them. I could hardly analyse them at first, they were so various and contradictory. I began with admiration of the widow's expressive countenance and gentle manner. I was loud in her praise to every one who would listen to me: "If ever there was an angel on earth" (afloat I should

have said), "she is one." I eagerly sought every opportunity of throwing myself in her way, till I happened to hear one of the officers calling me "the widow's shadow." Then, all at once, I felt confused whenever her eyes met mine; the warm blood rushed to my cheeks, and a flutter of nerve came over me, whenever she spoke to me. I gradually withdrew from her society; lost my appetite; became fond of solitary walks; and was seized with a most extraordinary oppression of the lungs, which obliged me to sigh continually.

"Holloa, Wentworth!" said the officer of the deck to me one night, "what is the matter with you? There was a sigh like the blowing of a grampus!"

He was an old friend of mine, and as kind-hearted a rough diamond as ever breathed.

"I don't know, Wildman," replied I; "I'm afraid my liver is terribly out of order."

"Liver!" said he, with a loud laugh—"tell that to the marines; I suspect it's the heart that's out of trim more than the liver." And so saying, he walked forward to hail the foretop, and left me to my meditations. He left me an enlightened man; his words had flashed conviction on my mind.

"And so," muttered I, "I am actually in love! How strange that the *novelty* of my emotions should so long have blinded me to their *nature!* Heigh-ho! But why the plague should I sigh about it? Love! No, no; I'm sure I'm going to have an attack of liver. I wonder if she likes *me?*"

"Why don't you ask her?" said my sailor friend, who had returned unobserved to his place at my elbow, and had overheard the last part of my soliloquy. "Come, come, Wentworth," said he, seeing that I looked rather annoyed, "don't be angry with me; you have been like the bird that hides its head in the sand, and fancies no one can see

it; but I have long observed your growing partiality for the fair widow, and I admire your taste—she is a prize worth trying for. Take a friend's advice, and, if you are in a marrying mood, put your modesty under hatches, and make a bold stroke for a wife at once."

"Oh, nonsense, Wildman!—how can you talk so foolishly? She is in such affliction! I could not dream of following your advice; it would be indelicate in the extreme at present."

"Ay, it is too soon to come to close quarters yet; but there is nothing like laying an anchor to windward in time. Play at long balls with her, my boy. Stand in a corner, and gaze in admiring silence; send a few well-aimed die-away glances through her, and play off a sigh or two now and then, backed by a little sentiment. Why, man, a broadside of such red-hot sighs as yours would riddle her heart, and make her strike her colours at once, if you had but courage to lay her alongside."

Whether it was that I tacitly followed my friend's advice, or that my unconscious silent attentions had made the impression he anticipated, it so came to pass that, in a short time, the fair widow seemed to feel a pleasure in my society beyond that of any other on board. A slight degree of mutual good understanding soon ripens into intimacy on board a ship, where circumstances throw people into such close and constant communion; the flimsy veil of mere artificial politeness is soon seen through, and the character of each individual shows itself in its true colours. The more I saw of hers, the more I admired it; she was so free from the petty vanities of the sex, and so sweet and equable in her temper. She was the daughter of a highly respectable physician in the west of England, whose professional income had enabled him to bestow on all his family a liberal education, and to bring them up suitably to their apparent prospects, and to the station he expected them to fill in

society. Her elder brother had gone out to India in a mercantile capacity, and had returned home to recruit his health in his native vale. During the interval of his visit, his father, who had long been in declining health, died, and, contrary to expectation, left his children but poorly provided for; and the brother, after having arranged the family affairs, and placed the juniors under the guardianship of an old and tried friend, persuaded his sister to accompany him to the East. When they arrived at Madras, my fair friend, whom I shall call Emily, was not long without admirers. Among others was an elderly civilian, high in the service, of great wealth and irreproachable character. He urged his suit with the greatest assiduity; and, notwithstanding Emily's evident coldness, he laid his heart and fortune at her feet.

All Emily's friends were urgent with her not to reject so advantageous a settlement. Her brother *said* nothing on the subject; but she had learned to read his wishes in his countenance. She thought of the almost destitute state of her family at home, and of the opportunities which the wealth and liberality of so excellent a man might afford her of benefiting them; and, after a long struggle of contending feeling, she consented to become the wife of Mr Stacey. He was for two years all he had promised—affectionate, considerate, and attentive to her slightest wishes. She respected and esteemed him, and, when she closed his eyes in a foreign land, she mourned for him as a sincere and valued friend. He had left her by his will the sole and uncontrolled command of his large fortune; and she was now returning home to comfort the declining years of her mother, and rejoicing in the thought that her wealth would enable her effectually to promote the interests of the junior members of her family.

But I must proceed to other matters. Our passage from the Cape had been a long, but to me a most delightful,

one, and we were expecting to *make* the Lizard next day. The captain was very anxious to have a good *landfall*, as his best chronometer had met with an accident a few days before, and he was rather doubtful as to its correctness. The breeze was light and fair, and the waves were breaking short and crisp, curling their little white crests as they rose and fell in rapid succession; but there was a long, heavy under-swell from the southward, which gave rise to many an ominous shake of the head among the experienced hands on board. For my part, I dreaded no danger, and I enjoyed to the utmost the really beautiful scene around me. There was nothing, to be sure, to be seen but sea and sky; but it was beautiful and boundless nature — nature in her solitude and strength. There were no crowds of human beings jostling and hurrying past each other, as in the haunts of man and of art; but there was the glorious sun, shining in almost unclouded splendour—the sea, with its playful waves dancing and smiling in the sunbeam, and teeming with life and energy. Whole shoals of flying-fish quivered their little wings, glittering like silver in the sun, and then dropped fluttering into the waters; while those "hunters of the sea," dolphins, and bonitos, and albecores, darted, leaped, and plunged in pursuit of them—sometimes rising six or seven abreast, and making immense flying leaps together, as if emulating each other, and putting to shame the steeple-chasing "lords of creation." My attention was diverted from the water by the gradual *heeling over* of the vessel, and the creaking noise of the blocks, as the freshening breeze gave additional tension to the tacks and sheets; at the same time, I heard one of the men muttering to another, as they stood by the royal clue-lines—

"This here breeze is a-freshening fast, Bill. I doesn't like to see them beggars a-galloping round the ship like so many mad horses; and look how the cat's a-whisking

about! There's a gale of wind in her tail, I'll take my 'davy."

"Man the royal clulines!" shouted the officer of the watch. "Haul taut! In royals!"

As soon as the royals were furled, the boatswain piped to dinner; the men went below, and I hastened to my cabin. As I sat at the open port, I could not help recalling the conversation I had overheard, and, looking out, I observed that the clouds were rapidly rising from the southward, and forming into dense dark masses; and I was aware, from the increasing motion of the ship, and the long, crashing rush of the sea under the counter, that the breeze was freshening. "The fellow is a true prophet, after all," muttered I to myself; and, just as I spoke, the ship gave a heavy lurch, and my bookcase, which was badly secured, *fetched way*, and, with a heavy crash, fell on the deck. Fortunately, there was but little mischief done to my books, and I sent for one of the carpenter's mates to secure the case again. Scarcely had the poor fellow left my cabin, after having finished his work, when I heard the sharp warning *tweet tweet* of the boatswain's call instantly echoed from three different parts of the lower deck; then came the sound of hurrying feet, and then a long, loud, shrill whistle, followed by a hoarse cry of "All hands reef topsails, ahoy!" then were heard the loud, clear orders, "In topgallantsails! Lower away the topsails!" followed by the whirring, rattling sound of blocks, and the dull flapping of the sails, as the yards were pointed to the wind. Poor Evans, the carpenter's mate of whom I spoke above, was stationed on the foretopsailyard, and in his hurry to *lay out*, his foot slipped, he lost his hold of the yard, and fell head foremost downwards. The ship was rolling to windward at the time, so that he fell outside the bulwark, struck the anchor in his descent, and must have been senseless when he reached the surface of the water; for, although he went down head-

foremost, he *struck out* mechanically, as if endeavouring to dive, and never rose again. For an instant this sudden and dreadful accident paralysed both officers and men; but it was only for an instant.

"Poor fellow!" said the commanding officer, "he's gone! Come, bear a hand, there aloft! Lay out!—lay out! Tie away!—lay down!"

Again the *tweet tweet* was heard. "Hoist away!" was the order; and, with a quick and steady tramp, a hundred feet kept time with the merry notes of the fife. The sails were set, the yards trimmed, and, under her reduced canvas, the ship bounded along with great lightness and ease. But the face of nature was no longer smiling: the heavy masses of vapour had risen from the southern horizon, one dense body seeming to push another upwards, as it rose from the gulf of darkness, till the whole surface of the heavens was covered with a veil of gloomy and wildly-driving clouds. The waves were no longer, as Wilson says, "like playful lambs on a mountain's side," but were rushing after each other like wild beasts in search of prey. It was evident that the breeze was freshening fast; but, as it was still *free*, the ship was making rapid way through the water. I will pass over the next twenty-four hours, during which the breeze continued strong, but steady. At about five P.M. of the next day, a darkness like that of night hung over the horizon to windward, which gradually rose in the centre, forming a hard, clear, well-defined arch, which rapidly enlarged and enlarged, the centre part becoming dim with driving rain.

"Call the hands out—reef topsails!" shouted the captain; and again all was bustle and animation. The sound of the boatswain's cry was hardly out of our ears, before the men were on deck, full of eagerness and emulation, their energies seeming to rise in proportion to the demand upon them. Our topsails were double-reefed and on the caps when the

squall struck us; we could hear it howling over the water long before it reached us, the rain driving fiercely before it, mixed with the spray of the waves, which was dashed abroad like mist.

"Lower the driver!—man the gear of the mainsail!"

"All ready, sir!"

"Up mainsail!"

The men who were stationed at the mainsheet unfortunately let it run through their hands; the sail bellied up over the leeyardarm, gave one loud, heavy flap, and, with a report like that of a cannon, split right across, and was blown in pieces, and the tattered remnants fluttered from the yard, as if struggling to escape, and cracking like ten thousand whips. As soon as the blast had expended its fury, the fragments of the mainsail were unbent, and a new sail got up in their place.

"Away, aloft there, topmen!—get the topgallantyards ready for coming down!" was now the cry.

"All ready forward, sir!"

"Ready abaft?"

"All ready, sir!"

"Haul taut!—sway away!—high enough!—lower away!" And, in a few minutes, the topgallantyards were safely landed on deck, and secured on the booms.

Hitherto the weather had been dry and fine, except during the squalls; but, as the night closed in, a thick drizzling rain came on, which drove all the passengers below.

The ship was now plunging and rolling heavily, and the white foam of the long tumbling seas looked doubly ghastly through the gloom, while their roaring formed dismal harmony with the howling of the wind.

Our party was small at the cuddy-table that evening, when we met at eight-bells (eight o'clock) to discuss our hot grog and negus. Some of the gentlemen were sick,

others tired, and some alarmed at the appearance of things around them.

The mercury in the barometer had fallen considerably; and the captain, as he sat at the table rallying some of his passengers on the extraordinary length of their phizzes, was evidently assuming a cheerfulness he did not feel; and at times looked absent and uneasy.

"Has not the glass fallen very fast, captain?" said one of the military officers.

'Yes," replied he, "a little. That question recalls to my recollection a most ludicrous circumstance that occurred on board a free-trader of which I was mate. I was keeping the middle watch on a beautiful night, when a fine light breeze filled all the *small kites*, and the weather was looking remarkably steady and clear. All at once the captain came running out in his nightcap and slippers, looked at the compass, and then aloft, and said, 'What kind of night is it, Mr Darby?'

"'Very fine, sir; steady breeze, smooth water; every stitch of sail set that will draw.'

"'Take in all your small sails, sir, as fast as you can; the glass has fallen considerably since I turned in; we are going to have a breeze.'

"I looked at him with surprise, and then to windward; but to hear was to obey—the stunsails, smallstaysails, and royals were taken in. This was scarcely done, when the captain again made his appearance. 'Darby, the glass is falling fast—call the hands out, double-reef the topsails, and down topgallant and royal yards.'

"'Sir!' answered I, staring at him with astonishment.

"'Bear a hand, sir, and get the sail off the ship,' said he, sharply.

"His orders were obeyed, greatly to the surprise of all on board. But even this did not appear to satisfy him. He came on deck again, and this time I kept at a most respect-

ful distance, for I really began to think his head was cracked, and that he might perhaps wish to try how I would look in the same predicament.

"'It's very odd, Darby,' said he; 'I don't understand it; the glass is still falling. Come and look at it.'

"I went with him into his cabin, where the barometer was hanging near his cot, with a swinging lamp beside it. The mercury was very low, uncommonly so; but, while I was looking at it, I heard a heavy drop upon the deck, and, looking downwards, I saw something glittering below the lamp. I stooped to look what it was, and the mystery was solved at once: there was a hole in the bottom of the tube, and the mercury had been oozing out. The captain looked very foolish at first, and then, staring me full in the face, burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, in which I heartily joined him. At daybreak the hands were called out again; but for a very different purpose. 'Crack on everything!' was now the cry; and we were soon spanking along again under a cloud of canvas. But you are not to suppose," continued Captain Darby, "from this anecdote, that I mean to depreciate the value of the marine barometer; it is the seaman's invaluable friend—a prophet whose warnings are not to be disregarded. Many and many a time has it enabled me to prepare in time for a coming gale, which would otherwise have assailed me unawares."

"The gale is freshening fast, sir," said an officer, putting his head into the cuddy-door. The captain hurried out, and gave orders for reefing the courses; and, during the whole of that long and, to us, miserable night, all hands were kept constantly at work; and we heard the loud orders of the officers, and the cries of the answering seamen, confusedly and at intervals, through the roaring of the wind and the rushing of the seas. I slept, or rather lay (for I could not sleep), in one of the round-house cabins; the edge of my cot, at every roll of the ship, knocking against the beams

from which it was suspended; and I was every now and then nearly jerked out by the violent pitching, when the ship seemed as if she were endeavouring to dive head-foremost into the depths, to escape the violence of the winds. The ladies' cabins were abaft the round-house; the fair widow's divided from mine only by a thin bulkhead. I would have given all I was worth to be allowed to sit near her, to revive her spirits, and to soothe her fears. I was aware that she was dreadfully alarmed; for, whenever the vessel staggered under the overwhelming attacks of the sea, I heard from her cabin a shuddering of nervous terror. The gentlemen passengers actually envied the poor seamen who were exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm: *they* were actively employed, the excitement of the storm left no time for reflection—besides, storm, tempest, and danger were their elements; but we lay idle and helpless, knowing just enough of our danger to imagine it to be much greater—brooding over the chimeras of our own fancies, and anticipating we knew not what of approaching calamity. The continual creak, creak, creaking of the bulkheads—the pattering of the thick shower of spray upon our decks, following the dull, heavy "thud" of some giant sea, which made the ship reel and tremble through every timber—the cries of the seamen, heard indistinctly and at intervals, and then borne far away to leeward on the gale, as if the spirits of the air were shrieking above and around us—formed altogether a fearful medley of wild sounds. At length, towards morning, nothing was heard on deck but the deep, moaning voice of the gale, and the roar of the sea; but new and more ominous sounds arose from the lower deck: there was the monotonous clanking of the pumps, and the rush of water from side to side of the ship, as she rolled heavily and deeply. I could lie in my cot no longer—my nerves were worked up to such a state of excitement; and I rushed on deck to breathe

the fresh air, and to see the state of affairs there. It was to me a beautiful, though awful, sight. The sun was just beginning to rise; and the lurid, threatening, angry glare he shed over the horizon gave additional horror to the gloomy scene. The ship looked almost a wreck to my eyes. The topgallantmasts had been got on deck; the booms were crowded with wet sails and rigging; the small ropes aloft were bellying out with the wind, and then striking violently against the mast with the roll of the ship; the hatches were battened down; lifelines were stretched along from the poop to the forecastle; heavy seas were striking the bow, every now and then pouring volumes of clear blue water over the decks, while the spray flew like a thick shower overhead, nearly half-mast high; the horizon all round was pitchy black, except where a dull, hazy, fiery gleam marked its eastern verge; the surface of the water was one wide sheet of white foam, glistening through the gloom; and the strength of the gale seemed absolutely to blow the tops off the giant seas, and scattered them abroad in showers of spoon drift. The deck was deserted, except by the captain and the officer of the watch—one watch of the men having been sent below to the pumps, and the other to their hammocks. The captain was standing under the lee of the weather bulwark, holding on by the main-brace, looking pale and exhausted; near him, with his arm round the poop-ladder, stood the officer of the watch, muffled up in his pea-jacket, his eyes red and inflamed, and speaking in a low, husky whisper, his voice being completely broken with the exertion of the night.

"Ah, Mr Wentworth," said the captain, when I made my appearance, "you are soon tired of your cot. I did not expect to see any of you idlers on deck in such weather as this."

"It is more pleasant here than down below, I should think, Captain Darby. Sleep is out of the question. I hope the gale is not going to last much longer?"

"There is no chance of its moderating at present," said he; "the glass is still falling, and the appearance of the weather is as bad as it well can be!"

"Whereabouts are we now, captain? Are we not very near the English coast?"

"Yes—we're not very far from it; I hope we shall make the land soon."

I asked one or two more questions, which the captain evidently evaded answering. I accordingly desisted from my inquiries; but a dark and undefined presentiment of evil came over me, which I strove in vain to shake off. Finding the captain so uncommunicative, and the spray, that was constantly dashing over the decks, anything but comfortable, I thought my wisest plan would be to crawl to my cot again. On my way to my cabin, I lingered for a few minutes under the poop awning, and happened to overhear the captain say, in a low voice, to the chief mate—

"Charters, I wish the sun would show his face again—I don't like this groping work. I'd give a hundred *pounds* to be as many *miles* to the westward—we are much too near a lee shore, for my taste."

"Oh, sir, we shall, perhaps, see some of the pilot-boats soon, and then we shall be right enough."

"Ten chances to one against it," replied the other, "in such weather as this. However, we will fire a gun every five minutes, in case any of them should be cruising in our neighbourhood. I wish we had bent our cables before this gale set in. As soon as the hands are called out, we will bend them; and get the anchors clear, that we may be prepared for the worst."

"Ay, ay, sir."

This was pretty comfort for me; but as I knew that talking would not mend matters, I did not mention what I had heard to any of the other passengers. A very short time had elapsed when the hands were called out, and the orders

of the captain were carried into effect as actively as possible. It was a work of considerable difficulty and no little danger to bend the cables, as the ship was plunging and rolling awfully, and every now and then taking green seas over all, and volumes of water rushed through the open hawse-hole into the lower deck. At last it *was* accomplished, and the men had a temporary respite from their labour. The gale, so far from moderating, rather increased in fury; but the leak had not gained upon us, and the maintopmast still seemed to stand stiffly up to the gale, with the close-reefed sail upon it. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy sea struck the quarter, filled one quarter-boat, and broke it away from the tackles, and stove the other; and at the same time the ship *lurched* so deeply, that the muzzles of her quarter-deck guns were buried in the water, one of the maintopmast backstays gave way, and the mast, with a loud crash, went toppling over the side. I was standing under the poop awning at the time, and was nearly washed off my feet by a body of water rushing out of the cuddy; and at the same time I heard the screaming of the ladies in the after cabin. I ran aft, and knocking at the fair widow's door, was immediately admitted, and found everything in the greatest confusion, and herself in extreme alarm. The sea had burst in the quarterport, and deluged the cabin with water; the deck was strewed with furniture, dashing and tumbling about with the motion of the ship; and Emily herself was clinging to one of the stanchions, pale with terror, and drenched to the skin. "Oh, Mr Wentworth!" was all she could utter, before she fell fainting into my arms. I will not enter into a description of my feelings at that moment, when the only woman I had ever truly loved was lying helpless in my embrace; suffice it that I felt I could die for her. In a short time she revived; and blushing deeply, apologised for the trouble and alarm she had occasioned me. My heart was on my lips. I had hitherto,

from a feeling of delicacy, abstained from expressing all I felt towards her; but now she looked so lovely, so gentle, so confiding, that I was just on the point of giving utterance to the emotions of my heart, when the entrance of the servants coming to secure the furniture interrupted the unreasonable disclosure. I then hastened on deck, where a sight awaited me which almost paralysed my excited nerves. The ship was *lying to*, but anything but lying *still*, under the storm mainstaysail; the wreck of the maintopmast was hanging down the lee-mainrigging, banging backwards and forwards with the motion of the ship; the men were clinging like cats to the mainrigging, actively employed in endeavouring to secure and clear away the wreck; the wind had drawn more round to the eastward, and was blowing a perfect hurricane—when all at once a loud cry was heard from the forecastle, of "Breakers on the leebeam!" and their white tumbling crests were soon distinctly seen by all on deck, and it was evident we were fast approaching them. For an instant there was a pause of dead silence among the crew; officers and men looked at each other, and at the breakers, with blank dismay. The sharp, quick, distinct tones of the captain's voice startled them into habitual attention and activity.

"Stations, wear ship! hard up with the helm! run up the forestaysail! square away the afteryards!"

The staysail just *bellied out* with the gale, and blew to rags; the ship fell off for a moment, and then flew up to the wind again. "Cut away the mizzenmast!" was the next order; and in five minutes the tall mast fell crashing over the side. The helm was again put up, but in vain; the ship would not pay off; and we were bodily and rapidly drifting down upon the breakers.

"Have both bower cables clear below, and all ready with the sheet!" shouted the captain.

I ran, or rather staggered, as fast as I could to the after

cabin, and requested admittance. Emily was there, looking dreadfully pale. I suppose my countenance betrayed the agitation of my mind; for she instantly exclaimed—and her demeanour was unnaturally calm and collected, though her voice trembled, and her cheek was blanched with terror—

"Is there any hope, Mr Wentworth? Tell me the worst; I am prepared for it, and can bear it calmly." I hesitated. "You need not speak," said she; "your silence tells me there is no hope."

"There is indeed none," replied I, "but in the mercy of an overruling Providence. In another hour, our doom, whether for life or for death, will be sealed."

I saw the pang of agony that flitted across her countenance at this intelligence; she gasped for breath, and seemed as if about to faint; but she immediately recovered herself, and looking upwards, with mild resignation, she murmured, "It is a painful trial—but *His* will be done." By my advice she put on some warmer but lighter clothing, and I then supported her to the quarterdeck. I felt the shuddering of her frame when the awful sight of approaching destruction was before her. The scene, altogether, was one to appal the bravest—to make the boldest "hold his breath;" never will the remembrance of it be erased from my mind; and, to this hour, it sometimes haunts my dreams. Scarcely half-a-mile to leeward lay the coast—dark, frowning, precipitous, and apparently inaccessible; its lower line completely hidden from our view; but at intervals the dark and rugged summits of the rocks were seen through the sheets of white foam dashed over them by the breakers. To windward the prospect was as cheerless; darkness was beginning to settle on the waters; and in the distance nothing was to be seen but the foam of the crested seas, flashing indistinct and ghastly through the gloom. Viewed by that uncertain light, and rising in such various waving forms, they seemed to my overwrought fancy as if the sea had given up her

dead, and the spirits of the departed were assembling on the waters, to witness our approaching fate. The ship was already almost a wreck; the mizzenmast was still hanging alongside, having smashed the poop hammock-nettings and bulwark in its fall; the stumps of the fore and maintopmast were all that remained aloft; the giant seas were dashing over the sides, deluging the decks fore and aft, and blinding us with their thick showers of spray; the lower yardarms dipped into the water, as the half-waterlogged ship rolled heavily and deeply, groaning and trembling in every timber, like a living creature in its mortal agony. And then the accompaniments!—oh, how often since have I in fancy heard again the hollow, *ominous* moaning of the gale, mourning, as it were, over the wreck of its own violence; the roaring of the waters, as they rose, and rushed, and dashed against our side; the dull, mournful, dirge-like sound of our minute-guns; the shuddering cries of the timid; the curses and imprecations of the hardened and desperate! Oh, if the recollection of it be so appalling, what must have been the reality?

Some of the men were actively employed in endeavouring to clear away the wreck of the mizzenmast; others cutting adrift the small booms and spars, and all such light articles as might be instrumental in bearing them to the shore; and the passengers, and those who were unemployed, were gazing, in the gloomy silence of despair, upon their approaching destruction. I saw that there was no hope, and that the last struggle was fast approaching. I lashed the trembling and weeping Emily to a spar, and whispered in her ear, "Pray to the Ruler of the winds and waves, dearest Emily! *He* can save when there is none other to help!" She pressed my hand in silence, smiled through her tears, and looked upwards.

We had only one resource left now, and that was one of feeble promise—both bower anchors were cut away—the

cables ran out to the clinches, and snapped like threads; the sheet-cable shared the same fate.

"I knew it," exclaimed the captain—"I knew it was in vain. No hemp that ever was twisted could stand the strain of such a sea and breeze. It is all over with us now! Every man look out for his own safety! You had better lash yourselves to the spars, my lads!"

The momentary check given to the ship brought her broadside round to the breakers. Never shall I forget the cold shudder which came over me when the vessel rose upon the crest of an enormous sea, and seemed to be balancing herself for a moment, as if loth to meet her doom; another instant, and she struck with a shock that made us all start from the deck, and a crash as if the whole fabric were falling to pieces beneath us. Again she was lifted by the sea, and dashed on the rocks nearer the shore, when she fell over on her side with her masts towards the beach, along which parties of men were hurrying, dimly visible in the dusk of evening, eager, but unable to afford us assistance; while the heights above were thronged with country people, who had been attracted to the spot by the report of our guns. The sea, which had dashed us on our broadside, swept away with it the boats, booms, spars—everything, in fact, from the upper deck; and bore its promiscuous prey onwards towards the beach. What was my agony to see the spar to which Emily was lashed sharing the fate of the rest! She tossed her arms wildly over her head, gave one shrill and piercing scream, and was borne away and hidden from my view by the following sea. "I will save her," I exclaimed, "or perish."

The hull of the stranded ship formed a kind of breakwater, and the sea was comparatively smooth under her lee. I had stripped myself, in preparation for the coming struggle, of all superfluous clothing; and, crawling out as far as possible on the mainmast, I committed myself fearlessly to

the sea, which was to me quite a familiar element. A few vigorous strokes, and the friendly elevation of a rising wave gave me a sight of Emily; I immediately swam towards her, and by partly supporting myself on the spar, and directing it towards the shore, I was fortunate enough to succeed in bearing my precious charge in safety to the beach, against which we were dashed with great violence, but fortunately without any injury. She was quite insensible, and lay on the sand so still and pale that at first my heart died within me; I thought she was gone for ever.

"Emily! dearest Emily!" I frantically exclaimed.

A faint sigh was the answer. The sudden revulsion from grief to transport, at this assurance that life was not extinct, was almost too much for me. Faintly, but fervently, did I breathe forth my thanksgivings to a merciful Providence, and then, with the assistance of some of the inhabitants, I bore the still unconscious form of my beloved companion to a fisherman's hut, which was perched in a fissure of the neighbouring rocks.

"Don't be afeared, sir," said the old fisherman who assisted me in supporting Emily; "don't be afeared. Her cheek is a little pale or so; but my ould ooman 'll soon bring the colour into it again. Bless her ould heart, she's a famous doctor? But here we are," said he, giving a thundering rattle against the door. "Betsy, Betsy, heave ahead, ould woman!—this is no night to keep flesh and blood on the wrong side of the house."

The door was cautiously opened, and, shading her candle with her hand from the rude blast, a tidily-dressed, respectable-looking woman made her appearance, who gave a cry of surprise and alarm when she saw the apparently lifeless body of Emily. She began pouring out a whole string of questions which her husband quickly cut short with—

"Come, come, Bet, there's no time for *backing* and *filling* now. Get the poor thing stripped, ould ooman, and

put her into a warm bed as soon as ee can. There's a ship ashore below there, and this ere lady comed ashore with this ere gentleman."

"For Heaven's sake be quick, my good woman," said I; "you shall be handsomely rewarded for your trouble."

"Reward, sir!" replied the woman; "neither Bill nor me looks for reward for doing our duty. More's the luck, there's a good fire in both ends of the house to-night; bring her in here, poor thing."

In half-an-hour, thanks to blankets, hot water, and Schiedam, Emily was in a quiet and placid slumber; and the fisherman and I, after having fortified ourselves with a glass of good Hollands, hastened again to the beach. The storm was still raging in all its fury; lights were flashing along the shore, and parties of men were running up and down, some in search of plunder, others with the more benevolent wish to afford assistance to the shipwrecked crew of the Indiaman. The beach was strewed with broken spars, hencoops, chests of tea, and ship timber; and every now and then the fisherman's light flashed upon a dead body, lying extended partly on the sand and partly in the water. As we were hurrying along, I stumbled, and nearly fell over something soft, which I could not distinguish in the darkness, the fisherman being some paces ahead of me with his lantern. I stooped down, and found it was a human body.

"Poor fellow!" muttered I—"he sleeps sound; 'tis the sleep of death." As I spoke, my hand touched the face, which, to my great surprise, was still warm. "Ah, there is life here still!" And of this I soon had startling conviction; for my finger was suddenly and sharply bitten, and, at the same moment I saw a little, round, dim-looking bundle rolling over and over with great rapidity along the beach. I was startled at first; but quickly recovered myself, and gave chase to the mysterious-looking object, calling out to the fisherman to join me. We soon overtook the object

of our pursuit; and, cold and wearied as we both were, and surrounded by sights and sounds of horror, I could not forbear laughing at the sight that met my eyes. There, rolled up like a hedgehog, with his leather bottle by his side, and a red nightcap fastened on with a pocket-handkerchief, his little round chubby face buried in his hands, and his knees drawn up to his chin, lay the little doctor, his whole body trembling with fright. I flashed the light across his face, but he kept his eyes obstinately shut, and buried his face deeper in his hands.

"Doctor!" said I, shaking him.

"Oh, oh," shuddered he, "don't kill me—that's a good fellow! I'll give you my brandy bottle if you won't." I touched him in the ribs. "Oh! I am a dead man," groaned he, recoiling from the touch; "drowned like an ass at sea, and now going to be stuck like a pig on shore! Oh!"

"Doctor!"

"Never was one in my life!—my name's Posset. Drenched to the skin!—cold—cold! Don't kill me—that's a good fellow. I am so cold."

"Don't you know me, doctor?" said I, almost crying with laughter; "don't you know Wentworth?"

"Eh! What?" returned he, gradually uncoiling himself, till his little thick legs were stretched to their full length (shortness, I should say), and his sharp twinkling eyes stared full up in my face. "So it *is!* Give me your hand, my boy—who'd have thought it? How did you escape? Devil takes care of his own, eh?"

"So it seems, doctor," said I, laughing; "that accounts satisfactorily for *your* appearance here."

"Ha, ha, ha! have me there—eh, Wentworth? Help me to take the stopper out of the bottle—that's a good fellow."

He raised himself on his elbow, turned his face to the sky, and held deep communion with *his* pocket-companion; but, happening to cast his eyes upon *mine*, he started nimbly

to his feet, and, edging close to my side, muttered, with great trepidation—

"Who's your friend, eh? Not a wrecker, I hope? Sad fellows those—cut-throats, and all that."

Having set the little gentleman's fears at rest on that score, we returned to the cottage, which was now crowded with survivors from the wreck, some dreadfully bruised, others only exhausted with cold and fatigue. We heard that several others had taken shelter in another cottage, about half-a-mile distant, and that a messenger had been despatched to a neighbouring town for medical assistance. It was found, on comparing notes, that only about fifty people were saved out of the crew of one hundred and twenty. Sad and silent were the greetings of the survivors; for the loud roaring of the wind, the rattling of the door and casements, and the low, rumbling sound of the distant breakers, recalled but too forcibly the horrors of the scenes they had just witnessed, and the sad fate of their unfortunate shipmates. As soon as the little doctor was revived by the heat, and by a dose of the fisherman's restorative, he hastened to make himself useful in a professional way; and his little rosy cheeks and merry chuckling laugh had the effect of soon dispelling the gloom which hung over the party. In a short time, we heard, in the intervals of the gale, the faint, distant sound of a horse's hoofs, galloping along the beach.

"There comes the young doctor, I'll take my 'davy," said the fisherman. "Never knowed him let the grass grow under his horse's feet in time of need—blessings on his kind heart!" The door opened, and in walked the expected visiter. He was quite a youth in appearance, but tall, and of a most prepossessing exterior.

"I hope there has no serious accident happened, William."

"Serious enough, your honour," said the fisherman.

"There's a fine ship stranded just below; many of the poor fellows on the beach are beyond the reach of your assistance; there is not so much as a broken bone here, however —nothing but wet clothes and bruises. But there's a lady in the other end of the house, doctor—you had better go to her first."

We were just going to knock at the door of Emily's room, when the fisherman's wife opened it, and on seeing me, exclaimed—

"Your wife has just wakened from a sound sleep, sir, and looks quite fresh and life-like."

I smiled at the good woman's mistake, which I did not see any occasion to rectify; but I followed the young doctor into the room. I saw in an instant that Emily had heard the woman's address to me; for as soon as her eye caught mine she blushed deeply, and averted her face. I almost flattered myself I heard a gentle sigh.

The young doctor, in the meantime, approached the bed, and was about respectfully to feel her pulse, when, all at once, to my great surprise, he exclaimed—

"Merciful Heaven! Emily, dear Emily!" And, without the slightest ceremony, he printed kiss after kiss upon her fair cheek. My first impulse was to spring forward to chastise him for his insolence; but I felt my limbs tremble under me. I staggered against the wall, hid my face in my hands, and absolutely groaned with anguish of spirit. There was an end to all my bright visions; I had flattered myself that the cup of happiness was just at my lips, and now it seemed to be dashed from them for ever. I had saved Emily only for the arms of a happy rival!

Such were the thoughts that flashed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning; and with them visions of ropes, and razors, and pistols. Two words of Emily dispelled them, and raised me again from the depths of despair into the seventh heaven of hope and happiness. These

cabalistic words were—"Dear brother!" The young doctor now turned round to me, and said, hesitatingly—

"And this gentleman, Emily? Pray introduce me to him."

"Mr Wentworth, allow me to introduce to your notice and friendship, my brother, Edward Walford."

"Wentworth!" said young Walford; "there is surely some mistake here, Emily—I thought the woman called this gentleman your husband!"

"So she did, Edward," replied she, blushing; "but it was a mistake on her part, and not a surprising one. I am more astonished at *your* ignorance of my affairs than at hers. You cannot have received my two last letters from the Cape."

She then informed him of the events which had taken place since she left Madras; spoke kindly and affectionately of her late husband, who, she said, had always behaved like a tender and considerate father to her; and expressed the warmest gratitude to him for his liberal provision for her future welfare. She hinted delicately that, though she grieved for his loss as that of a dear and valued friend, her feelings towards him had been chiefly those of gratitude and esteem. She gave a rapid and graphic sketch of the voyage, and ended with an account of the immediately preceding scenes of its fatal termination. Her cheek grew pale, and her voice trembled, as she detailed the horrors of the wreck.

"Although I had thought myself perfectly resigned," she said, "to what appeared to be my inevitable fate, yet, when that awful sea tore me away from the deck, I felt as if my last earthly hope was wrested from me; that moment, snatched as it were from the confines of a violent and awful death, was crowded with the recollections of a lifetime, which flashed, with lightning-like rapidity, across my memory. I thought of all I had done and suffered, and then

of the extinction of my fond hopes of meeting and benefiting those dearest to my heart. There was agony in the thought—I screamed, and became unconscious. The cold dashing of the sea, while it half-drowned, revived me from my fit. I was too faint and frightened to speak, but I was aware that Mr Wentworth was beside me; I felt that I was saved, and I relapsed into unconsciousness. To this gentleman," she said, turning her tearful eyes towards me, "am I indebted, under Heaven, for my escape from a watery grave. Oh, Mr Wentworth! how can I ever adequately prove my gratitude to you?"

"You owe me none," replied I. "The mere selfish impulses of our nature prompt us to endeavour to save what we value most. I *thought* I loved you; but it was not till I saw you struggling in the waves that I knew how *very* dear you were to my heart. Pardon my abruptness; if you think it presumption in a comparative stranger so *soon* to talk of love, I will wait months, years—only speak one word, Emily—say, may I hope?"

She was silent, but her eyes filled with tears, and she looked beseechingly at her brother.

"I see how it is, Mr Wentworth," said the doctor, laughing; "my sister deputes me to act as her interpreter. Her eyes say to you, as plain as they can speak (though you do not seem to understand their language), 'You saved my *life* —who has a better claim upon my hand and heart?' Am I right, Emily?" said he, putting her small fair hand into mine.

She made no reply, but gently returned the pressure of my hand, and looked up in my face with such a sweet smile, that I could not resist the temptation to imprint the first fond seal of love upon her glowing cheek.

"Come, Emily," said young Walford, "your *brother* has given you to Mr Wentworth, and now your *doctor* must take care of you for him. You are too weak yet to bear

more excitement; we will leave you to your repose." He then took my arm, and bidding Emily adieu, we went into the other room, where we found the most exhausted of the party stretched on the floor in various attitudes, giving audible notice that their lungs had not been materially injured by their late submersion; while the shuddering moans and convulsive starts of some of the number showed that fancy was busy within them, acting over again the dreadful scenes of the night.

When day had begun to break, the whole party hastened out to the beach. Not a vestige remained of our unfortunate ship: the hull was completely broken up, and the shore was strewed for miles with portions of the wreck. We found Captain Darby, Wildman, and the survivors who had taken refuge in the other cottage, busily employed in the sad duty of collecting the dead bodies of their less fortunate shipmates. Young Walford and I had a long and interesting conversation together, in the course of which he told me that his mother and the rest of the family were living in the neighbouring town, in which he was practising as surgeon. He was obliged to return home immediately, he said, to attend to his professional avocations; and, leaving me to apologise to his sister when she awoke, he promised either to come or send for her as soon as possible. I returned to the cottage. Emily was sleeping, and remained for three or four hours in a sound slumber, from which she had only just awakened, when a post-chaise drove up to the door, a handsome middle-aged lady stepped out, and in a moment Emily was in the arms of her mother. For some time they embraced each other in silence; but their lips were moving, and the tears were streaming down their cheeks.

"Dear, dear mother!" at last sobbed Emily.

"Blessings on my darling!" replied she, holding Emily from her, and then hugging her to her heart; "let me look

again on thy sweet face, my child!" she continued, gazing earnestly and affectionately at her, and then murmuring, "Oh, if I had lost you, Emily!" she again burst into an agony of tears. At last recollecting herself, she exclaimed, "Edward has told me all—where is *he*—where is the gallant man who saved your life?"

"This is Mr Wentworth," said Emily.

Mrs Walford took my hand in both hers, and pressed it to her heart, and, with a broken and trembling voice, she exclaimed—

"The blessing of a widowed mother be upon you, sir. You have saved my grey hairs from going down in sorrow to the grave."

I was greatly affected by her warm expressions of gratitude, and by the almost maternal cordiality with which she urged me to accompany them home. This invitation, it may be readily supposed, I was not at all unwilling to avail myself of; and, as none of the party were encumbered with baggage, nothing having been saved from the wreck, we soon left the cottage, carrying with us the good wishes and blessings of its inmates, whom Mrs Walford had most liberally rewarded for their hospitality. Three months afterwards, Emily Stacely became my wife; and, as I said before, sir, I owe the greatest blessing of my life to a storm and its consequences."

The steamboat soon afterwards entered the Mersey; and, when we parted on the quay at Liverpool, it was with mutual regret, and with a promise to renew our acquaintance as soon as possible. I have since had reason, like Mr Wentworth, to bless a "storm and its consequences;" for the next greatest blessing to a good wife is a good friend, and such he has ever proved himself to be, since our "stormy" meeting in the steamboat.

THE HEIR OF INSHANNOCK.

The ill-fated struggle of the partisans of the House of Stuart, in the year 1745, terminated, as our readers know, in the total ruin of almost all who were engaged in that unfortunate rebellion. The scaffold was deluged with the noblest blood in Scotland; and even those who were so fortunate as to escape the axe of the executioner, became penniless wanderers in a foreign land, meeting with little sympathy, and still less relief.

Amongst those who preferred the risk of hanging in their own country, to the certainty of starvation in a foreign one, was Reginald, or, as he was usually called, Ranald Grahame of Inshannock—a gentleman who was distantly connected with the Viscounts of Dundee. His estates were extensive, although his rental was small. He resided in an old building called the Tower of Gloom, which stood on a ridge of a terrific defile overhanging Loch Lomond.

Great rewards were offered for his apprehension by the Duke of Argyle, who entertained towards him a very hostile feeling, not founded in any patriotic desire to put down a rebel, but from an old grudge, either real or imaginary, which the great M'Callum Mor was not disposed to stomach. Hitherto, every effort to capture Reginald had been fruitless; for, secure in the devoted attachment of his tenantry, and the difficulty of an approach to the tower, he laughed at the threats of the chief of the Campbells, although backed by formidable government proclamations. It was to this security that Reginald became a victim. In his earlier years he had been intimate with Donald Campbell of Dungyle, who, although the nominal proprietor of these lands, derived

nothing from them, as they were burdened by what is called, in Scottish law-language, a wadset. Now, Donald found it somewhat inconvenient to live upon nothing, or next to it; and he thought it no bad speculation to exchange his nominal estate for a real one, by handing his friend Reginald over to the tender mercies of the ministers of George II.; and, in return, quietly taking his place in the Tower of Gloom.

Having thus made up his mind on the propriety of bettering his condition, and having reconciled his conscience to the betrayal of his friend, by assuming that, as Reginald would, one day or other, be infallibly taken prisoner and executed, it was much better, although it might shorten his life a few weeks or months, that a friend rather than a stranger should get whatever recompense was to be got. Indeed, if any scruples still lurked in his breast, his duties as a citizen at once put an end to them, for, as he said, "a true patriot must sacrifice every private feeling to the public good." Influenced by these mixed considerations, he applied for, and obtained a promise, if he should be able to surprise the Tower of Gloom and its proprietor, that he would be rewarded with a gift of the forfeited estate of Inshannock.

Having made every arrangement, in the event of success, Donald Campbell, with a body of retainers, proceeded to the Tower of Gloom. Hiding his followers in a copse of wood in the immediate vicinity, Donald hastened to the abode of his friend, and, claiming his hospitality, was readily admitted as an inmate. The result may be easily anticipated: Reginald found himself a prisoner, for the first time in his life. Resolved rather to perish than surrender, the unfortunate laird ran to an apartment overlooking the loch, and leaped from the window into the water. His false friend, seeing his desperate efforts, threw him a rope as if in kindness, to support him, while a boat came near.

"That rope was meant for my neck, and I leave it for a

traitor's," were the last words that came from the lips of the betrayed one.

The pangs of remorse penetrated the heart of the insidious Campbell. He leaped himself into a boat, held out an oar toward his drowning friend, with real oaths of fidelity; but Reginald pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near the rock on which the Tower of Gloom was perched; and Campbell beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw, or thought he saw, him lift his hand as if to reach his; and that dying hand never left his remembrance.

Campbell having thus successfully accomplished the enterprise he had projected, applied for and obtained the reward he had stipulated for. He received a grant of the lands of Inshannock; and the long-wished-for Tower of Gloom came into his hands, together with the sum of money offered for the capture or death of Reginald. So far, therefore, as worldly matters went, Donald Campbell, Esq. of Inshannock, had no cause to complain. But he was far from happy, for he could not but reproach himself with the death of one who, trusting to his honour, had been basely betrayed; and those reasons of expediency which had satisfied him when he contemplated the deed, after its accomplishment lost all their previous efficacy. He had another and separate cause of distress; his only son, Roderick, a promising youth, above sixteen years of age, had suddenly disappeared in the year 1745, and no traces of him whatever could be found. Every effort had been made to discover his fate, but in vain; thus, although Donald Campbell was, apparently, a man of opulence, he was in reality a much less happy man than when he lived from hand to mouth, and knew not one day where he was to look for provision for the next.

Although this enterprise had been successful, Campbell did not reap all the fruits of his perfidy; for some of the remote portions of the Highland estate which he had procured a gift of from the crown, were altogether unproductive, the tenants refusing to recognise any other chief than the son of the deceased proprietor. William Grahame was, at the time of his father's death, a boy of fifteen. He had been removed from the Tower of Gloom by his mother's relations, about the time of the suppression of the rebellion, and placed by them in the Marischal College in the city of Aberdeen.

The lad, who had no great taste for classical literature, was by no means comfortable, and longed to return to the purple heath of his native hills. So long as his father lived, William behaved himself with considerable propriety, and made some progress in his studies; but no sooner did the tidings arrive of the untimely fate of the ill-starred Reginald, than his son disappeared from the university, and the anxious search of his friends was unable to obtain any traces of his flight. Some time afterwards, a body was found in the river Dee, in a state of great decomposition, which generally was supposed to be that of the young man, and was duly interred as the corpse of the last Grahame of Inshannock.

Time hurried on; and the new proprietor of Inshannock had begun to feel the effect of its rapid transit: he was no longer the vigorous man of forty; and as he passed towards the period of threescore, the effects of age told severely upon him.

For a series of years, Donald Campbell had been very much exposed to the depredations of a set of caterans or gipsies, who frequently kept him in a state of siege in his tower.

This tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided into three storeys: the highest of which contained the dormi-

tories; the second or middle served as a general refectory; and the lowest contained his cattle, which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found next morning.

The leader of the gipsies frequented the fairs on the north side of the Frith, well mounted—paying at inns and ferries like a gentleman; and attended by bands of gillies, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives, were sufficiently feared by the tenantry of the Lennox. The gipsy chieftain had also a grim cur of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In the darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the flock commited to his care, or to fail in tracing a fugitive. But, as sight and strength began to fail, the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byre loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned.

In one of those drear midnights so awful to travellers in the Highlands, a man, wrapped in a large coarse plaid, strode from a stone ridge, on the border of Loch Lomond, into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely and alone, looking carefully to the right and to the left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep, and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices, rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite, rose more than a hundred feet on each side, sundered only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. The boatman, poising himself erect on his staff, drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff; and, having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the fissure of a rock, into which he disappeared.

The boat was moored; but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank, laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in his plaid of the darkest green, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night.

His purpose was answered. He had now discovered—what he had sacrificed many a perilous night to obtain a knowledge of—the mode by which the owner of the Tower of Gloom gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch to an island near the centre. He rested on its oars, and looked down into the transparent water. "It is there still," he said to himself; and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd breed sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. "Watch the boat," said the Highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the grey stones, took a bundle from beneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Campbell's regiment usually wore. He then looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

Having thus acquired an accurate knowledge of the secret mode of access to the tower, the stranger returned to the place where he had seen the basket descending for the purpose of conveying its present possessor to the tower; climbing up its rough face with the activity acquired by mountain warfare, he hung among furze and broken rocks like a wild cat, till he found the crevice through which the basket had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed by tufts of heather; but creeping on his hands and knees, he forced his way into the interior. There the deepest darkness confounded him, till he had laid his hands on a chain

which he rightly guessed to be the same he had seen hanging on the side of the lake when Campbell landed. One end was coiled up; but he readily concluded that the end must have some communication with the keep; and he followed its course, till he found it inserted in what seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behind the pulley admitted a gleam of light; but, striving to raise himself, he leaned too forcibly on the chain, and he was somewhat startled to hear the sound of a deep-toned bell.

Donald Campbell was sitting alone in the chamber, from the windows of which, fifteen years before, his betrayed friend, Reginald Grahame, had precipitated himself into the lake below. His eyes were fixed on the blazing logs on the hearth. The thoughts of former times were flitting before him: he pondered on the days of his youth, before ambition and avarice had fixed their poisoned arrows in his heart; ere the world had banished those notions of virtue and religion that his excellent parents had, in his boyhood, so unceasingly inculcated. Many minor delinquencies had he committed; but the crime which now preyed upon his mind was the betrayal of his friend, embittered as it was by the reflection of the sordid motive that induced it.

In this state of mind he was startled by one of those figures which fancy so frequently suggests to a disordered mind. In the masses of the burning embers, he traced the outline of a face: imagination lent its aid; and he recognised a resemblance of Reginald. He started up:—"Avaunt, base mockery; am I to be daunted with a mere figment of the brain? Alas! trifles now disturb me. If I have sinned, I have suffered: the loss of my only son has been the penalty. I have paid for my misdeeds." So saying, he sat back on his chair quite exhausted; and at that moment the bell rung. At the deep and hollow sound he cast his eyes fearfully round, but made no attempt to rise, though he stretched

his hand towards a staff which lay near him. The stranger saw the tremor of the dismayed Lord of the Tower; and, putting his lips to the crevice, murmured, "Father," in a low and supplicating tone. That word made Campbell tremble. But when the other added, "Father! father! save me," he sprang to the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a narrow door, invisible to any eye but his own, and gave admission to the muffled man, who leaped eagerly in. Years had passed since Campbell had seen his son, and many rumours had been spread that the younger Campbell had not really perished, but had engaged in the service of the Pretender. The hopes and love of the father all revived in one moment; and the sudden apparition—the appeal for mercy—had full effect on his imagination. The voice, eyes, and figure of the stranger resembled his son: all else might and must be changed by the lapse of so many years. He wept like an infant on his shoulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot to blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shown to his father's cause.

Roderick, in explanation, mentioned a variety of circumstances explanatory of the reasons of his evasion: how he had escaped, after the battle of Culloden, to France, where he had endeavoured to earn a scanty livelihood; and how he had at last resolved to revisit his native land, in hopes of obtaining the forgiveness of his father. His narrative was much abridged, by the fond delight of the old man weeping and rejoicing over the return of his prodigal son.

Old Campbell eagerly asked by what happy chance he had discovered the secret entrance, and whether any present danger threatened him. Roderick answered the first question by repeating what our readers are already acquainted with; and he added, in answer to the second, that he feared nothing but the emissaries of the government, from whom he could not be better concealed than in

the Tower of Gloom. Old Campbell agreed with joyful eagerness, but presently added—

"Roderick, my boy, we must trust in Annette: she's too near in kin to betray you; and ye were to have been her spouse."

Then he explained that his niece was the only one person in his household acquainted with the secret of the basket and the bell; that by her help he could provide a mattress and provisions for his son; but without it he would be forced to hazard the most dangerous inconveniences.

Roderick was commanded to return into the cavern passage, while his delighted father prepared his kinswoman for her new guest; and he listened greedily to catch the answers Annette gave to her uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her steps preparing, as he supposed, a larger supper for the old laird's table, with the simplicity and hospitality of a Highland maiden. He was not mistaken. When the bannocks, and grouse, and claret were arranged, Campbell presented his restored son to the mistress of the feast. Roderick was pale and dumb as he looked upon her. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth; and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The old laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted, indulged the joy of his heart, by asking Annette a thousand times whether she remembered her betrothed husband; and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised bride.

Annette, whose predilections in favour of her cousin had been created by association—for she remembered him as far back as her recollections went—rejoiced at his reappearance, after so long an interval, and seemed by no means disinclined to listen to her uncle's proposition.

Besides the persons just mentioned, there were present in the apartment an old woman, and a dog, also evidently

advanced in years. The latter, upon the entrance of Roderick, saluted him with a loud bark; but, strange to say, suddenly paused in the middle of his hostile demonstrations, and, after smelling for half-a-minute, as if he was investigating what sort of person the intruder was, quietly retreated to his place by the fireside, apparently satisfied that all was right.

The fire on the hearth was replenished, and burned cheerfully. Immediately opposite to the dog, on one side of the ingle, sat the woman. She was aged, and bent almost double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the spindle she was twirling; and sometimes, when the laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the hood that covered her ears.

"Do you not remember poor old Moome?" said Annette; and the laird led his supposed son towards the superannuated crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed anything that had passed, could not be gathered from her idiot laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Campbell pursued his arrangements for his son's safety; advising him to sleep composedly in the wooden panelled bed that formed a closet off this chamber, without regarding the half-living skeleton, who never left her corner. He gave him his blessing, and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his bedside. He came back in a few minutes; and, while Roderick couched himself on his mattress, took his station by the fire and fell fast asleep, overcome with joy.

The embers gradually sunk on the hearth, and the light diminished in proportion. Roderick, who had lain awake for some time, began to feel the approach of sleep; and, whilst in a state of transition, he observed, by the dying

embers of the fire, the old woman cautiously rise, and, removing the dirk from the side of her sleeping master, approach his bed with cautious step and silent tread. The astonishment of Roderick at beholding this infirm creature advance, with a purpose so evidently hostile, was so great, that, in place of jumping from his couch, and wresting the weapon from the hands of its weak and attenuated possessor, he lay fascinated, as birds are said to be by the eyes of the rattlesnake, until the actual advent of the apparent assassin. The motions of the beldame were carefully watched in a quarter which she little suspected; for she barely reached the couch on which her intended victim reposed, and was about to raise her arm to strike, than the aged dog sprang at her throat, and brought her to the ground, from which she never rose again: the frail thread of her existence had been snapped by the suddenness of the onset.

This unexpected occurrence awoke the lord of the tower, who, springing up, beheld the nurse lying on the ground, with the dog growling over her.

This at once aroused Roderick from his trance; and he briefly explained to his father the singularly mysterious scene he had witnessed, and the fact of his rescue by the wonderful sagacity of the dog.

The father was perfectly amazed that such an attempt should have been made on the life of his son by one whom he naturally supposed would, as his vassal, have rather died a thousand deaths than have touched a hair of the head of the son of her chief. The only plausible ground he could assign for this murderous attempt was the insanity of the old woman, who, perhaps, perplexed by the unexpected appearance of a stranger in a place where none had heretofore been, had, by some hallucination, fancied him a robber; and, under this impression, had boldly gone forward to do battle for the laird.

"Dear Roderick," said the father, "this is a sad welcome

to the Tower of Gloom. If I was superstitious, I should augur something bad from this event. Poor Moome! she had long been a faithful servant, and I could have wished her fate different. We must conceal it from Annette. She will be sufficiently unhappy as it is; and it would be cruel to add to her annoyance by disclosing the strange fact that she had perished in attempting the life of her benefactor's son. Once more, good-night, dear boy."

So saying, he pressed his son's forehead to his lips, and, removing the body, left Roderick to his own thoughts.

Poor Annette was shocked exceedingly by the unexpected death of the nurse; but sorrow is said to be near akin to love; and, in the delicate attentions of her cousin Roderick, the fair Celt felt her grief strangely soothed, and her bosom experience sensations to which it had previously been a stranger.

Old Campbell witnessed the progress of this passion with great delight, and gave the young couple every opportunity for studying "*la belle passion*:" indeed, the necessary confinement of Roderick in the tower threw them so much together, that it was no wonder they became attached to each other.

The scene from the top of the tower was magnificent: the clear and pellucid water of the fairest of Scotland's lakes at its feet; the isles with which its glassy bosom was studded, looked like so many fairy bowers; and the magnificent range of mountains to the northward, added to the grandeur of a scene, the beauty of which words can but inadequately express. Often, at night, by the light of the silvery moon, the cousins would repair to this favourite seat, where Roderick would speak

> "Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
> Of being taken by the insolent foe,
> And sold to slavery;"

whilst Annette listened breathless, but delighted, to his words.

It was here that he first ventured to breathe of love. Seizing the guitar from his cousin's hand, he poured forth his feelings in the following verses:—

"Impell'd by angry fate's decree
In foreign lands to roam,
With heavy heart I bid adieu
To happiness and home.

"I braved the perils of the land,
The dangers of the sea;
But every suffering is repaid
By one kind look from thee."

It is unnecessary to trouble our readers with all the love-passages between the two lovesick swains, which, although exceedingly interesting to the parties themselves, is anything but agreeable to any one else. It is sufficient to say, that Annette yielded her heart to her cousin, and that her uncle rejoiced at the surrender. A change for the better was evident in Roderick. He was no longer the gloomy repulsive individual that he once was. His manners gradually softened; and even the coldness with which he originally repelled his father's kindness began to disappear. He had been barely a fortnight in the tower, when he expressed an urgent desire to be allowed to leave it for a short time. Old Campbell was not a little surprised at this, and represented the great risk he ran in leaving a place of security, and exposing himself to the chance of apprehension: he also expressed some curiosity to know what engagement could lure him from his father's house at such a time. Roderick replied, that, were the business his own, he would not have scrupled to have explained everything to his father; but, as any disclosure would compromise other persons, he could not, as a man of honour, betray a trust that had been confided in him. The laird, whose notions of honour were

somewhat lax, was not altogether convinced by this reasoning; but he did not press his opposition farther, and Roderick was allowed to depart.

After the absence of a week, Roderick returned, and was welcomed in the most affectionate manner by his father and cousin. Some time afterwards he again left the tower for a few days; but these absences became less and less, as his love prospered. One day his father, who had been from home for some time, returned, and calling his son and niece to his presence, said—

"My dear Roderick, you are now a free man—I hold here a free pardon for all offences. The interest of our chief with government has effected this. The Duke of Argyle is ever ready to assist his clansmen; and the faults and errors of the son have been overlooked in the services of the father. No obstacle longer remains to your nuptials with my beloved niece: take her from my hand as the greatest treasure I can give you."

Roderick's passion was equal to her rapture. Here was every obstacle removed. He could again appear in the world as a free agent, and the husband of one whose beauty was her least recommendation.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I know not how to express my gratitude for these favours. Henceforth you shall ——" And here he paused—a blush came over his haughty features, and the sentence was left unfinished.

A week before the nuptials, the old man took his son aside.

"Roderick, I have something for your private ear."

"I attend."

"It is painful for a father to declare his unworthiness to his own offspring; but it must be. A bitter remorse has for many years soured my existence. My wealth is considerable; but it is a burden to me, because it originated in—blood!"

Roderick answered not.

"You must have heard that this tower once belonged to another?"

The son started.

"I have."

"I betrayed my friend. He perished, not by my hands, but by my fault; and from that moment deep remorse has filled my bosom: but of that no more. A sense of justice induces me to act decisively. Reginald Grahame had a son."

Roderick rose from his seat, but made no reply.

"It is of him I would speak. Circumstances have induced me to believe that the leader of the caterans who pursued me so long—who harried my lands, and injured my crops—was that son. His feelings towards me must be deadly; but I forgive him. It is but natural that he should hate the destroyer of his father. Would that he knew the pangs I have suffered—the anguish I have felt!"

"And is this true? Was your remorse so great? Have you repented of this cruel act?"

"Deeply—deeply, my son; but what avails it?"

"Much; for contrition ——" And he paused.

"Proceed."

"I mean to say, that a contrite heart is acceptable to Heaven."

"I hope it is—I believe it is. But, to proceed:—I have enough to make you and Annette comfortable; and it is my wish to return to my own estate, now redeemed from the burdens which once pressed heavily upon it. If young Grahame lives, as I suspect he does, I will surrender his father's lands. I ask not his forgiveness—that I expect not—but I request him to take back his own. Have I your consent?"

"Most cordially."

"Then all is right. I must see the gipsy chief. I will place myself in his hands."

"Nay, nay, think not of that. I will myself see him."

"No, no; if he slays me, he but extinguishes a light that soon must be quenched; but if he murder you, I am left desolate, and Annette miserable."

"Feel no alarm: he knows me not. As a stranger I will seek him; and, be assured, no harm will befall me."

After much resistance, the old man yielded; and Roderick left the tower that night. The only companion that accompanied the messenger of peace was the dog who had so strangely rescued Roderick from the maniacal attempt of the old nurse. This escort was accidental, and was not discovered until the traveller had crossed the lake in the boat, which his own hand rowed; when, to his great surprise, as he jumped ashore, the animal, who had quietly slipped aboard, made his appearance.

"Poor fellow," said Roderick, patting him on the head, "what has brought you here? Your old limbs are more fitted for the fireside than for the devious path I must tread. I fear you will regret exchanging the comforts of the tower for the scanty food of the mountain glen."

The distance Roderick had to go was considerable; and, although a good walker, and accustomed to traverse districts as wild, if not wilder, he was unable to accomplish more than thirty miles of his journey; for, as the dog gave evident tokens of fatigue, and was unable to keep up with him, he slackened his pace, and proceeded with less rapidity. The night was dark, and the traveller had wandered considerably from the right path; he saw no traces of civilisation about him; he was apparently in the midst of a large and boundless moor.

"Well, it is not the first time that the heath has been my bed—probably it will not be the last; and, if it must be, I will roll myself up in my plaid, and sleep till dawn.

O Oscar, you old fool! why did you not remain where you were? You have deprived me of at least ten miles of my journey, and a comfortable bed to boot."

At this moment the horizon was illumined by a flash of what is termed sheet-lightning, and Roderick observed what appeared to be a dwelling about a quarter-of-a-mile distant. The discovery was certainly far from displeasing; and although the place was much out of the way, Roderick naturally enough conjectured it to be some little snug dwelling, admirably adapted for the purpose of illicit distillation.

After the ordinary pleasure frequently enjoyed by those who wander in unknown paths through Highland districts, of plunging knee-deep in quagmires, and getting thoroughly drenched by the cooling mists from the mountains, Roderick, with some difficulty, arrived at the wished-for haven. It was a small and tolerable-looking bothy, containing, so far as the wanderer could ascertain, a butt and ben. Peeping through a clink in the small orifice intended for a window, it was with no ordinary delight he beheld a capital peat-fire, burning with more than accustomed briskness. As the door was fastened, he "tirled at the pin," as the old ballads term it. A hoarse, but evidently female, voice exclaimed—

"Wha's that, to disturb an honest woman at this time o' nicht?"

"A stranger, who has lost his way."

"Awa wi' ye; we've nae room for strangers in this kintry; gang your ways."

"But, my good woman, I really can do no such thing. Have you the conscience—can you think of sending me back to the bleak moor through which I have been passing, when you have such a capital fire blazing away here? Come, now, have some compassion."

"Let him in, Christie," exclaimed another voice, pro-

ceeding evidently from one of a different gender; "perhaps he may come from Macpherson."

The mandate was obeyed; and Roderick found himself in presence of two men, dressed in military attire, and a middle-aged woman of somewhat repulsive aspect. The warlike individuals were making themselves comfortable over a bottle of mountain-dew; and the potency of the "fire-water," as the Indians term it, was pretty evident, from the flushed countenance and thick utterance of the drinkers.

"I am sorry to intrude on you, gentlemen," apologised Roderick; "but I lost my way on the neighbouring moor, and my good stars guided me to this habitation, where I hope ——"

"No apologies—no apologies, sir. I have seen service, sir; I receive his majesty's pay; and know how to treat a gentleman as he ought to be treated, sir. Will you join us in a glass, sir?"

Roderick was by no means desirous of partaking of the offer thus so ostentatiously offered; but, as it was his wish to conciliate rather than offend, he pocketed his pride, and took his place at the deal board, which, placed on the top of an old whisky cask, served for a table.

"May I be bold enough, sir, to ask whom I have the honour of pledging?" quoth the inviter, filling his glass. "My name, sir, is Serjeant Patullo—Serjeant Patullo, of his Majesty's fifth troop of cavalry."

With some hesitation, the name of Campbell was uttered by Roderick.

"Campbell, sir? good name—loyal subjects to his gracious Majesty. Mr. Campbell, allow me to introduce Private Kincaid. Your health, Mr. Campbell. Are you in the army, Mr. Campbell? Pardon me for the question, sir; but you have a fine military look."

"I am not presently employed, although, at one period,

I saw a good deal of service; but pray, sir—question for question—may I ask to what accident I am to attribute the presence of two military gentlemen in this out-of-the-way place in the Highlands?

"You may well call it out of the way, sir; but a soldier's duty, sir, requires his presence where his country calls him, sir. I am sorry, sir, that I cannot divulge to so polite a gentleman (more especially, sir, as, with your leave, there is somewhat a scant of good breeding in this petticoat country) the cause of our presence here; but state secrets, sir, must not be divulged."

"Certainly," replied Roderick. "I cannot press you further. You will forgive me for pleading fatigue; but, with your leave, I must take a hurried nap, as I require to be early on my road to-morrow morning. Good-night, gentlemen." So saying, he threw himself on a bed in a corner of the room, wrapping himself up in his plaid. The dog took his place beside him.

Roderick soon fell asleep. How long he slumbered he did not know; but he was awakened at last by a confused Babel of voices. Opening his eyes, he saw a third person present, and discovered a face which seemed familiar. The discovery was anything but pleasant; and, he deemed it prudent to remain quiet, and to counterfeit that repose which he certainly was far from feeling.

The parties engaged in altercation had evidently been drinking deeply. The serjeant had thrown by his precision, and was talking volubly.

"I'll tell you, ye Highland blackguard, the man's a gentleman, and you shall not disturb him."

"But," replied the stranger, "I'm no going to be a fule, if ye are ane, serjeant. If ony o' the band get an inkling o' what I'm about, ye'll never put saut on their tails."

"Nonsense," quoth Private Kincaid; "the man's asleep, and never dreaming of caterans, or the Glen of Benvorlich.

I wish the Highland devils may be as sound as he is when we get there."

"Just let him be quiet, Macpherson," said the serjeant. "I wish I was as sure of fifty guineas as you are. Come, let's be jolly—fill your tumbler and don't shirk."

Roderick, who, on other occasions, would have scorned to have become an eavesdropper, was impelled by strong and urgent reasons to be a listener; and he easily gathered, from the broken and disjointed conversation of the parties, that Macpherson had been connected with the band of caterans of whom the titular Inshannock was the leader; that, from a quarrel, he had resolved to betray his companions; and induced by a government reward and promise of pardon, had made the bothy a trysting-place, from whence he was to be conducted to a village some few miles distant, where a detachment of the king's troops was stationed, from whence he was to guide them to the hiding-place of those who were sought.

By this time the small hours were gradually becoming larger, and daylight was beginning to creep through the crevices in the diminutive window. The revellers were thoroughly inebriated; and Macpherson, no longer awed by his commander-in-chief, again vowed his determination of rousing the object of his curiosity The serjeant hiccupped a negative, to which no attention was paid; and Macpherson advanced, as steadily as the effect of his libations would permit, to the side of the bed were Roderick lay, apparently fast asleep. The man of curiosity tottered onward towards the bed; but fate had willed that he should be baffled; for Oscar, who had been watching his footsteps with jealous care, sprang upon him, as he put forth his hand to remove the plaid from the head of the supposed sleeper. The suddenness of the attack brought the intruder to the ground; and the fall entirely removed any glimmerings of reason which his previous inebriety had left him.

There he lay all his length in a state of hopeless intoxication.

"Served him right," mutually exclaimed the serjeant and the private; "but what can you expect from a Mac?"

"The Macphersons, Macgregors, and all, are not much better than savages," added the serjeant; who, being a Lowlander, felt that contempt for the Highlanders so common amongst the more southern inhabitants of Scotland.

It is a curious fact—perhaps affording better evidence of the distinctiveness of the two races inhabiting North Britain than any other—that the dislike of the Lowlanders, especially among the lower orders, towards their brethren of the mountains, was extreme, both at the period when the events here related occurred, and long previously: even in these modern times, some portion of the leaven remains. This feeling Serjeant Patullo, a native of Dalkeith, shared with his compatriots.

Roderick rose from the bed not much refreshed, but infinitely delighted by the unexpected manner in which the attempt of Macpherson had been frustrated. Shaking hands with the two military personages, who were just able to keep their feet, and giving his repulsive hostess a gratuity for her night's lodgings, he proceeded on his journey, accompanied by his faithful companion.

"Oscar, twice you have saved me; and your last service was greater than your first. Henceforward we never part."

The rest of the journey was accomplished with speed and safety. The glen of Benvorlich was reached. Two days afterwards the king's troops arrived; but the nest was cold, and not one trace of the caterans could be found. Little did the worthy serjeant imagine through whose timely information the well-arranged scheme had proved abortive. On the contrary, his suspicions rested on Macpherson, who was taken back in custody, to the port of

Monteith, and there dismissed with ignominy. A week or two afterwards, he was found murdered, with a label on his breast, bearing these words—"The proper reward of a traitor."

The day preceding that fixed for the nuptials, Roderick returned in safety—Oscar following at his heel. He made no mention of his adventure in the bothy, or his second obligation to his canine attendant; he merely observed that his journey had been prosperous.

"Father, I have seen him; and in the leader of the caterans, the heir of Inshannock was detected. He knew me not as your son. I told him your sorrow and your proffer; and here is his answer."

Here he delivered a letter to Campbell, who, hastily unfolding it, read as follows :—

"Donald Campbell,—In vain you seek, by offering back my own, to extinguish my hatred. It is not by gifts that you could deter me from my revenge. Repent; and if the remorse your messenger so forcibly describes is genuine, it will do more to procure my forgiveness than all the wealth you could heap upon me. I shall watch over you; and if—as I shall learn—your repentance is sincere, you may yet escape my vengeance."

"Strange—very strange!" exc'aimed the old man. "Then he rejects my offer. But how could I expect otherwise! The last scion of a noble race, he will not compromise the name of Grahame by accepting even his own from the hand of a Campbell. Well, Roderick, Inshannock shall be your marriage-portion with Annette; and you shall hold these lands under the condition that they shall be replaced by others whensoever William Grahame shall demand them from you."

"Sir I accept your gift· the lands of Inshannock are mine so long as unclaimed by the lawful proprietor."

"Agreed. Thus one weight is off my mind; and, my

dear Roderick, may I hope that the burden will press less heavily on you than it has on me; and that some day, I trust not very remote, shall witness the surrender of your stewardship to the rightful owner?"

"That Inshannock may devolve on him who has best right to it, is as much my wish as yours."

The ensuing day, the minister of Kilmun united Roderick Campbell to Annette Gordon. The marriage was kept quite private, contrary to the usual custom in the Highlands; but this was at the express desire of Roderick, who told his father that it ill became one who had so recently received a pardon for his transgressions to make any public display, even on such an occasion.

Everything, therefore, was quietly managed—two or three friends only being present, to whom the old laird introduced his son for the first time.

In place of returning to the Tower of Gloom, the married couple and the father proceeded to Dungyle, where the honeymoon was spent. Matrimony acts differently upon different people; in some cases it sweetens, in others it sours, the temper. With Roderick it operated in the former manner; for our hero had entirely divested himself of that gloom and melancholy which characterised his conduct upon his first return to the house of his parent. With his father it was different. As his life drew near a close, his despondency increased. It was in vain that Annette soothed him, or that Roderick offered him comfort. No longer was he hunted by the cateran chief—no more were his lands devastated, or his cattle carried off. All was quiet, save the workings of his conscience. He grew weaker and weaker, till at last he was compelled to keep his bed. Medical advice was procured, but in vain. The skill of the physician could not retard the approach of death.

One beautiful evening, as his son sat beside his bedside—

"Roderick," he feebly exclaimed, "my last hour is at hand. One thing I could wish; but that. I fear, is impossible."

"What is it, sir?"

"That William Grahame could witness my sufferings —could satisfy himself of my penitence, and ease my soul by his forgiveness."

"And could his forgiveness afford you relief?"

"It would."

"Then you are forgiven."

"What mean you?"

"I AM William Grahame; and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"My son, what has come over you?"

"Farther concealment would add to my crime. Hear me. I am the son of Reginald Grahame, and the intended avenger of his wrongs. It was I who pursued you, and ravaged your lands. It was to satisfy my vengeance that I stole into the Tower of Gloom. I represented myself as your long-lost son, that I might make you drink the cup of bitterness even to the dregs. I saw Annette: her gentle but affectionate manners, her kind attentions, made a deep impression. When I retired to rest, my breast was strangely perplexed, and the feeling of revenge predominated. Then came the attempt by Moome upon my life, which was averted by the noble animal I had once consigned to destruction, and whose reappearance in the tower filled me with astonishment. The nurse, by some singular instinct, to me inexplicable, had discovered me. Her death preserved my secret.

"This incident again made my purpose waver. I continued in the Tower, where the influence of Annette softened my vindictive feelings. Still I could not bring myself to bear with patience your paternal kindness. I left you, to join my followers, resolving to fly; still Annette drew me

back again. Then came the pardon, to me of inestimable value, as under it I could shelter myself from all consequences, even had any one recognised the cateran chief in the heir of the Laird of Dungyle and Inshannock.

'I saw before me a happiness I could never, even in my most imaginative moments, have previously contemplated. It was necessary to visit the band, of which I was still nominally the leader. By a singular mean, I became accidentally aware of a plan to surround and capture my brave companions. A miscreant of the name of Macpherson, who had been with me for some time, and had acquired a knowledge of all our places of retreat, for the sake of lucre, betrayed his associates. I was very nearly in his power; and, but for my faithful Oscar, would have been recognised as the bandit chief, and delivered up to justice. I escaped in time to warn my friends. They fled; and the military sent for the capture were entirely baffled.

"I seized on this moment to devolve the command on the lieutenant, and to resign my sceptre for ever. I parted from my old followers, with deep regret; for they were, to a man, attached to me. Although I had strictly forbidden the shedding of blood, except in self-defence, I afterwards learned that they had avenged themselves on Macpherson, who was watched, seized, reproached, and dirked.

"After I ceased to rule, the band ceased to prosper. Less cautious than heretofore, the captain and the greater part were surprised and slain; some few were taken prisoners, who were tried, convicted, and sent to the plantations. Much as I regretted the loss of so many faithful adherents, still my sorrow was tempered by the reflection that now my secret was safe, and that I was a free agent. I could hardly bring myself to forgive you, for revenge is dear to a Highlander Time gradually lessened my hatred; but it was not till subsequent events had shown the deepness of your regret, and the reality of your self-reproach, that my

resentment finally gave way. I even began to pity; and though, at one time, I should have rejoiced and gloried in my imposture, now I regard it in a different light; and, so far from your asking my forgiveness, it is I ought to be a suppliant to you."

"Roderick—for so I must still call you," ejaculated the old man—"it is not for me to complain. Your presence and your pardon have eased the mental torment I suffered. To me you have acted as a son; continue to do so; let the secret die with us. No one is injured; and the rightful heir resumes the lands of his ancestors without any one to oppose him; for Annette, failing issue of my own body, is my next heir."

"Your will is mine: if such is your command, it shall be obeyed."

"Give me your hand. I shall now die content. It is needless to distress Annette: let her never know that you are not her cousin,"

The old laird lingered a few days, and then died in peace and charity with all.

Some twenty-five years after the death of the old Laird of Dungyle, the estates came into the possession of his grandson, Donald. Roderick had gone the way of all flesh; Annette survived him; and in the education of her daughter Isabella sought oblivion for her sorrows. Donald was a fine young man; fond of his mother and sister; but by no means under petticoat government. Whilst at Edinburgh College, he formed an intimacy with the Master of Methven—the eldest son of Lord Methven, a peer of ancient family—and to the freindship thus formed it is more than probable that a love for the Honourable Emma Methven not a little contributed.

As Donald was an excellent match for the daughter of a by-no-means-opulent nobleman, the intimacy was cultivated by the parents; and Roderick, whose great object was the

happiness of his son, gave a sanction, before his demise, to the projected union. After the period of mourning had elapsed, preparations were made for the marriage, and the lawyers were busy with the settlements.

One morning, about a fortnight before the day fixed for the nuptials, Donald received a letter, the contents of which excited the most lively astonishment. It was as follows :—

"Sir,—We are instructed by our client, Mr. Roderick Campbell, of Dungyle, to take legal steps against you to recover the estates wrongfully held by you, and which belong to him. We have, therefore, to intimate to you, unless they are surrendered in the course of a fortnight, legal steps will be adopted.—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

"Sharpe & Swift, W.S.

"St. James' Court,
"20*th March*, 17—."

"Sharp and Swift, with a vengeance! exclaimed the bewildered youth. "Sharp work, to insist upon my giving up my estate; and swift work to do so in a fortnight. What title can this man set up to my grandfather's estate? None that I can conceive; for the descent from him to my father, and from him to me, is undoubted."

Donald, however, lost no time in communicating this unexpected requisition to his intended father-in-law, to whom he handed the letter. Lord Methven read the epistle carefully.

"Was not Roderick your father's name?"

"It was, my lord."

"He was implicated in the rebellion of 1745?"

"He was; but he got a remission from the late king of all crimes and offences. He was never attainted."

"Then," rejoined his lordship, "I am quite at fault. It certainly did occur to me that this claim might have been rested upon his supposed attainture. With your permission I will place this document in the hands of my family agents, Messrs. Slow & Sure, W.S., and direct them to enter into a

communication with the agents of your unknown adversary."

It would not be very interesting to our readers to detail the legal game of chess played by these skilful men of law against each other; and it may suffice to mention, that the claim, which extended to all the large estates of the old Laird of Dungyle, was based upon the fact, that the competitor was neither more nor less than the son, whose place had been filled by Roderick.

As the imposture of Roderick Grahame had been carefully concealed, and the secret had apparently died with him, his son and widow naturally viewed the claim as purely fictitious, and characterised the demand as an attempt to extort money; nevertheless, they were staggered by the bold steps adopted by their opponent, who proceeded to get himself served, before the bailies of the Canongate, as only lawful son of Donald Campbell, of Dungyle and Inshannock. The proof was apparently conclusive: the identification of the claimant was dependent upon the testimony of two witnesses, who swore distinctly to the fact. It was proved that young Campbell went to France, held a situation in the court of Prince Charles, commonly called the Pretender, and that he left it suddenly. This had occurred upwards of twenty years before; but no evidence was given of where he had been after that period, although he gave out that he had been captured at sea by a Barbary corsair, sold as a slave, and had only recently escaped.

The jury—being composed in the manner usual with ordinary Canongate juries—gave themselves little trouble in cross-examination; and, as almost uniformly occurs, served the claimant in terms of his brief, and thus invested him with the legal status of son and heir of the deceased Laird of Dungyle.

Donald was dreadfully grieved by the success of this initiatory proceeding, which was instantly followed up by a

reduction of the titles vesting the estates in the person of his father and himself. Painful as the step was, he saw the necessity of breaking off the marriage with his beloved Emma. He waited on Lord Methven, and explained to him the measures adopted on the other side, and his apprehension that there was more in the case of his adversary than he had previously imagined; nay, he added his own impression that the event would turn out adverse to him. "How this has happened, I know not; my father ever was the reputed son and heir of old Dungyle; my mother recognised him as her cousin; and yet this man has made out, to the satisfaction of a jury, that he is the heir of Dungyle.

"But, my dear lord, the worst part of the communication is to come; I dare not any longer aspire to the hand of your daughter, at least until everything is cleared up; although the words nearly choke me, they shall come out —this marriage must proceed no further."

Unable to retain his feelings, he burst into tears.

The peer was deeply moved by the evident sorrow of the young man.

"Donald," said he, "you have acted like a man of honour. I respect you more at this moment than I ever did. Be not cast down; all is not lost; and if the worst come to the worst, have patience, and Emma may yet be yours."

"Bless you, my lord, for these words; they have infused new vigour into me, and they will the better enable me to bear my discomfiture."

"Donald, you must now act as a man of the world. That there is something radically wrong, I am persuaded; for I cannot conceive how a man should wilfully refrain claiming his inheritance for so long a time."

"His capture and sale as a slave may explain this."

"Fiddle-de-dee! this is affirming what is not proved. It is easy enough to circulate such a report; but what does

Solomon Slow say to all this, and his worthy partner, Simon Sure ?"

"Nothing satisfactory. They merely hum and ha—ask questions, but give no answers. They have sent for the charter-chest from Dungyle, and I expect it here to-day."

The legal proceedings went on with vigour; the reduction was called in court; taken to see, as it is termed; returned and enrolled; and order taken for producing the writings called for. All this was Hebrew to the defender; but he trusted everything to his agents. They, on the other hand, raised a counter-reduction of the service of the claimant, on the ground that the evidence was insufficient. This step was bold, but judicious; for Messrs Sharpe & Swift began to think, that although the expense of these double proceedings might not be much to a party in possession, it was very different when they had to advance the necessary outlay, as they had taken up the cause on speculation. It was hinted that a *douceur*, properly applied, might settle the contest; but Donald peremptorily refused any such compromise, by remarking that—

"If I have justice on my side, why pay this man for troubling me ? and, if he has justice on his side, it shall never be said that I took advantage of his poverty to compel him into a relinquishment of his just rights. If, upon proper examination, I find that he is the lawful owner of these estates, I will surrender them."

The charter-chest arrived safely, was deposited in the office of Messrs Slow & Sure, and opened in the presence of the young laird. The more recent titles—those called for in the summons—lay on the top. Mr. Sure then took up one parcel, and next another.

"Ha! hum!" muttered he, taking off his spectacles, carefully rubbing his glasses with his handkerchief, and then replacing them.—"Marriage contract: so there was a marriage contract? Ha! 'Gives, grants, and dispones'—what

—'to Annette Campbell, for her liferent use allenarly, and to her issue male by her marriage with Roderick Campbell, or by any other marriage, lawfully begotten, in fee, all and whole the lands and barony of Dungyle.' This is wonderful! This extinguishes any claim to Dungyle. The lands are validly conveyed. So, if this man is what he calls himself, which I doubt, the game is up with him as to Dungyle. I wish Inshannock was equally safe. So it is," lifting another parcel. "'Disposition and assignation, by D. Campbell, Esq., to Roderick Campbell, Esq., in trust for William Grahame; and, failing the said William, to the trustee and his heirs.' But what is this?" And he lifted a parcel carefully sealed, and addressed to Donald.

On opening the mysterious packet, a paper was discovered, in the handwriting of his father, detailing the facts previously narrated, with a postscript, from which it appeared that, after the death of old Dungyle, his reputed son, having learned that the real son had been alive at least a year previously, proceeded to France, and there ascertained that the true Roderick, upon learning his father's death, had left Paris, had been taken ill on the road, and died. Fortunately, the priest who gave him absolution (for he was a Catholic) was traced; and there was found, wafered to the paper, a certificate of burial under the hands of the proper officials—thus proving to demonstration that the present claimant was an impostor.

In face of such evidence, it was plain that even the skill of Messrs Sharpe & Swift could avail little; and the pretended Dungyle having found it convenient to be off, and "leave no wreck behind," these reputable writers to the signet, or, as the High School boys term them, wicked sinners, made something like a total loss by their speculation. Who the impostor was never transpired; but it was shrewdly suspected that he was an individual to whom the deceased heir of Dungyle had lost various sums of money, besides

some family trinkets, in play; and this suspicion was confirmed by the very articles having been brought forward in support of the identity.

We have only to add, that Donald was made happy in the hand of Emma; and of this marriage are sprung the Barons of Inshannock and the Earls of Dungyle.

THE MOSSTROOPER.

"I AM determined to gie up this thievin trade, Dick. If I can only escape Sir Robert Cary this time, I'll turn honest man, hing up jack and spear, steel-cap and whinger, and lead the life o' a saint." This was said by Geordie Bourne —one of the most noted freebooters on the Borders, who flourished, in wickedness, about the end of the seventeenth century—and was addressed to one of his associates in crime. But how think you, good reader, was Geordie employed when he expressed this laudable resolution of abandoning his evil ways? Why, in driving before him a score of cattle which he had just harried in Northumberland. "If he could escape Sir Robert Cary!" Ay, but there was the rub. There was scarcely any escaping Sir Robert Cary, who was warden of the East March, on the English side—a generous-minded and high-spirited man, but the especial terror of all those gentlemen who practised the art of living at the expense of their neighbours. As warden of a march, this was his duty; and he performed it with a zeal and activity that threatened to ruin the trade altogether. His men were constantly abroad, on the look-out for visiters from the Scottish side, and those who were brought to him were hanged without mercy; and this would have been Geordie's fate long preceding the period of our story, had he not been an especial favourite with Sir Robert Kerr, the opposite warden, for whom Sir Robert Cary entertained a high respect.

At this period, the latter person lived in the Castle of Witherington, in Northumberland, and it was thither that all the Scottish freebooters were carried who were taken—

and it was there that they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The residence of a warden was then, in every sense of the word, a garrison. It was filled with soldiers, both horse and foot, but chiefly the former. These were called the warden's men, and were dressed in a peculiar livery, to denote the service to which they belonged. They were placed under his command, to enable him to keep the peace of the district over which he presided, to repel aggressions, and to apprehend and bring to justice the lawless marauders with which the Borders were then infested. His men, as has been already said, were constantly employed in patrolling the country, and looking out for defaulters; so that the profession of the freebooter was one of great peril, for he had not only to brave the weapons of those whom he spoiled, but the halter of justice, which was always dangling over his head.

To return, however, to Geordie Bourne. In the little we have yet said of this gallant, we have by no means done full justice to his merits. Geordie was not simply a noted character in the times in which he lived, but an extraordinary one. The feats he had performed were the talk and the marvel of the Borders; and certainly, if all was true that was said of him—nay, if the half of it was true (and there is little doubt that fully that proportion at least was so)—he was one of the most daring and desperate ruffians that ever lived. He was, moreover, a man of great personal strength, of large stature, and ferocious courage. Altogether, he stood pre-eminent, even in those wild and lawless times, for everything that was evil in, and peculiar to, the Border character. But, from what Geordie said on the occasion with which our story opens, it would appear that he had determined to reform. Whether Geordie was in earnest when he announced this resolution, and whether, if he was, it arose from compunctions of conscience, or from the terror of Sir Robert Cary's halter, it would not be easy to say. That he was serious, however, was a thing very much doubted by his friend and

associate, Dick Johnston, or Long Dick, as he was more picturesquely styled, who received his communication, on the delicate subject in question, with a very hearty and a very unequivocal burst of laughter.

"You turn saint, Geordie!—you gie up thievin!" exclaimed Dick, so soon as his mirth would permit him to speak, "ay, when the Solway sands grow into green fields, and Annan Water is turned into wine—then ye'll gie up the trade, Geordie, but no till then."

"I'll no delay sae lang, though, Dick; and, laugh as ye like, that ye'll see," replied Geordie. "I'm tired o' this wark, and I'm beginnin to think that I hae fully as much mischief scored against me already as I'll be weel able to answer for." Then suddenly directing his attention to the cattle they were driving before them, and that with an interest which showed pretty plainly that *their* destiny, at any rate, was to be in no way affected by his proposed reformation, "Hey, Jock," he exclaimed, "look after that brown cow, man. Do ye think folk get their guids for naething? She's gaun aff the road athegither. Confound the beast!—keep her till't, Jock, keep her till't, lad, till we see what kind o' kail she maks. We'll be the greens, and I'm sure she needna grudge to be the beef."

With this witticism, such as it is, the conversation terminated for a time, and the freebooters pursued their way in silence.

Remarking that they had not yet cleared the County of Northumberland, we change the scene for a moment to Witherington Castle, the residence of the warden of the East March, Sir Robert Cary, who, at the moment when we would introduce him to the reader, was engaged in writing despatches to his mistress, Queen Elizabeth, in which he was giving an account of the then present state of the country, and of his own proceedings for the previous month.

While thus employed, a person dressed in the warden's

livery, entered the apartment, cap in hand, and advanced to a respectful distance from the warden, where he stood still, and gave two or three gentle hems, to make the latter aware of his presence. He succeeded. Sir Robert raised his head, and, looking at the intruder, "Well, Watt," he said, "what's stirring now? Any interlopers across the March?"

"Why, my lord," replied the person interrogated, "I have just been informed that Geordie Bourne, with half-a-dozen Scottish thieves, has been seen on the tramp, and, if my intelligence be correct, is at this moment driving before him a score of Sir Thomas Carlton's best beeves."

"Ah! Geordie Bourne!" exclaimed Sir Robert, evidently excited by the intelligence, "that fellow would be worth catching indeed. He's one of the most desperate thieves in Christendom; but a valiant rascal withal, and, as I'm told, a very pretty fellow to boot. To horse, then, Watt, my man," added the warden, "and see if you cannot fall in with him. If he is not killed, you will, of course, bring him to Witherington; and I had rather you should not kill him, if you can help it."

"How many men shall I take, my lord?" inquired this subaltern officer of the warden's; for such he was.

"Why, how many men has Bourne with him?" rejoined Sir Robert.

"Six, my lord, I'm told," replied Watt.

"Then take a dozen with you, Watt, and see they be well armed; for these fellows don't part with their prey very readily, and there may be blows going, especially with such a desperado as Geordie Bourne."

Watt bowed, and left the apartment, and Sir Robert Cary resumed his writing. In ten minutes afterwards, thirteen well-mounted and well-armed troopers were seen issuing from the gate of Witherington Castle, and proceeding in the direction of the Scottish Border.

For some time the party proceeded on their way in silence, without exchanging a word—nothing being heard amongst them but the jingling of their harness, and an occasional imprecation on their horses; but this silence was at length thus broken:—

"There will be some knocks going, Jack, if we fall in with this fellow, Bourne," said Watt Tomlins, to the man who rode next him. "Geordie hits hard, and I'm told is one of the best shots in these parts; but we can strike a fair blow, too, Jack, and handle a bow not amiss either; so I think we haven't much to fear from him, after all."

"Why, no, not a bit, Watt," replied Jack, a stout, burly Northumbrian. "We're two to one at any rate, and that's some comfort—that is, Watt," he added, "if you have been rightly informed of the number Bourne has with him. If there's an error there against us, however, it will be rather an awkward business, I doubt."

The reader will at once perceive that, notwithstanding the bravery of this talk, there was fear at the bottom of it. In truth, the warden's men, especially the two who just now spoke, would rather have had to do with half the thieves on the Borders, than with Geordie Bourne alone, of whose courage and prowess they had heard the most tremendous stories. They therefore went on the present errand with no very comfortable feelings; and there is little doubt that, had it not been for the fear of exposure, and the loss of their situations, they would have reported at the castle that Geordie was not anywhere to be seen. But there were others of the party composed of better fighting materials than Watt Tomlins and Jack Foster; and these, though they entertained all due respect for Geordie's strength and valour, were men who would not flinch from their duty from fear of any one. Of some of these, indeed, it was alleged that they had done a little business in Geordie's way themselves, before they entered the service of the

warden; so that, in employing them, the latter had acted on the well-known principle, set a thief to catch a thief; and certainly those of this description who were in his service were by far the most expert in detecting and apprehending depredators.

The party had now ridden for several hours without discovering any trace of the object of their pursuit; and, as it was getting dark, they had begun to lose all hopes of success, and to think of returning home. Ah, Geordie, Geordie, lad! you are now rubbing shoulders with a certain apparatus which shall be nameless. It is touch and go with you, Geordie. If the warden's company return at this moment, you are safe. If they go on but another hundred yards, for it is only a turn in the road that conceals you from them, it is all up with you. Your fate is trembling in the balance, and a breath will turn the beam.

The warden's men had now called a halt, to consider the momentous question just alluded to—that is, whether they should proceed or return; when it was decided, *nem. con.*, that they should put about, and live in the hope of catching Geordie on some future day; and on this resolution they were about to act, when one of the troop, suddenly struck with a second thought, proposed that they should proceed precisely the length of that very turn in the road on which Geordie's fate depended, ere they abandoned the chase. As the distance was but trifling, this was readily agreed to; and forward again the whole party rode. On arriving at the stipulated point, they once more drew bridle, suspended all conversation, and, in profound silence, listened attentively to ascertain if there was anything suspicious moving at a distance. While some were thus employed, others were endeavouring to peer through the gloom of the twilight, with a similar view.

"Nothing to be heard or seen, Will—nothing moving,"

said Tomlins to a stout ferocious-looking Northumbrian Borderer who rode next to him. "Geordie has escaped us this bout."

"Not so fast, Watt; not so fast," replied the person addressed, who was leaning over his horse's neck, and intently scanning the dusky road that stretched away before them in the distance—"I see something moving yonder that looks very like a drove of cattle; and hark! Watt," he added, "there's a shout! On my life, here is Geordie, after all, comrades." This was said in a loud whisper, and the whole party looked intently, and without exchanging a word, in the direction indicated, when all agreed that there was something to be seen, of which it would be proper to have a nearer view; and, under this conviction, the troop again set forward at a hard trot, which, in a few seconds, brought them up with the object of their suspicions. These suspicions were well founded. It was indeed Geordie Bourne, his associates, and their booty. On coming up with the freebooters, the warden's men rushed in upon them, when Geordie himself, ere he was aware of his danger, or could prepare for his defence, was felled to the earth by Will Armstrong; and in the next instant his hands were firmly bound behind his back with cords. The superiority of numbers with which he was attacked left Geordie, powerful and courageous as he was, without a shadow of a chance from resistance. This he perceived, and therefore made no attempt to return the violence with which he was assailed. On regaining his feet, however, being yet ignorant who they were who had thus so suddenly set upon him, he inquired, in a tone and manner which implied a threat of fierce retribution, "Who here dares—who among ye dares to avow this night's work? Let me hear him speak."

"I dare," replied Will Armstrong—"I dare avow it, Geordie Bourne, and perhaps so will Sir Robert Cary"

"Ha! you're warden's men, then," said the freebooter, alarmed at the discovery that he was in the hands of the dreaded enemy of his profession, and becoming instantly more calm and subdued in his manner. "Weel, there's nae help for't, lads—every dog has his day. I hae had mine, and I suppose I maun now straught a tow at Witherington. Deil may care," he added, after a moment's pause—"it's no sax yards o' cord, even though there should be a loop at the end o't, that's gaun to frighten Geordie Bourne." Then instantly recovering all the natural intrepidity of his character, he began to shout out, even while his captors were in the act of still further securing his arms by additional ligatures—

"And it's hey, my lads, for the bonny moonlight,
That on mountain and muirland is streamin sae bright,
Gae saddle my steed, for I maun ride the night
As far as the English border.

'Tak tent, Jock, lad, for the warden's men
Are ridin o'er hill and ridin through glen.'
Tuts, sax Scots lads 'll keep twascore-and-ten
O' sic feckless loons in order."

And Geordie would have gone on with the complimentary stanzas, of which the first and second have been quoted, had he not been interrupted by a peremptory command to move on. The troop had now formed round the captive, who, besides having his arms bound, as already described, was secured to two horsemen, one on each side of him; and in this order the whole party marched on towards Witherington, where they arrived a little before the hour of supper, when Geordie was immediately conveyed to the strong room appropriated for the reception of such involuntary visiters. Having thus secured his prisoner, Watt Tomlins repaired to Sir Robert Cary, and informed him that Geordie Bourne was taken, and in custody.

'Ha! so you have caught him at last, Watt! I am

glad of it," said the warden. "Did he make any resistance?"

"None, my lord," replied Tomlins. "We were too many for him. We took him as gently as a lamb, merely by knocking him down."

"Very gentle proceeding, indeed, Tomlins. It's so far well, however—glad there's no one hurt. What like a fellow is he, this Bourne, Watt? I have heard much of the knave's valour and strength, and should like to see him. He would be an acquisition, the rogue, to my troop, if he could be prevailed upon to take to such an honest calling. Why, I would spare the rascal's life if he would, for I cannot help respecting his bravery, and am loth to put him to death, both on that account and on account of my friend, Sir Robert Kerr, who has a kindness for the knave."

"Why, my lord, as to his appearance," said Tomlins, "he is, I must say, as pretty a fellow as ever put foot in stirrup—six feet, every inch, my lord—and a chest like a horse's; but I fear we couldn't depend on him."

"I doubt that myself, Tomlins," said the warden; "however, I'll think of the matter; but I am unwilling to hang the rogue, if any good at all could be found in him. I'll think of it, however, Tomlins—I'll think of it," repeated Sir Robert; at the same time nodding his head in a manner expressive of his wish to be left alone.

Tomlins, taking the hint, bowed, and retired.

Soon after the supper-hour of the garrison, and when all was quiet within the castle, the door of the strong room in which Geordie Bourne was confined was cautiously opened, and three persons, dressed in the livery of warden's men, entered the apartment. Geordie's athletic figure was extended at full length upon a bench, when the intruders first made their appearance; but he started up on their entrance, and presented such an appalling personification of strength

and ferocity, as startled for a moment those who had thus voluntarily obtruded themselves on his seclusion; and, secure as they were—for they were well armed, while he was totally defenceless—they could not contemplate his thick muscular throat, which was bare—thus giving full effect to the fierce but bold and manly countenance of the outlaw—without misgivings as to their safety with such a powerful and desperate man.

Suppressing this fear, however, which, indeed, was wholly unnecessary, as the prisoner neither entertained, nor even conceived for a moment, any intention of doing them an injury—

"Geordie," said the foremost of the visiters, "we have stolen a march on your keepers, just to condole with you a little on your unhappy mischance. We are really sorry to see a brave man like you, Geordie, in this melancholy condition, and we have come to express this to you, and to beg of you to believe that we would help ye out of your strait, if we could."

"Thank ye, friends, thank ye," replied the captive; "but it's a' owre now wi' Geordie Bourne. It's a' luck, lads, a' luck; and the chance has gane against me—that's a'. Never mind: I hae dune pretty fair wark on the English side in my day, and that's some comfort. There's twa or three there, I'm thinkin, that'll no be inconsolable for my fate, nor be at ony loss whether to laugh or to cry when they hear o' my end."

"Ay, Geordie," said one of his visiters, "you have been a pretty wild gallant in your day, as we have heard. Tom," continued the speaker, now turning round to and addressing one of his associates, "go to the buttery, and get a jorum of double ale for our friend Bourne here. It will comfort him a little, and lighten heavy thoughts a bit."

The order thus given was immediately obeyed, and in two or three minutes the messenger returned with a large tankard

of the beverage just named. The vessel was handed to Geordie, who instantly applied it to his lips, and took such a copious draught of its powerful contents as soon produced a very sensible effect upon him. His eye began to glisten, and his whole countenance to beam with a savage humour; and, as a natural concomitant of these symptoms, he became extremely communicative. But hold, Geordie, lad—hold, if ye value your life. Be cautious—ye know not who is listening to you. Make no unnecessary disclosures of your little peccadilloes. You long-tongued fool, what assurance have ye that the lord-warden himself does not hear every word you are saying? You know not who are your auditors—neither, apparently, do you care. On, on ye go—little recking that you are but securing your own destruction.

"Ye say right, freends," now said the unwary freebooter; "I have been a pretty rough gallant in my day, and hae dune some things that your warden here would scarce thank me for, I'm thinkin." And, with this preface, Geordie proceeded to unfold a tale of crime that made his auditors stand aghast, accustomed as they were, from the nature of their duties and peculiar situation, to scenes of bloodshed and rapine.

Of these voluntary confessions of Geordie's, as many of them were wholly unfit to be recorded, we will enter into no details, but content ourselves with saying that they included almost every species of human wickedness, and brought on the head of the perpetrator a responsibility for almost every conceivable description of human guilt.

Nor was the horrible effect of these disclosures lessened by the manner in which they were made. The marauder chuckled and laughed as he related the various deeds of violence in which he had been concerned, either as a principal or accessory; and with look and manner called on his auditors for approbation of the dexterity with which some

of his robberies had been conducted; and, to say truth, there certainly were many of them contrived with an ingenuity, and executed with a boldness, coolness, and dexterity, which would have gained for Geordie immortal renown, had he had the good fortune to have been born a Spartan. As it was, however, they only secured him a halter.

"Believe me or no, lads," thus Geordie introduced one of his adventures, "I ance rode saxty miles in ae nicht, without ever drawin bridle, except for about the space o' five minutes. I left my ain hoose at the gloamin—rode thirty miles—did my job—and was back again other thirty before cock-crawin, without ever being missed by onybody."

"By my troth, an excellent night's work, George," said the spokesman of the three warden's men. "Pray, what was the cause of your making such an extraordinary exertion on that particular occasion?"

"Why, the cause, ye see, sirs, was just this," replied Geordie: "At the last Border meeting at Lockerby, a Cumberland man, o' the name Tinlin, comes up to me, and he says, says he, 'Geordie, and it warna for breakin the peace, I wad like to break your head, for I dinna believe ye're the man ye pretend to be.' Weel, ye see, sirs, I drew—as I had guid cause to do—and was about to lend the fellow a lick wi' my whinger, when wha should come up behint me at the moment, and grip my sword-arm, but Sir Robert Kerr, just as I was gaun to strike? 'Ha, Geordie!' said he, 'at your auld tricks again! Come, put up your whinger, my man, and dinna be breakin the peace o' the meetin.' Weel, you see, as Sir Robert was a good freend o' mine, and had stood my part in many a strait, I did as he bade me, but wi' a secret oath that I wad tak an opportunity after o' clearin scores wi' Tinlin. And, by my feth, it wasna lang or I got amends o' him. The very next nicht, having beforehand learned whar he lived, I slippit my beast quietly out o' the stable, mounted and set off at a swingin trot for

Tinlin's, where I arrived about twelve o'clock at nicht—a distance o' thirty miles; but I kent every fit o' the way. On reachin the house, I rapped at the door. 'Wha's there?' cried Tinlin, jumpin out o' his bed. 'A friend,' said I; and I gied him ane o' your ain names, lads—that is, the name o' ane o' your ain men whom I kent he knew—and said I was frae the warden wi' a message to him to attend a muster. Weel, you see, on that Tinlin opens the door. I was stannin ready wi' my drawn whinger in my hand; and the moment he did this, I gied him at least a foot o' the cauld airn in his wame, before he could say Tintock, and he fell dead at my feet. Having done this, I entered the house, turned out his wife and weans to the drift, set fire to the biggin, and mounted my horse by the licht o't; and, in little mair than four hours after, was in my ain house, without ony ane being a bit the wiser."

And here Geordie gave a chuckle of satisfaction at the recollection of his atrocious feat, and looked to his auditors for a similar expression of approbation. In this, however, he was disappointed. They were by far too much horrified by what they had heard even to assume the appearance of gratification. Indeed, the feelings of him who seemed to be a sort of leading personage amongst the three appeared, from the sudden gravity and sternness of expression which now sat on his countenance, to have undergone a complete and unfavourable change regarding the prisoner. His manner towards him was no longer marked by that frankness and familiarity which had distinguished it on his first entrance; and, in place of listening with anything like interest, or exhibiting any appearance of being entertained by Geordie's communications, as he had been for a time, he now sat with his arms folded across his breast, seemingly engrossed in thoughts of his own. Geordie perceived the change alluded to in his auditor, and immediately drew in; but it was too late. He had already said more than would

have hanged a dozen. Abandoning, however, the confessional, or it might perhaps be more correctly called the boasting system, Geordie now took up the pathetic, and resumed, after a short pause—

"But it's a' owre wi' Geordie Bourne now, lads; he'll hae nae mair hanlin o' such doings as these. No; I'll see the bonny holms o' Netherby nae mair, nor the saft moonlight fa'in on the Cheviot Fells.

'And it's hame, hame, hame, my bonny brown steed,
And its riderless hame ye maun gang;
The warden has me fast, and this nicht is my last,
For he swears that the morn I maun hang.'"

"I doubt it is even so, Geordie," said the person, gravely, to whom we have above alluded, on the former's concluding this very appropriate ditty, at the same time rising from his seat, and immediately after bidding the prisoner coldly a good-night, when he quitted the apartment, followed by his associates, the last of whom carefully secured the door with bolt and padlock.

On leaving the captive, his three visiters proceeded down the private staircase, that led to the warden's library, which they entered, when he who had acted as spokesman during the interview with Geordie Bourne hastily began to divest himself of the livery in which he was attired—a process which gradually discovered the richer and more imposing dress of the lord warden underneath; the person spoken of being no other than Sir Robert Cary himself, who had adopted the disguise which he had just thrown off, in order at once to gratify his curiosity with a sight of the celebrated freebooter who was his prisoner, and to ascertain whether he could not discover anything in the man which might afford him a pretext for sparing his life, which, as has been already hinted, he felt some disposition to do. The result, however, of this benevolent attempt we leave the warden himself to communicate. Having thrown off his

disguise, he flung himself into a chair, and, leaning his head upon his hand, thought in silence for a few moments; then looking to Watt, who was one of the three that had visited the prisoner, and who was now waiting the warden's commands regarding him—

"That fellow Bourne must hang, Watt," he said; "he must, by Saint Eloy. There never was such a villain on the face of this earth. I cannot spare him—I must not; it would be a gross dereliction of my duty to spare the life of such an atrocious ruffian. Hang, therefore, he must, Watt; and do you see that execution be done upon him betimes to-morrow morning."

On the following morning, when the gates of Witherington Castle were thrown open, the lifeless body of Geordie Bourne was seen hanging from a beam in one of the inner courtyards of the building

THE FORGER

In a small town in the south of Scotland, there lived, about seventy years since, a person of the name of Wotherspoon. He was a merchant, and reputed wealthy. But Mr Wotherspoon's wealth was not by any means the sole cause of the respect in which he was held by all who knew him; although, no doubt, it had the usual effect in this way, even in his case. He was respected for his integrity in his dealings, and for the excellence of his moral character generally; while he was esteemed, nay, beloved, for his singularly mild, kind, and inoffensive disposition.

At the period of our story, Mr Wotherspoon was about thirty-two years of age; and, as he had been remarkably industrious in, and attentive to, the business in which he was engaged, and not a little fortunate in some speculations into which he had entered, he had, even at this comparatively early stage of life, acquired the reputation already alluded to—namely, that of being a wealthy man. But it was not in reputation alone that Mr Wotherspoon was rich. He was actually and truly so; and he was so, too, without ever having done a mean thing to obtain his money; more, it is suspected, than can be said of nine-tenths of those who acquire wealth by their own exertions.

Having arrived at this prosperity, Mr Wotherspoon thought he might now, with every propriety, take a step which he had long meditated, but which he had hitherto refrained from taking, at once from a sense of honour and from motives of prudence. This step was, to marry. The object of Mr Wotherspoon's affections, however, was not yet to seek: she had long been found; and it was his desire and anxiety

to be previously possessed of means sufficient to secure to her that degree of happiness and comfort to which he conceived her entitled, alone, that had prevented them uniting their destinies many years before. But the period had now arrived, he thought, when this could be done without imprudence.

The lady of Mr Wotherspoon's choice was a Miss Edington, the daughter of a neighbouring country gentleman, of respectable family, but of small fortune. Lucy Edington was a singularly beautiful girl; and in character and disposition as estimable, as in person she was lovely. But William Wotherspoon, though the favoured, was not the only lover of Lucy Edington. Her patience and good temper were severely tried by the pertinacious addresses of a young man in her own neighbourhood of the name of Lorimer. This person was the son of a farmer, and had been brought up to the profession of the law in Edinburgh, where, however, he had, by wild and extravagant courses, destroyed his own health, and nearly ruined his father.

For some years previous to this period, he had been leading an idle life at home—ill health, brought on by his own reckless conduct, having, in the first instance, compelled him to abandon his profession, and an unsettled disposition and dissipated habits preventing him from resuming it, when he could no longer plead the apology of indisposition.

Lorimer, however, was a decidedly clever young man, and his abilities, had they been seconded by good moral principles, would undoubtedly have, in time, raised him high in his profession; but the latter were entirely awanting in his character, as he never suffered any considerations of propriety, decency, or even common honesty, to interfere with, or interrupt the indulgence of, his appetites. He had acquired, moreover, a complete knowledge of, and great dexterity in, the practice of the chicaneries of law, or rather,

perhaps, in the art of violating or evading it. The baser departments of legal knowledge had been his chief study. Indeed, for them he had a natural turn, and always felt more in his element when helping a man to cheat his neighbour, than when assisting him to recover his rights. In the former case, he was quite at home—all sharpness and intellect. In the latter, he was no more than a very ordinary person, evincing none of that tact or talent which carried him so swimmingly through the other. But Lorimer, though a clever knave, had none of the redeeming qualities—if such a character can be conceded them—which are frequently found in persons of his description; we mean, liveliness and good humour. He was not a facetious scoundrel. On the contrary, he was quiet, reserved, and morose. He was, in short, what is called a deep designing villain, and the saturnine and sinister expression of his countenance at once proclaimed this.

Such, then, was the rival of William Wotherspoon for the love of Lucy Edington; but he was a rival only by his own constituting, not by any encouragement which he received from Lucy, who loathed and detested him. Lorimer, however, though in part aware of this, persevered in his suit; hoping, in time, to accomplish, by the exercise of his best and favourite faculty, cunning, what honest dealing could not achieve for him.

All his ingenuity, however, could not prevent the marriage of William Wotherspoon and Lucy Edington from taking place. They were united; and the "happy occasion" was celebrated with much mirth and festivity; but the spirit of a demon was hovering over the ceremonies, in the shape of the evil wishes of Lorimer, whose worst passions, where all were bad, were excited to their utmost tension by an occurrence which at once extinguished his own hopes for ever, and consummated those of the man whom, of all others, he most detested—Wotherspoon

From the hour in which that occurrence took place, Lorimer vowed the most deadly vengeance against his successful rival, and determined that, if ever an opportunity should present itself of doing him an injury, he would avail himself of it, although it were to the extent of his utter destruction and ruin.

Of doing Wotherspoon personal violence, Lorimer did not dream; not that he would not willingly have torn him to pieces, if he could, but, besides being something of a coward, he had a wholesome terror of those laws, which his knowledge of them, seconded by his own inclinations, told him it was safer to evade than to brave.

His schemes of vengeance, therefore, took a professional complexion, if, indeed, vague as they at this time were, they could be said to have assumed any complexion at all. He hoped, in short, by some means or other, to get Wotherspoon involved in the meshes of the law. In the meantime, indeed, there was no prospect whatever of this, or of any other mode of injuring him, being likely to present itself. But the time might come, he thought; and in this hope he cherished his wrath, which, as the sequel will show, was none the worse for keeping.

In the meantime, years passed on, and Wotherspoon continued to prosper in his business; while his domestic happiness—which had been, since the day of his marriage, all, nay, more than he had ever, even in his most sanguine moments, expected—was yearly increasing, with successive additions to his little family circle. In the lover of his youth, Mr Wotherspoon found a kind and affectionate companion of his more advanced years; for Lucy Edington underwent none of those unamiable changes which so frequently attend a change of condition with those of her sex, and which so often mar the happiness of the married life, by occasioning disappointment and regret. If somewhat less volatile than when a maiden, such deficiency was more

than compensated for by the matronly grace with which some years of the married state had invested her. But, in manner and disposition, Lucy Edington remained unchanged.

The time which flew thus happily and prosperously over the married pair, and saw them conduct themselves in all circumstances, and on all occasions, with a propriety that merited this good fortune, witnessed very different conduct and very different results on the part of Lorimer. That worthless person still remained an idler about his father's house, breaking the old man's heart with his wild and dissolute practices; for in these he continued to indulge whenever he could command the means; and, as to the mode of obtaining these means, he was not at all scrupulous, as his father rather frequently found to his cost. Young Lorimer would now, in short, do almost anything for money, for which he was often greatly at a loss, to enable him to pursue his desperate and reckless courses; and, acting on this principle, he had opened a source of occasional emolument, by practising, in a small and irregular way, the profession to which he had been bred. He became a low pettifogger, and quickly grew notorious throughout the country as legal adviser in all cases of roguery.

Leaving Lorimer thus creditably employed, we return to follow, for a time, the fortunes of Mr Wotherspoon. It has been said that, during several years succeeding his marriage, Mr Wotherspoon continued to prosper, and to deserve his prosperity—and it was so. But what measure of prudence or foresight can secure a continuance of any worldly blessing, or prevent those changes and vicissitudes, whether for better or for worse, which it is the lot of man to experience? In an evil hour Mr Wotherspoon became a partner, to the extent of nearly his whole means, in that ruinous bubble known by the name of the Ayr Bank, which involved many families in misery and poverty. The speculation was an exceedingly plausible one; and the destruction occasioned

by its failure was proportioned to the confidence it had inspired. We need scarcely, we presume, employ plainer terms to intimate to the reader that the Ayr Bank broke down, and that Mr Wotherspoon was one of the many hundreds that were ruined by its insolvency.

Although thus suddenly and cruelly bereft of the fruits of many an anxious and toilsome year, and thus hurled at once from independence to comparative poverty, Mr Wotherspoon did not lose heart, but determined on making another effort to repair the ruined fabric of his fortunes. Having readily procured a settlement with his creditors—one and all of whom entertained the highest opinion of his integrity, and pitied his misfortunes—he again commenced business, but in this he experienced all the difficulties incident to his equivocal position. Credit was reluctantly given, and demands were peremptorily enforced. Still Mr Wotherspoon persevered; and, though greatly straitened occasionally for means, continued not only to keep his feet, but began gradually to improve his circumstances. He was yet, however, in difficulties; and this was pretty generally known amongst those who knew anything at all about him.

It happened, about this period, that Mr Wotherspoon was one day invited to dine at the head inn of the town in which he resided, with a commercial traveller, with whom he was in the habit of dealing, and to whom he had at this time a considerable sum of money to pay. After dinner, when settling accounts with the traveller, Mr Wotherspoon, who was a little elevated with the wine he had drank, remarked, as he handed over the money to the former, that, if he had just one other bill for £50, then running, paid, he would, notwithstanding all that had happened him, be clear with the world. "But," he added, jocularly, "I'll find ways and means to pay that too, although I should take the highway for it, and cry, 'Stand and deliver,' or clap somebody's name to a piece of stamped paper." Mr Wotherspoon's

friend laughed at the absurdity of these imprudent expressions, coming, as they did, from one who was so unlikely to have recourse to the expedients alluded to; and the matter went off as a very passable joke.

In about a month after this, as Mrs Wotherspoon was one day standing at the door of her husband's shop, with one of her children in her arms, her curiosity was excited by seeing a post-chaise driven up with unusual speed to the door of the principal inn, which was directly opposite the shop; and she called to her husband, who was inside, to look at the carriage—at the same time expressing a wonder who they could be that were travelling in such haste. But, if Mrs Wotherspoon's curiosity and surprise were excited by this simple circumstance, how much more was the former increased when she saw the two persons who stepped out of the chaise look, for a few seconds, in the direction of the shop, say two or three words to each other, and then cross the street towards it!

"They're coming here, William," she said, in amazement, and addressing her husband. "Who, on all the earth, can they be? and what can they be wanting?"

"Indeed, Lucy," replied Mr Wotherspoon, no less surprised than his wife at the impending visitation, "that's more than I can conjecture; but we'll soon see."

By this time the strangers were upon them.

"Is your name William Wotherspoon?" abruptly and sternly inquired one of the strangers.

"It is, sir," replied the former.

"Humph!" ejaculated the querist, and began searching his pocket, from which he drew a slip of paper. Then again addressing Wotherspoon—

"Mr Wotherspoon, you are our prisoner. We apprehend you in the king's name, and you must immediately accompany us to Edinburgh."

"Your prisoner, gentlemen!" said Mr Wotherspoon, be-

coming as pale as death, and trembling violently as he spoke, "What for? What crime have I committed? What do you charge me with?"

"Ah! you don't know, I suppose, and can't guess," said one of the messengers, sneeringly; for such, indeed, was the character of the strangers.

"No, indeed, gentlemen, I cannot," said Mr Wotherspoon, in a state of great agitation.

"Very like a mouse-trap, but not so small," exclaimed the messenger. "However, I always like to be civil, and I shall tell you—though I'm confoundedly mistaken, if you don't know it pretty well already. You are apprehended, Mr Wotherspoon," he continued (and now eyeing his prisoner—for in such a melancholy situation the unfortunate man now stood—with a scrutinising glance), "on a charge of forgery; so, if you please, we'll bundle and go."

In following out this extraordinary conversation, we have necessarily lost sight for a moment of Mrs Wotherspoon. But we do not now call the reader's notice to her with any intention of describing the effects which the appalling occurrence just recorded had at first upon her. This we think it better to leave to the reader's imagination. But her subsequent conduct is more within the power of description.

The unfortunate woman, having hastily laid down the smiling, unconscious innocent that was in her arms when the messengers entered the shop, flung herself upon her husband's neck, and frantically exclaimed that no one should tear her William from her.

"My William guilty of forgery!" she wildly exclaimed. "No, no gentlemen—it's false, it's false. He has always been an honest man, and is well known to be so. He would sooner die than commit such a crime, and I will get all our neighbours to prove this." Then throwing herself on her knees at the messengers' feet, she implored them, by every

consideration of humanity and justice, not to take her William away.

"He is innocent, gentlemen," she exclaimed; "before God, he is innocent of the crime you charge him with. Oh! do not take him from me, gentlemen. Look at that babe there, and pity me, and pity us all. Do not believe what has been told you about his having committed a forgery. My William never did, and never could do, such a wicked thing."

"May be so, mistress," said one of the messengers, little affected by these womanish appeals to a clemency which he had no power to show; "but we must do our duty. Here's the warrant," he said, exhibiting a piece of paper which he held in his hand, "for your husband's apprehension, and we must see to its execution."

Having said this, he turned away from her to his associate and Wotherspoon, whom the former had already secured by handcuffs; and in a few seconds the unfortunate man found himself seated in the post-chaise, to which fresh horses had been put, with a messenger on each side of him. A few seconds more, and the carriage was on its way to Edinburgh—a circumstance which was a relief to the unhappy man; for, until the chaise started, he was not out of hearing the shrieks of his miserable wife, who had ultimately been forcibly torn from him.

On arriving at Edinburgh, Mr Wotherspoon was immediately carried to jail, to abide his trial for the forgery with which he was charged.

This forgery consisted in the felonious adhibition of the name of one James Laidlaw, a wealthy farmer in Liddesdale, to a bill for £50. This bill purported to be drawn by Wotherspoon on Laidlaw, and was indorsed by the former to James Lorimer, who again indorsed it, and discounted it in one of the banks in Edinburgh.

Some time previous to this bill becoming due, Lorimer

called at the bank where it had been cashed, and stated to the manager, with whom he sought a private interview, that he had discovered that the bill which he had discounted there, bearing to be the acceptance of James Laidlaw to William Wotherspoon, was a forgery, and that he could lead proof to show that Wotherspoon was the perpetrator of the crime. The matter being immediately investigated, it was found that there were sufficient grounds to institute a criminal action against Wotherspoon; and his apprehension, as already described, was the result.

Wotherspoon, in the meantime, however, denied all knowledge of the bill, said he had no transactions whatever with Lorimer or Laidlaw, and that he did not know the latter, even by sight, or in any other way; and in this utter denial he remained firm and consistent to the last, to the great perplexity of his own counsel, who, while he could not resist the weight of evidence which was mustered against his client, and which indeed seemed conclusive, was yet staggered by the cool and pertinacious manner in which Wotherspoon maintained and insisted on his innocence.

In due time the trial of the latter, for the forgery, came on before the High Court of Justiciary, when a long and careful investigation of the case was entered into.

The first witness called by the public prosecutor was Lorimer, who deposed that the bill had been paid over to him by Wotherspoon, for professional services rendered the latter at the time of his bankruptcy. That it was Wotherspoon's handwriting. That Wotherspoon had stated that he had obtained the bill from Laidlaw, in payment of an account for goods with which he had furnished him. That he had discovered the forgery, by having asked Laidlaw, whom he accidentally met some time after, if he had ever had any dealings with Wotherspoon? when the former said he never had, and knew nothing about him. Had, from

some circumstances which subsequently occurred, suspected that the bill was a forgery; particularly from Wotherspoon saying, that he would be obliged to retire it himself, in the first instance, as Laidlaw had intimated to him that he could not meet it when due. Witness, knowing Laidlaw to be a wealthy man, thought this very unlikely, and hence his suspicions—suspicions, he said, which were greatly increased by a circumstance which he begged permission to state to the court. Witness then proceeded to relate the expression used by Mr Wotherspoon on the occasion of his dining with the commercial traveller, which, he said, happening to be in an adjoining apartment, he had overheard.

This witness was followed by Laidlaw, the alleged accepter of the bill, who swore that the signature attached to it was not his handwriting; and, in this assertion, he was supported by other evidence; adding, that he had no knowledge whatever of the prisoner, and had never had any transactions with him.

James Anderson, Wotherspoon's shopman, was next called; and when asked if the bill, which was shown him, was his master's handwriting, answered, that he could not say—that it was certainly very like; thought, however, on the whole, that it was not, but would not swear to this. Asked if he ever saw or knew Lorimer to be employed by his master; said, he did not. Asked, if he meant that he never was employed by him, or merely that such a circumstance did not consist with his knowledge? Answered, that it did not consist with his knowledge; but allowed that Lorimer might have been employed by the prisoner without his knowing it.

A person of the name of Andrew Hislop was next put into the witness-box, who swore that Wotherspoon had told him that he had settled with Lorimer, and that he had given him an indorsed bill, in payment of his account; that he

had said, at the same time, that the bill was the acceptance of Laidlaw, and was in payment of an account for goods which the prisoner had furnished him.

James Bryce, stabler and innkeeper, Grassmarket, Edinburgh, in whose house the transaction, which was the subject of investigation, was said to have taken place, next deponed that Lorimer, whom he knew very well, and Mr Wotherspoon, the prisoner at the bar, came to his house on the evening of the 14th September; and that he, being asked to sit down at table with them, saw Mr Wotherspoon indorse over a bill to Mr Lorimer, saying, at the same time, that he believed that would about clear scores between them. This witness's evidence was corroborated by that of his wife, who had been also asked to join the party, she being well acquainted with Lorimer, who used to frequent the house when he resided in Edinburgh.

As these two witnesses were of highly respectable character, their evidence was held by the court to be conclusive against the prisoner. The latter, in his defence by his counsel, admitted that he had been in Edinburgh on the day condescended on by the witnesses who had just been examined, but denied that he had ever been in their house, or knew anything at all about them. Denied that he had ever made use of the language, or anything at all like it, attributed to him by Hislop; denied that he ever had employed Lorimer in any way, or ever was owing him a farthing. Admitted that he had used the expressions attributed to him by Lorimer on the occasion condescended on, and acknowledged their impropriety; but said they were spoken merely in jest, and in a spirit of levity, excited by the wine he had drank.

For the rest, the prisoner had only the general respectability of his character to support him, of which he produced abundant proof to the court, and a simple denial of all that had been alleged against him; but this, of course,

was of little avail in the face of the direct and positive evidence of his guilt which had been adduced.

The difficulties, too, in which Wotherspoon was known to be at the time had a powerful influence in strengthening the belief of his guilt; while it was observed that the imprudent language used by the prisoner, when in company with the commercial traveller, and which was detailed by Lorimer, made a singularly strong and unfavourable impression on the court—an impression which was but little affected by the apology for, and explanation of it, that had been given.

In short, no doubt remained on the minds of any one present that Wotherspoon was guilty of the crime charged against him; and the jury, in conformity with their own and the general impression, found the libel proven, without retiring from the box; and the unfortunate man was sentenced to suffer death: his counsel having in vain stated, that, from the steadiness, simplicity, and consistency of all the prisoner's answers to his interrogatories, put to him while in prison, he was all but entirely convinced of his innocence. "There was a mystery in the case," he said, "which he could not solve; but a day of retribution was coming," he added, "when the cause would be tried over again, and before a Judge from whom nothing could be concealed, and on whom no plot, however well contrived, could impose."

Wotherspoon heard the terrible judgment pronounced on him with the utmost composure, and persevered in asserting his innocence, both to his counsel and to those of his friends who subsequently visited him in prison. On these last, his declarations produced various effects. Some of them—those who knew him—believed that he had met with foul play from some quarter or another; and their suspicions fell on Lorimer, whose character was well known to them: but there was nothing in the whole case which

could warrant them in openly asserting that he had played the villain.

By others, again, Wotherspoon's declarations of innocence were looked upon as proceeding from the natural shame of crime. They pitied the unhappy man sincerely; but, however high might have been their opinion formerly of his integrity, they had no doubt that the pressure of necessitous circumstances had broken down his principles, and that he was guilty of the forgery. And this last was the opinion generally entertained regarding the convict by the public at large; while the first was the most prevalent in the district from which Wotherspoon came, and where he was, of course, best known.

With regard to Lorimer, the directors of the bank in which the forged bill had been discounted were so pleased with his activity and diligence in detecting and proving the forgery, that they not only forgave him the amount of it—for which he was liable as an indorser—but presented him with a handsome gratuity over and above, on the conviction of the offender.

To return to Wotherspoon. Two or three days after his trial and condemnation, the session closed, and the gentleman, a Mr Moffat, who had been employed as his counsel, went to the country to spend a few days at a friend's residence there. On the first day of his arrival, and within an hour after that occurrence, Mr Moffat was invited by his host to take a stroll in the garden, to see some improvement he was then making on it.

At the moment that Mr Moffat and his friend entered the garden, there were two men employed in delving a piece of ground at a little distance from the gate, one of whom, on perceiving the Edinburgh lawyer, hastily flung down his spade, and ran off. Somewhat surprised at this circumstance, Mr Porteous, Mr Moffat's entertainer, inquired of the fugitive's fellow-workman, who was his principal gardener, what it meant.

The man smiled, and said that he believed he did not care to be seen by that gentleman there, pointing to Mr Moffat.

"By me!—afraid to be seen by me!" said the latter, in astonishment. "What can that mean? What's the man's name?"

"His name is Hislop, sir—Andrew Hislop," replied the gardener. "I believe he was witness in some case before the Court of Justiciary lately."

"Right, right!" said Mr Moffat, already a good deal excited by the occurrence. "I thought I recollected the fellow, even from the momentary glance I had of him. Has he ever made any remark to you regarding that trial?" inquired Moffat.

"Why, nothing more, sir, than saying, that it is an ugly job; and that, if he had not been very firm, perhaps somebody else would have swung in place of Wotherspoon."

"Ay, indeed," exclaimed Mr Moffat, struggling hard to conceal the emotion he felt on this first glimmering of a new light on Wotherspoon's case being thus suddenly and most unexpectedly presented to him, and which was so much in accordance with certain preconceived notions of his own regarding that unfortunate case.

"And just now!" said Mr Moffat, eagerly. "What did he say just now, before he left you? Did he say anything?"

"He said, sir, as I told you before, he did not care to meet with you again, lest you should bother him with questions."

"Very well, very well—that'll do, my man," replied Mr Moffat, who now felt convinced that he had got a clue to the mystery which had puzzled him so much in Wotherspoon's case. "That'll do," he said, at the same time leading away his friend, to whom he related the whole circum-

stances of the trial, mentioned his suspicions, and begged his co-operation—Mr Porteous being a justice of peace—in securing Hislop. This co-operation was readily conceded; and so effectively and promptly, that in less than two hours Hislop was apprehended, although he had got a good many miles away—for his flight had not been a temporary but a final one; and in less than two hours more he was hard and fast in the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

On the day after his apprehension, Hislop was examined before the sheriff—Mr Moffat, who had gone to town on purpose, being also present—when, either through fear of punishment, which he hoped to avert by his disclosures, or from the impulses of an awakened conscience, he told a tale of villany, which—whether the amazing complexity of its character be considered, the singular dexterity with which it was managed, or the astounding depravity which marked it—will scarcely be found paralleled, it is believed, in the annals of crime.

Hislop deponed, in the first place, that Lorimer, not Wotherspoon, was the actual forger of the bill, and that he had seen him write it. That he, Hislop, hired by Lorimer, had personated Wotherspoon in Bryce's house, on the occasion to which the evidence of that witness and his wife referred; and here Hislop called on Mr Moffat to mark the strong resemblance, both in person and countenance, that existed between himself and Wotherspoon; which, now that his attention was called to it, Mr Moffat perceived to be indeed singularly striking.

The deponent further stated, that Lorimer had promised him £10 for his trouble, but had paid him with five. That Wotherspoon had never used the expressions to him that he had attributed to him, when giving evidence on the trial of the former. Lastly, he declared that Lorimer had frequently said to him, in reference at once to the plot against Wotherspoon, and to Wotherspoon himself, "that he would be re-

venged on the object of his deadly hatred, and would put fifty pounds in his pocket besides."

On the strength of this deposition, Lorimer was now apprehended, while a respite was obtained for Wotherspoon; and the trial of the former, for the identical crime for which the latter was under sentence of death, soon after followed.

On this trial, the deposition of Hislop was, through the activity of Wotherspoon's counsel, corroborated in every particular, and the whole villany laid bare to open day.

The general result of the evidence against Lorimer showed that he had selected Hislop to be an instrument of his atrocious designs chiefly on account of his remarkable resemblance to Wotherspoon. That, still further to heighten this deception, so as to deceive Bryce and his wife, should they, as he expected they would, be confronted with Wotherspoon—or foreseeing, in short, exactly what had happened with regard to him—he had been at the trouble and expense of procuring for Hislop a wig of exactly the same description with that worn by Wotherspoon, and which was of rather a peculiar make and colour. That he had selected a day for coming to Edinburgh, to execute that part of the plot which was performed in Bryce's house, when he knew that Wotherspoon was also in the city; and thus his villanous design was complete in all its parts, and could only have been discovered through the treachery of Hislop. His assertions were all positive, while Wotherspoon's were necessarily all negative; and it is well known how much easier it is to prove than to disprove; and of this Lorimer had the full advantage in the case of the prosecution of the former.

At the desire of the Lord Advocate, the wig which Mr Wotherspoon wore was placed on Hislop's head in court, the former being also present, when Bryce and his wife were called in, and asked to say which of the two was the Mr Wotherspoon they had seen with Lorimer; when both

without hesitation and at once, pointed out Hislop; that difference in look and appearance—for, however like two persons may be, some difference between them there always is—being evident, when they were seen together under the circumstances just mentioned, which was scarcely to be detected when they were seen separately by those who were not previously acquainted with them individually and personally: and thus the most fatal evidence of all that had been adduced against Wotherspoon was in one instant rendered not only innocuous to him, but destructive to his persecutor.

The result of Lorimer's trial will be foreseen by the reader. He was condemned to death, and hanged in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh; while Wotherspoon was dismissed from the bar with an unblemished character, and with the sympathy of the whole court and the public at large, for his unmerited sufferings.

Wotherspoon again became a wealthy man, and saw many happy years afterwards; but often said that he would never again speak of forging bills, as Lorimer had declared, after he was condemned to death, that it was his having overheard his idle, but unguarded language on this subject in the inn, that had suggested to him the plot which had so nearly accomplished his destruction.

THE SURGEON'S TALES.

THE THREE LETTERS.

It is a difficult question how far doctors ought voluntarily to interfere in matters of wills. One-half of our profession advocate the moral necessity and propriety of not only putting their patients in such a state of knowledge as to their bodily condition, as to bring out by *inference* the prudence of arranging their temporal affairs, but of adding suggestions and recommendations to the effect of inducing them to perform this indispensable duty, before the grim tyrant's advances may render it impossible. The other half smile at their bolder and more philanthropic brethren, as fools who interfere with what lies beyond their province, and limit their statements or advice to those necessary replies which are called for by the questions of the patients themselves. Upon all such points, where the truth is sought for *in partibus extremis*, much has been said, and will be said; and perhaps a thousand years hence the profession and the public may be as far from any simple designative proposition of the real moral truth of the subjects, as they are at present. The fault lies in men's minds, which, seeking eternally to generalise, lose sight of the grand fact in nature—that, as in botany she defies man in his attempts at a natural classification, so, in moral states and conditions of society, she equally defies him to manufacture verbal rules for the regulation of individuals or masses under all existing circumstances. For my part, I have always avoided these verbose questions; and, though I have practised for many years, I have never experienced any difficulty in so regulating my statements and advices

to dying patients, as might best suit their temporal interests of health and wealth, without losing sight of what was due to higher and more sacred feelings and prospects of a world to come. To tell some patients that they are dying would be to commit a species of homicide; to conceal from them the state of their bodies, and their approaching dissolution, may be to be accessory to worldly wrongs, to be felt for generations, and to that condemnation that is to be felt for ever; but between those extremes there ranges a wide field for the workings of prudence, an ample space for the exercise of a noble and manly virtue, and scope enough and to spare for the exhibition of all those elevated feelings of good hearts that add grace and beauty to the possessors, and are displayed for the benefit of our fellow-creatures. No man has so much in his power for the benefit of mankind as a medical practitioner; and proud am I to say, that no man, speaking generally, more seldom loses the opportunity of turning it to the proper account. These observations are called forth by a case that, some time ago, came under my observation, where the hand of a ruling Providence spurned the schemes of weak mortals, and took the regulation of a dying person's affairs out of her hands, in a manner as strange as it is dark and mysterious.

Mrs Germain, a widow lady of fortune, sent her niece, a young woman about twenty-three years of age, to request that I would visit her in my professional capacity. The case, I was told, was not an urgent one, and I might call at any time during the course of the day, as suited my arrangements and leisure. I went, accordingly, in a short time afterwards, and was introduced into a very splendid drawing-room, where I observed an elderly lady, whom I took to be Mrs Germain herself, reclining on a damask-covered couch, with the young person who had waited on me sitting on a footstool by her side. The two individuals

were interesting in many respects, even at first sight. There was a singular elegance of taste displayed in the dress, though a dishabille, of the elderly one, which, co-operating with a set of features at one time undoubtedly handsome, and now noble and intellectual, bespoke the lady by birth, and one that had cultivated the art of making the body and the mind reflect on each other mutual beauty and adornment. The young one, whom I had seen before, but under the shade of a jealous veil, was one of those *blondines* so highly prized in French novel-writing, and seldom seen in our country in the perfection of contrast, of dark piercing eyes and light auburn tresses, so frequently seen in France. She was also very elegantly attired; and the graceful manner in which she reclined, with her left arm on the side of the couch, and her right holding a richly-gilt book, from which she had been reading to her aunt, produced an effect which an artist or a lover would not have been slow to acknowledge. On a nearer approach, I soon detected, in the composed and bland features of the elder, the delicate, yet certain, touch of the finger of some latent, lurking disease; which, by draining the blood from the lips, blanching the lower confines of the temples, and depressing the globes of the eyes, had given a melancholy premonition of serious changes about to be effected in vital parts.

Having been introduced by the niece, who rose and handed me a chair, I sat down by the side of the couch, and received an account of the symptoms which had exhibited themselves to the invalid; from which I learned that she had been ailing for several months, but that no indications of serious disease having been detected by her, she had put off her application for medical advice from day to day, in the hope of getting better. How little did she know that, during all that time, she had been unconsciously, yet progressively, travelling the dark path of death!—how little did she now know, as she lay there, arrayed in the tasteful

and costly decorations of the body—her face clothed with the composure of easy indolence and the expression of noble pride, and her soft languid eye lighted up with the hope of a long course of happiness supplied from the resources of wealth—that death was busy with the secret parts of her heart! I understood her complaint at the first description of her symptoms—an aneurism or tumour in the region of the fountain of life, which would burst in an instant, and precipitate her in another moment into eternity.

Her complaint defies all the efforts of our profession, and it is, moreover, one which never can with propriety be explained to a patient, because there are few that have firmness enough to enable them to bear up under the certainty of an instantaneous dissolution, and the uncertainty of the dread moment. I therefore exercised that allowable and humane dissimulation which the searching eyes of patients, or that of friends, render necessary for their freedom and relief from fears that would often kill as certainly as the disease which generates them. This might not have been called for by any vigilance on the part of Mrs Germain to read my face; she felt no apprehension, and put no questions as to what I conceived to be the nature of her complaint. But I saw the dark eyes of the niece fixed upon my countenance with a searching intensity of look and solicitude of expression, which showed that, if she could, she would have read the most secret thoughts of my heart. There was affection deep and pure in that look, and the fear of the bursting asunder of ties more dear to her than her own existence. She continued her gaze silently, but thoughtfully; and the conversation of her aunt, which, notwithstanding her weakness, was spirited and buoyant, touching many indifferent topics lightly, and with the ease and grace of high breeding and fine cultivated fancy, struck her ear without carrying a meaning to her mind. I indulged the confidence of the patient, and witnessed, with feelings which

we only can know, the delusive spirit of life flapping his golden-coloured wings round the heart whose citadel was already occupied by the demon of death. Such scenes are familiar to us; but there was something in this different from any I had yet witnessed: and I took my departure with an assumed placidity of look, while the inmost recesses of my spirit were convulsed by the laugh of the patient, and the silent-brooding and fearful-searching eye of that angelic being, whose existence seemed to be wound up in her friend.

Even in desperate cases we must prescribe; and in the evening I sent some medicines of the paregoric and hypnotic kind, with a view, simply—for I could do no more—of relieving a slight pain which occasionally, but at considerable intervals, interfered with her good spirits. I continued my visits, and often witnessed scenes similar to those I described. The patient was gradually approaching the dread issue; and still, at every meeting, that beautiful young woman watched my every look, and searched my heart with those brilliant eyes, that spoke some mysterious language, which even the deepest feelings of friendship for her benefactress would scarcely explain. The patient herself felt no solicitude—she saw no danger. It was clearly otherwise with her niece: but what surprised me was, that this devoted girl only looked her intense feelings; she never asked me if her aunt was in danger. Every glance, every movement, showed that she felt it; but the fear of having her apprehensions confirmed—such, at least, was my construction of her strange conduct—sealed up her lips, and constrained her to a solemn silence.

One day I called, and was shown into an anteroom, until some friend had departed. I heard words in an adjoining closet, and knew the voice of Louisa—for such was the name of the fair creature who had claimed so much interest from me.

"Why will not you, my dearest Louisa?" said the soft voice of a young man. "This is terrible! Think, love, meditate, what will be the dreadful issue! Oh, sweet, angelic being! why were you fated to make me adore you for acting against those wishes I now breathe in your ear? Ask the doctor; tell him the awful secret, that our happiness depends on ten written letters of a name; and he has only to say write, and it is written."

"I have already tried to speak to him, but I cannot. Alfred, I see our danger. My aunt, I fear, is dying. The £20,000 left her by her husband goes to a sordid wretch, his brother, if she dies without a will. There is none on earth she loves but me and Alfred. O beloved Alfred! you alone divide, with that angelic woman, the affection of your Louisa. You are poor; I know it; I have wept for it. I have nothing on this earth. If she die without a will, we are beggars, and her last breath will wail our destiny, and her last tear tell her too late her unavailing sympathy. I know all this. It is my night thought, my day dream, my love's whisper, my Alfred's theme; but, God help me, I cannot break this subject to the doctor; my very heart bounds within my bosom at the thought of raising one slight fear in the breast of that woman to whom I owe all the happiness I have ever experienced upon earth. What, oh, what shall be done, Alfred?"

I heard her sobs burst from her, as she sought for sympathy in the bosom of her lover.

"Louisa, love, lift up your head," he answered. "You are sacrificing both of us to a feeling which that excellent woman herself would pronounce a weakness and a cruelty to both you and her. Think, love, what shall be the thoughts, the agonies, of your aunt, if she finds herself firmly locked in the arms of death, and her hands bound up, by his rigid grasp, from obeying the dictates of a bursting, breaking heart. The thought that Augustus Germain,

the man she hates, inherits all her fortune, and that her dear Louisa is left by her a beggar, will drag her parting spirit to the confines of the flesh, and torture it in the body's expiring struggle. You tremble at rousing in her a fear of death, by the mention of the will; and you inflict a thousand agonies, by leaving her unprepared for that death when it comes. Louisa, Louisa, lift up your head, and say if these are not the words of truth."

A silence succeeded these words. The girl was in tears, and her feelings choked her reply.

I feel that you have spoken truth, Alfred," said she; "yet I cannot do it, I cannot—I will rather be a beggar."

"And you *will* be a beggar, sweet but deluded girl," rejoined the lover; "and Alfred, who would have died for his Louisa, will be also a beggar, through her weakness. Love is hated by the Fates."

Another pause intervened, of some moments.

"But, Alfred," resumed the sobbing girl, "if—if—oh, I tremble at the word—if my aunt should die without a will, and your Louisa, in place of having twenty thousand pounds, is, as she will be, a beggar—will your love for me, Alfred—ah, I choke—the thought swells my heart ——"

"I know it—I know it, Louisa," replied he; "mention it not—it is well that your swelling heart binds up the treacherous word—would not Louisa, with all her aunt's wealth, take Alfred, who has nothing—shall not Alfred, who has nothing, take his Louisa, a beggar? Lovely girl! good, elevated, and noble as you are, I question if you sufficiently appreciate the devotedness of your Alfred. But, Louisa, think again of what I have said. I see you again to-morrow. Oh, how time flies, when I think of your aunt! —how it lags when I think of you! Think—think, ere it be too late."

"I cannot—I cannot," replied she.

There was an embrace; he departed, and the disconsolate Louisa sat and wept bitterly alone.

The servant came and told me that Mrs Germain was now alone. I hastened to her. She was, as usual, on the couch. The disease was gradually progressing, but without making much of external ravage; and her spirits were as good as usual.

"Ha, doctor," she said, briskly, as I went forward, "that was Augustus Germain who now went from me. Know you him? He is the brother of my deceased husband; and now, when I am ailing, though, Heaven be praised, not dying, he has begun to sneak about me, for his own private ends. I have not seen his face these six months. Do you know he is in my power? I can leave the whole fortune I got from his brother past him—to whom I please. Ha! ha!"

"And do you intend, madam, to leave it past him?" replied I, looking in her face gravely.

"Intend!" cried she, with another laugh, which I feared would burst the tumour, and end her life in the instant. "Why, to be sure I do. Louisa Milford shall be my heir, though I had a million for every thousand. That girl, sir, is a jewel beyond the value of all that Golconda could give up from its inmost recesses. She loves Alfred Stanford, a young man as noble in his sentiments, as she is kind, and gentle, and true in her affections; but he is poor, and, praise be to Heaven! I have the means of making them rich and happy."

"And why do you delay this act of kindness and duty," said I, with a look fixed on her eyes, "when you and all others are aware how very brittle a thread life hangs by?"

She looked at me firmly and intently as I pronounced these words, and paused a little, as if she felt some slight shock, which she required to overcome.

"Do *you* think, sir," replied she, "that I ought not to delay that act?"

"Though you were in perfect health, madam, I should answer, yes, undoubtedly," said I, with eagerness.

"Then I may as well do it now, when I am only slightly ailing," answered she, recovering, in a moment, from the slight uneasiness I had caused her; "yet, somehow or other, I am so filled with the spirit of life—so young—I mean comparatively—with so many years before me—with such a gay world around me, that I cannot help laughing at making a will. I must put on spectacles, I presume, when I sign it, and look grave and antiquated. Ha! ha! Well, I shall send for old parchment Jenkins in the evening; and, as I would wish you to be present at the execution, I will thank you to make your visit to me in the evening to-morrow. Old Goosequill and you may partake of a glass of my burgundy, vintage '94, on the head of the young widow's settlement."

"I shall attend, madam," said I; "and, if you please, I shall send Mr Jenkins to you just now as I pass."

She eyed me somewhat closely again; but the feeling flew off.

"Do so—do," she replied; and I left her.

As I proceeded out to the main door, I passed the small room where Louisa Milford still sat, with the effect of the extraordinary scene that had taken place between her and the young man called Stanford pressing on her bosom. I stood a moment, and heard distinctly her deep sobs and stifled moans. Her sentiments were beautiful, her conduct noble: she would sacrifice twenty thousand pounds to avoid giving the aunt she loved a moment's uneasiness; and she had resisted the impassioned importunities of a lover, who was suspended between beggary and affluence, and who had adroitly addressed himself to the young heart of love, as well as to the immature judgment of youth. I had no liberty to say one word to her of her aunt's intentions; yet I had for some time resolved to communicate to her the true

state of her relative's health, with an injunction to keep the fearful nature of the disease a secret from the patient. I knocked at the door, and was requested to walk in. She was hurriedly occupied in drying up her tears, and removing the signs of grief.

"You have been weeping, Miss Milford," I said; "is it for your aunt?"

"Forbid that I should require to weep for her!" she cried, starting, as if stung with pain. "I cannot bear the idea of that woman being in danger. I have watched your eye daily, and have read in it fearful things; but I will comfort her; she shall never know that there is danger near. I will ward off the sad thought; and oh! sir, for mercy's sake, co-operate with me in my love, while you try to save her from the danger, the thought of which she shall never know!"

The remembrance of what had passed a few minutes before between her and her lover, brought out the full effect of the purity of thought that dictated her impassioned words. I surveyed her for a moment with admiration.

"I did not think my *professional* eye was so easily read, Miss Milford," I replied. "You have read it correctly. Your aunt cannot live. I have thought it my duty to inform you of this. Her complaint is in the region of the heart, and she will likely die in an instant."

She stood for a moment pale and motionless, as if her heart had suddenly ceased its functions. A slow heaving of the bosom showed the approach of a paroxysm of grief; and I trembled lest the sounds should reach the patient's room. I pointed in the direction silently. She understood me; and the strongest workings of nature were overcome by the strength of her fear to cause pain to her she loved. She struggled against the rising passion, and, turning to me, fell suddenly at my feet, and held up her clasped hands in the direction of my countenance.

"And you will not tell her?" she cried, while struggling sobs impeded her speech; "no, no, pity demands it, and I pray for it—let her live in the hope of life! Say, good sir, for Heaven's sake, that you will conceal it from her, and from all others. None shall know it from me—I will die rather than divulge it. She will thus be happy to the end. She requires no preparation—she is spotless—pure as the child unborn; and as she has lived, so shall she die!"

"It is not my intention to communicate it to her," replied I.

"Ah! thanks, thanks, good sir," she replied, in the same impassioned voice. "Bless you—bless you!"

"But this ignorance, Miss Milford," said I, "prevents a settlement of a patient's worldly affairs."

"If that settlement, in the case of my aunt," replied she, fervently, and turning up her eyes to heaven, "is to be purchased by one moment of pain to her, let Augustus Germain take all."

"Extraordinary sentiment!" muttered I—"extraordinary being!" I left her to her grief, and proceeded to the attorney's house. He was at home, and promised to wait on Mrs Germain that day. He called afterwards, and told me that the will would be ready next evening at seven, when I was requested to attend to witness it, along with him. I attended accordingly. The lady was in her usual state of spirits. She sat up on the couch, arrayed in a superb undress. Miss Milford was not present. I observed her in her own room, as I passed, with Stanford sitting by her, holding one of her hands. The attorney, and one of his clerks, and myself, were the only persons present besides the invalid.

"I am dying to hear a will, Mr Jenkins," said the patient, laughing. "I don't think I ever heard one in my life; for my husband's settlement was a contract of marriage, and I fear there is *some* difference between the two papers."

Mr Jenkins read the settlement.

"Will you not allow me a glass of wine, doctor?" resumed the invalid, in the same strain. "It may steady my hand. I declare I am as nervous as a young bride."

I poured out a glass of her old burgundy, and gave it to her.

"Here is to my own health first!" said she—"for, you know, I'm an invalid; and, secondly, here is to you all, and may you never be worse than I am until you come to die!"

She took up the pen and began to write her name. I looked over her shoulder. She had written Margaret Germ—and the pen was quivering in her hand. She uttered a scream, and fell back—a corpse. In an instant, Louisa and Stanford rushed into the room.

"Is she dead?" cried the attorney. "The will is not signed. It wants three letters. It is useless."

"She is gone," replied I, "for ever."

Louisa threw herself upon the body of her aunt. Stanford looked on like a statue of marble. The scene was heartrending; for the devoted girl clung with such force to the dead body, that it was with difficulty I could get her detached. The loss of the £20,000 was to her nothing. She did not even hear—at least she understood not the writer, when he cried out that the will wanted three letters, and was void. Her whole soul was occupied with the engrossing idea that her aunt was dead; yet so painful was the thought, that she could not bear to hear the truth, and cried with a loud voice on the dead body to answer her with one word of consolation. All this time, Stanford fixed his eye on the fragment of the name to the will. The three letters were worth a fortune.

"Heavens!" I heard him mutter, "is it so? Are my fears realised, and in this dreadful form? Hope on the very brink of being realised, swallowed by the fell demon of despair!"

Louisa was carried out senseless, and Stanford rushed out of the room like a maniac. The dead body was spread out; the will was rolled up in a scroll; the writer went away; and I sought home with eyes filled with tears.

I afterwards learned that the brother came in as heir. Louisa was, indeed, a beggar; but Stanford married her. They are yet poor, and may remain so for life.

THE GLASS BACK.

I have already laid before the public one well-authenticated case of a false conception of identity, arising from the disease called hypochondria. In that case, as well as in most of the others generally met with, the supposed change of identity that takes place is complete, extending to the whole body, which is imagined to pass into a new form of being, different from man, and often into a piece of matter not imbued with life or motion at all. Of this latter case, by far the best known transmutation is that into some very brittle commodity, such as glass; and this is not to be wondered at, even amidst the darkness of our ignorance of the secret workings of those extraordinary changes which seem to shame even the invention of Ovid; for the idea or fantasy, in that case, is only a peculiar type of the feeling of the nervous apprehension or terror, which is the peculiar pathognomonic symptom of the disease itself. It is not difficult to suppose that, when the heart is filled with fear of personal injury, and yet the eye surveys no cause of danger, the mind itself will supply imaginary causes—and this accordingly we find to be the case; neither does it seem to defy our *à priori* conceptions, that while imaginary objects of detrimental efficacy shall be conjured up from the depths of a dark fancy, a corresponding notion of peculiar brittleness in the body itself shall be generated, to give plausibility to the pre-existing apprehen-

sion of serious evil. Indeed, the two seem to be counterparts of each other; and we have only to proceed a step further, to the species of brittleness or liability to detriment, to come to that extraordinary conception, which almost every doctor of extensive practice has witnessed once or twice in his life—that the body is composed of glass, and therefore in continual danger of being cracked or broken to pieces, from the appulse of objects that are every day impinging upon us without doing us any harm. The frequency of the "glass man" is therefore not a matter of very great wonder to a philosophical mind, after the casual condition of the change is admitted. The case has so often occurred, that it now excites little curiosity; but I question much, if the case of a fancied *partial* transmutation of the flesh into glass may not, as well from its rarity as its grotesqueness, claim a greater share of interest from the faculty, and from the general reader; and when I state that the instance I have to record was witnessed and studied by myself, with a view to the interests of science—a fact of much importance in all reports of extraordinary conditions of human nature—I need say no more in recommendation of it to the attention of the public.

The unhappy subject of the case was a poor man, called Patrick G——, by trade a tailor—a profession, by the way, which is more productive of hypochondria than any other with which I am acquainted, arising, doubtless, from the sedentary habits of the individuals, combined with their irregular modes of living. I have always noticed a peculiar *outré* character in the ideas and feelings of people inclined to hypochondria; and those who have been permitted to enter the *penetralia* of the workshop where the *board* is covered with these unfortunate beings, will justify the remark, by their experience of the strange sayings, grotesque art, and recondite humour, to be found in the peculiar atmosphere of that temple of taste. I make this allusion, of course, with

a scientific view, as elucidating a fine point in psychology, and not in the slightest degree influenced by a love of the mere garbage of the food of an ill-timed curiosity. The peculiarity of thought and feeling, incidental to this class, might easily have been discovered in the individual who was so unfortunate as to require my aid; and all his physical appearances would have justified the anticipation of the peculiarity, before he opened his mouth. His complexion was so decidedly what we call saturnine, that it approached to the colour of green. He was at all times excessively irritable, so much so that he was often attacked with spasmodic affections; and at these times he was so easily acted upon by slight and trifling external causes, that his wife, a very sober and decent woman, required to observe the greatest caution in conducting those affairs of her domestic establishment which interfered with either his mind or body. If he was not in this state of irritability, he was sure to be under the power of an extreme rigidity of solids, and torpor of the nervous system, accompanied by their usual concomitant of melancholy, which suggested even a *bizarrerie* of thought quite different from that of ordinary men. I thought the seat of his disease was the spleen, in consequence of finding an enlargement of that organ; but I afterwards came to be satisfied that his liver, too, was deranged—an opinion very well justified by what afterwards befel him.

The symptoms I have mentioned continued in the man for a period of a year and a-half; but an aggravation of them became soon thereafter apparent, in a very marked increase of his melancholy, accompanied by a shaking nervousness on being approached by any heavy article, subject to movement. When forced out by his wife for the benefit of his health, he kept the side of the wall, shook at the risk of a jostle, as if a push or drive would have killed him, and ran into closes and avenues, to be out of the reach of carriages that were steadily keeping the middle of the high-road. I

have observed these symptoms (to us well known) in very aggravated diseases of the stomach, without very marked derangement of the neighbouring organs; and calmed the fears of his wife, by stating that they would probably abate, as the medicines I gave him (chiefly tonics) began to operate upon his system. I had, notwithstanding, my fears that a deeper type of hypochondria was on the eve of exhibiting itself — an opinion formed chiefly from the study of his eye, which was getting daily heavier and gloomier, more turned to the angle of the orbit, and filled with morbid terror, on the approach of any moving thing, however innocuous. To test further the truth of my deduction, I gave him a gentle push aside, and observed that he shrank as if he had been stung by an adder, retreating back from me, and eyeing me with suspicion and dread, as if I had been about to kill him. He was now, I suspected, on the eve of falling into one of two positions, depending upon the temperament of his mind. He would either (as happens with people of an imaginative turn) create fanciful objects of fear that might do him bodily injury, retaining his conception of personal identity unimpaired, or he would pass into the false conviction of being made of some tender substance, capable of being injured by the approach of external objects, but retaining otherwise his conceptions of external things entire—a result more common to minds of a sedate, phlegmatic kind.

My fears turned out too true. The next time I visited him, I was met by his wife in the passage, who said she wished to speak a few words to me before I entered. She whispered that she feared her husband had entirely lost his senses—for that, on the day previous, he had gone to bed, where he had lain ever since in the same position—*on his face;* and yet, so far as she could ascertain, there was nothing the matter with his back. When she asked him why he lay in that extraordinary position, he turned up a

piteous eye in her face, and replied, with a sigh that came from the deepest part of his chest, that she would know that soon enough, requesting her, for the sake of Heaven's mercy and a wife's love, not to touch him, and to keep the bedclothes as light upon him as it was ever, ever in her power to do. I could not, even by the power of anticipation, derived from an ample experience of diseases of this sort, divine the peculiarity of this patient's complaint; but I was soon to have sufficient evidence to unravel the mystery.

On going forward to him, I observed that he was carefully laid on his face, with just so much of his left eye exposed as to serve for a watch over his body, and exhibit the apprehension which filled his soul, and engrossed every other feeling.

"Why in this position?" said I. "The back is the resting-place of patients. Turn, and you will experience the truth of what I say."

"Turn!—oh, that I could!" said he; "but, alas, alas! I dare not; I dare not." And he accompanied his words with a peculiar nervous glance, indicating great uneasiness and fear.

"Why?" rejoined I.

"Ah, sir," he cried, in a choking voice, "I must keep this side uppermost. Glass is brittle, very brittle. I dare not turn; the crash—ay, sir, the crash—would be tremendous. I would be in a hundred pieces in a moment. Dreadful thought!—Do not touch me, for Heaven's sake! approach me not. It is brittle, brittle—ah, very, very brittle!"

These words he accompanied with the same glance of intense fear. I saw at once where the secret lay; but the poor wife stared with glaring eyes, as if she had seen a spectre. She understood nothing; but she watched her husband's eye, and she had never seen there such a wild

light before. Argument in such cases is altogether *hors d'œuvre*, or rather it does much injury, and my course lay in a direction entirely opposite. I had first the precise vitreous locality to discover, which could be done only by an expression of belief of his extraordinary condition.

"Calm yourself," said I; "we will deal with you quietly. Which is the dangerous part?"

I laid my hand between his shoulders, and the bedclothes shook with the tremor of his limbs.

"I never can *sit* more upon this earth,"* he cried, and then paused and sighed. "My occupation's gone," he continued, in the same trembling, choking voice. "Merciful powers, what is to become of one of my profession, if he cannot sit without a crash? Do I not make my bread sitting? and yet, sir, I put it to you—I put it to you who know the strength of a window pane—how can I sit? how can I ever earn a livelihood for that weeping wife? Terrible! terrible!"

His wife, still at a loss for an explanation, looked into my face, where she saw the gravity of a philosophic doctor contemplating one of the miseries of his fellow-creatures, and, besides, interested scientifically in the case before me—one of partial vitrification, where the seat of the fancied transmutation was curiously connected with the prior habits of the individual. The case was serious; and, though I did not wish, by an expression of my real apprehensions, to frighten the poor woman, I could not belie my feelings, by assuming any appearance of carelessness, far less of levity, which I did not in sincerity feel. I could do nothing for the invalid in the position in which he now was, and left him, to consider what plan I should fall upon to dispossess him of this false belief, which, with all the determination

* A case of this kind occurred also in or near the town of Dundee in Scotland, where the glass was limited to the same regions—below the lumbars.

and perversity of his complaint, had taken a firm hold of his mind.

Next morning, the patient's wife called upon me, and stated that she had got alarmed at the state of her husband, in consequence of his extraordinary conduct when she endeavoured to get his couch spread up for their night's repose. On taking hold of him, though she did it in the gentlest manner possible, with a view to assist him out of the bed, he screamed out that she was breaking him to fragments, with such vociferation that the neighbours flocked in, to ascertain what was the cause. She could give no proper explanation; for, although she had already got some insight into the nature of the disease, she felt ashamed to exhibit the weakness of her husband; but he, who felt no delicacy on the subject, accused her, with tears in his eyes, of an intention to break him into pieces; called her a cruel woman, and appealed to several of those present whether it was reasonable to suppose that a person who had a part of his body made of glass could be safely handled in the rough manner in which the careless and temerarious woman had begun to touch and move him from the only safe position he could ever enjoy on earth. The poor woman wept as she told me that his speech was received by the neighbours with a loud laugh. I sympathised with her, and told her, with much grave and real sincerity, that I would do everything I could for her husband; and in the meantime recommended her again to try to get him out of bed by the hour of twelve, when I would call and see him, and try some remedy for him.

I called accordingly, but found that the wife's efforts had proved unavailing; he was still in bed on his face, and murmuring strong and bitter reproaches against his helpmate, whom he eyed with an expression of mixed anger and terror.

"Is it not horrible, sir," he vociferated, "that a woman

should attempt to take the life of her husband? Say, as a Christian and a man, if I ought not to be handled in a manner suitable to the nature of the substance of which a part of my body is composed? Heavens! 'tis dreadful to be damaged irretrievably by the hands of one who should treat me more softly than others. Ha! my queen, you wish to get quit of me!—but I shall guard the vital and brittle parts from your evil intention. My hands and arms are still of flesh and blood."

I tried to convince him that his wife had no evil intention towards him; but he continued to throw at her wild glances, in which there was apparent, however, much more terror than anger. I tried him on the question of rising; but he fixed his eye upon my face with a piteous expression, and said, in a calm, serious tone—

"Would you, sir, rise if you were in my position, with the danger staring you in the face of being crushed or broken by the first hard substance you came against. What would be my consolation in having the most important part of the body—at least to men of my profession—picked up in fragments, and laid in my coffin?"

"Better run the risk of being damaged," said I, seriously, "than starve in your bed. Your wife says you have work lying to do, and that there is no money in the house."

This statement produced a strong effect upon him. He shook between the horns of the dilemma in which he was placed, and threw a look at me, which said plainly, "Is not my situation horrible and heartrending?" But I retained the sternness of my expression, and yielded him no sympathy where I felt it to be my duty to use severity. I thought it better to leave him in this mood, and took my leave. I had made the statement regarding the necessity of working, at random, and was very well pleased to have it confirmed by Mrs G——, who followed me to the door, and told me that she was, indeed, in great perplexity, in conse-

quence of a large order for mournings having come in that morning, and the two apprentices could do absolutely nothing to it. The case was one of domestic calamity, which I could do little to ameliorate, beyond giving another recommendation to her to strain every effort to get him up.

Something occurred to prevent me calling next day; but on the next day after I waited upon my unhappy patient. The bed was empty. I looked round, and saw no one in the apartment. I was surprised, and dreaded some additional misfortune; but Mrs G——, who came out of the small room in which her husband wrought, stepped cautiously up to me, and whispered in my ear, that he had that morning got up, with the determination to commence work; but that he was still under the same delusion. "Come here," she added, retreating softly to the workshop. I followed her; and, at her desire, directed my eye through a small opening by the side of the door, which was partially open. A most extraordinary sight was exhibited to me. Two apprentices were sitting on a board, working fiercely at the mournings, and holding their heads down, as I thought, to prevent their cruel laughter from being seen by their unfortunate master, who was clearly the cause of their ill-timed and mischievous merriment. At a little distance from them, with his back turned to the wall, was my pale and emaciated patient, busy sewing—*on his feet!*

"Is not that a dreadful sight, sir?" whispered Mrs G—— in my ear, with a woful countenance. "He has stood in that awful position since six o'clock this morning. He can come no speed; and see you how his apprentices are biting their lips, and holding down their heads to conceal their merriment?"

I was too much occupied studying the motions and appearance of the invalid, to reply to the statement of his wife. He was standing in such a situation that no one

could get behind him. There was a deep melancholy over his countenance, which was grotesquely relieved by the nervous light of his grey twinkling eye, as he lifted it at times from the piece of cloth he was busy with, and threw it fearfully in the direction of the apprentices, as if he watched their motions. It was clear that he laboured under an apprehension that some effort would be made to get him to sit, and that he was, *mordicus*, determined that he would not be broken and immolated in that way—from all which I was satisfied that his wife, or some other person, had been already that day making some attempt upon him to get him to sit down, and thus roused him to the state in which I now saw him. He looked as if he felt the truth of the motto, *nusquam tuta fides*. He had faith in none, and was on the quick watch to guard and save himself. The sight was undoubtedly an interesting one, in more respects than as a scientific study of one strange phase of human nature; but the only feature in it that surprised me was, that the patient was working with so much ardour—because lethargy, with a total prostration of spirit, is the prevailing symptom of the disease. I could only account for this anomaly, by supposing that the old excitement of a job of mournings had, for a time, overcome the depressing energies of his complaint.

I had meditated a curative process to be applied when he got out of bed; but he was now evidently too much on the quick alert from his alarm, for its application at that time —his studied proximity to the wall excluding all hope of getting behind him; and I augured, besides, some relief from his application to business. I therefore told Mrs G—— that it would be improper to rouse his fears farther by any unsuccessful attempt at dislodging, from his addled brain, his false belief, and that I would call next day, when his confidence in those around him might, in some measure, be restored.

On my calling next day at the same hour, Mrs G—— informed me that he had continued working on his feet for the greater part of the preceding day—turned himself fearfully round when he required to move, so as to keep the supposed brittle region out of the reach of all danger; when he retired to bed, he had laid himself on his face; and he was again working assiduously, in a standing position, in the same way as when I saw him last. I again applied myself to the opening, and satisfied myself that the statement I had received was correct. The scene presented all the extraordinary features—the same standing position, cadaverous face, and nervous watchful eye, in the patient, and the same look of mystery, wonder, and repressed risibility on the part of the apprentices. I opened the door, and entered, requesting Mrs G—— to bring me a chair, on which I sat down right opposite to the patient, who, almost simultaneously with these movements, retreated back, and, coming in contact with the wall of the room, uttered a sudden scream of fear, and again resumed his position. His wife looked at him with pity and affection; but the rebellious apprentices broke forth into a cachinnation, which I instantly repressed by a look, which conveyed a serious reproof, as sincere as it was strong and stern. I proceeded to endeavour to acquire his confidence; but he exhibited great shyness, and kept up a studied system of eyeing me askant, placing his back as near to the wall as he thought consistent with his safety, and keeping a sharp look-out for intruders in that direction. To my inquiry how he felt, he replied, peevishly, that he was so utterly beyond the powers of medicine, that he did not see the use of my visits.

"Heaven help me!" he ejaculated; "I am safe nowhere but in my bed. No necessity will draw me from it, if I'm once there again. My ungrateful wife may starve. I will turn off these rebellious, unfeeling scoundrels. I am sur-

rounded by enemies, murderers, who would laugh if they saw me cracked in a thousand pieces. They gloat on my screams, as they take every opportunity to pass behind me and jostle me. Better be dashed at once like a potsherd among stones, than exposed to this horrible state of eternal apprehension."

"You nourish vain fears," replied I. "Why not try to sit and compose yourself?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" he cried, with a shrill, sardonic movement of his lungs—"sit on a glass globe!—ha! ha!—all enemies together—murderers all. It is not three hours yet since that woman placed a chair for me, and one of these unfeeling ruffians asked me, with a sneaking, whining sympathy, to take my place on the board, while his ears were tingling for the crash. I'll swear a lawburrows against you all—every mother's son of you."

"You may at least try to sit," said I, calmly rising from the chair—a movement that operated upon him like magnetism—making him throw down the cloth he held in his hand, recoil still farther back, and scream again, loud and shrill.

I made a step forwards to him, which roused his fears still higher; for he was clearly possessed with the idea that I was to force him to sit, or to press him against the wall, and thus shatter him to pieces. The one mode of destruction was just as fearful as the other; and, as I took another step nearer him, he raised a yell that made the whole house ring, and, changing his position, with his back still to the wall, he glided swiftly aside, and seemed, by the furtive glance of his terrorstruck eye, to wish to make for the door —which, however, was guarded by his wife. By this time the two young men had started to their feet, so that he was surrounded by foes on every side; and as the utter desperation of his case thus seemed to increase, he became more and more terrified, repeating his screams at shorter inter-

vals, and placing himself with a caution which, in his excited state, had a strange appearance, closer and closer to the wall. The sight was a grievous one to his wife, and far from an agreeable one to myself; but the apprentices—probably from a spirit of retaliation roused by a memory of former inflictions—enjoyed it with a cruel delight. Having thus far roused his terror, I thought it prudent not to stop short in an operation which, at whatever time performed, must necessarily be attended with all the pain he now suffered; and, throwing out a signal to one of the young men to stand by the chair, and to the other to come to my side, I made boldly towards him, and, notwithstanding of his heartrending screams and looks for pity, seized him by one arm, while the other was willingly laid hold of by my assistant.

At this period of the operation, I was rather importunately addressed by Mrs G——, whose feelings—for she was an irritable creature, and distractedly fond of her husband—overcame her.

"For heaven's sake, let him alone!" she cried. "The neighbours will think we are in reality murdering him. His screams go to my heart, and I cannot stand these wild looks. Heaven pity my unfortunate husband!"

"I am only performing my professional duty," I replied, loudly, to make myself heard in the midst of his screams. "You called me to him; and, if you really wish it, I will leave him to his fate. No man of his profession can do any good in the world by working on his legs. The disease is deep-rooted, and can only be overcome by strong remedies. I think I will cure him; and, if you stop us in the operation, the consequences will be entirely attributable to yourself."

I spoke at this length with the view, purposely, of keeping the patient for some time in the high state of terror to which he was roused; because I was satisfied that, in proportion to the height of his apprehension, was the chance

of benefit to result from my expedient for curing him. The woman saw the affair in its proper light; and, though still greatly moved by his screams and pitiful looks, she forbore further entreaty or interference. The apprentices, meanwhile, were all alive and ready for action, expressing by their eloquent leers, which I could not repress, their pleasure in thus having an opportunity—such is human nature—of repaying their taskmaster for his severity, as well as of witnessing one of the most curious operations they had ever heard of. All this time the patient continued his screams—having, at intervals, recourse to exclamatory expostulation.

"Cruel fiends!" he cried, "will you dash me to pieces? Will nothing less serve you than to see a poor harmless being, who never injured one of you, reduced to atoms? And you, too, hard-hearted wretch, whose duty it is to protect me, stand there a witness of my destruction! Unheard-of misery, to have the tenement of an immortal soul reduced to particles no bigger than a farthing!"

We proceeded to drag him forwards, in spite of a resistance strengthened by the energy of terror and despair, and heedless of his cries of "Save me, save me! Death, death in any form but being dashed to shivers!" Having brought him to the chair, the back of which was held firmly by the other apprentice, we turned him round so as to make the bottom of it (composed of hard wood) as fair a mark as our eyes could judge. He was now, as he thought, on the brink of utter extermination; and I was afraid that the terror might have the effect on him which I have noticed in criminals at the moment when the fatal drop is to fall, and, by inducing a fit of syncope, destroy all our labours. It was, however, otherwise, though I never saw a patient on the eve of undergoing the amputation of a limb in such a condition of terror and agony. We were bound to disregard all this; and, having made my assistant understand

that it was necessary to lift him (for a simple seating, without a fall, I was satisfied, would do no good), we raised him a foot or two, by the application of considerable strength, and let him down upon the bottom of the chair, with a crash. A louder scream than he had yet uttered announced his fancied death-blow.

"I am murdered! it is all over now!" he ejaculated, with a gasp, while his hands were busy groping about, to feel the pieces of broken glass, which must necessarily be scattered in every direction.

This operation, on his part, I wished to encourage, and liberated his arms, to give him greater scope, while we continued to hold him firmly down on the chair, till we satisfied him that he had received, and could receive, no injury, from pressing upon it with all the weight of his attenuated and sickly body. His groping was accompanied by a trembling that shook all his system; and I saw his terrorstruck eye wavering on the pivot of doubt, whether it might be inclined downwards to witness the wreck of his shivered body. Deep, convulsive sobs, the result of the restrained breath, broke from him in strange sounds, mixed with the groans of one who thought himself in the firm grasp of death. At length he ventured to add the testimony of his eyes to that of his hands; and, when he found that there were no pieces of glass lying about the chair and floor, he turned up the panicstruck orbs in my face, with an expression of mixed wonder and terror, that, to any one but myself, acting in a serious medical capacity, would have appeared ludicrous to an extent infringing upon the diaphragm. As we held him firmly down, in spite of his efforts to bound up, the false conviction, so firmly fixed in his brain, was apparently suffering a silent process of qualification; and the difficulty of reconciling the belief within with the actual state of safety without, was drawing him to the favourable condition of doubt, from which we might augur benefit.

As the old conviction rose, at intervals, more strongly on him, his hands were again busy to ascertain the actual state of safety of his body; then his eye sought my face for an assurance in favour of the evidence of touch, and he was for a moment reconciled; again the false conception seized him, again he groped, and felt, and looked, and thus was he precipitated into a state of perplexity, from which he could not get himself disentangled, but from which he might ultimately, as I hoped, rise into a natural belief.

"Where are your smashed glass organs now?" said I. He could reply nothing, but turned up his eye, filled with wonder and doubt, in my face. "You have been labouring under a wretched delusion of the mind. There's no more glass about you than there is about me—and that is my watch-glass. Are you satisfied?"

"Heaven help me! I know not," he replied, in a melancholy tone. "I am perplexed. I cannot conceive why I'm not broken. How is it possible I could have stood the shock? Strange!—wonderful!" And he seemed for a moment lost in the mist of a confused amazement. This was his medicine, and we allowed it to work, by still holding him firm in his position. "It cannot be!" he ejaculated, quickly, as he emerged from his dream of wonder. "It is impossible! I *am* damaged! Let me up! let me up! and you will see the melancholy wreck."

This request was a fair one, and we removed our restraining hands. In a moment he started up, with a bound, to his feet, casting a fearful look on the bottom of the chair, and clasping the supposed brittle region with his hands, to ascertain whether he was in reality uninjured. The laugh of the apprentices, which I had hitherto restrained by my serious looks, now burst forth, in spite of all their efforts; and, averse as I am to such exhibitions of levity in cases of serious ailments, I could not help now looking upon this

powerful ridicule as a necessary and salutary ingredient of the medicine administered to him.

"You are all safe, sir," said I; "not one jot of you injured. I hope to hear no more of your glass. Next time I call, I expect to see you seated at your work, as becomes the decorum of your profession."

I now left him; but I was by no means satisfied that he would not pertinaciously account for his being uninjured, by a recourse to some fallacious reason—such as the strength of the glass—to satisfy his prior conviction; for, before I departed, I saw that his look was as furtive and nervous as before, and his old partiality for the wall was strong within him. My anticipations were too well founded; for I ascertained, next morning, that he was not cured. He had given up work, and betaken himself to bed, where he had gradually relapsed into his old belief—accounting for his entireness by the strength alone of the crystal. I told the woman to call again, and tell me when he ventured up, and I would essay another experiment, which might turn out more successful. Three days passed before I received the announcement that he had again betaken himself to work on his legs. I lost no time in getting two assistants who could work better to my plan than my former coadjutors, and went to the house. It was the dinner-hour of his apprentices, and I had arrived in the opportune moment when the door, which had been bolted all day, to keep me and others out, was still open, after the exit of the workmen. I went, with the assistants, straight in upon him, and got a chair handed to me, precisely as on the former occasion. I soon saw that he was still under the influence of the delusive fiend that had usurped the seat of reason.

"I am determined," said I, resolutely, "to break this brittle appendage. I have made my calculations, and am satisfied that I can smash it and remove it without injury to the vital organs that lie within it. It is, I am satisfied,

a mere glass covering, without the slightest connection, in an organic view, with the parts beyond it. Fear not when you hear the crash; for I pledge myself you will thank me for the operation after it is performed."

"No, no!" he vociferated, with screams; "I shall die, inevitably perish, if it is broken. You may as well break my head to pieces with an axe, and say that, because my heart will remain untouched, I will live. Oh, for the love of Heaven, have mercy on me!"

His screams and exclamations produced no effect upon us. We proceeded to take off a part of his garments, and led him, in spite of the most determined and tortuous struggles, to the chair.

"We must break it thoroughly," said I. "Lift him up as high as possible."

My assistant obeyed my directions; and, having raised him as high as our strength would permit, we brought him down with a hard crash, as formerly on the chair, at the very moment that my other assistant dashed, with great force, on the floor a large globular glass bottle, which he had, by my desire, brought with him for the purpose. The crash was tremendous, and rang in the victim's ear like a death-knell.

"Pick me up—pick me up!" cried the patient. "I'm all in atoms. You would not believe me once that I was made in these parts of glass. Ah, you see now the melancholy evidence of the fact!"

We held him steady, and he rolled his eyes from side to side, surveying the broken fragments of his vitrified substance with symptoms of horror. I noticed the hair on his head rise and stand as stiff as porcupine quills, and all his body was shaken by tremors that seemed to reach his heart. After allowing the conviction that the appendage was absolutely broken to take proper root in his mind—

"You are cured," said I. "The glass lies about you, and

your body is entire. I was right in my diagnosis. It is proved; the glass was a mere covering—a species of fourth skin over the epidermis; and, being gone, the natural body is freed from the encumbrance. Rise and judge for yourself."

These words, with the slow progress of his own mental workings, and, above all, the sound and sight of the glass, wrought wonders. He rose deliberately from his seat—examined himself—looked around him—turned and re-turned—looked at me and my assistants—at his wife, who had come in wondering at the noise and strange appearance of the glass—and at the broken evidence, at once of his disorder and his cure.

"This is most wonderful!" he at last ejaculated. "Margaret, woman, look at that! Where is your scepticism now, your laughs, and your jeers, and your vain efforts to shake my belief? This may teach you sobriety of thought, and inspire you with confidence in my opinions. I was never deceived in my life. Man never found me wrong: and here is my last victory over the foolish prejudices of all my neighbours."

Saying this, he took a part of the glass, and turned it round in his hand.

"Perfect, pure, brittle glass," he continued. "A pier-glass might have been made of it."

"I would rather say a *convex* mirror, Mr G——," said I, laughing, contrary to my professional gravity.

"But, doctor," said he, "why were you so hard of belief? It was long ere you would believe me. I have conquered you too; but, I must confess, you have conquered my disease."

"Yes; I have mastered it at last," said I; "it will never trouble you again. Would you have the goodness to allow me to take a part of the fragments home with me, to put in my museum.'

"Most certainly," he replied; "but it's natural that I should have the liberty of retaining a considerable part, to evidence for my sincerity, and to exhibit as a great natural curiosity to the world."

This matter was easily arranged. The patient mended from that day. The joy of the relief he had experienced shot its rays through his heart and system, quickened his blood, and roused his lethargic nerves. His day-dreams vanished, and his nervous fears were replaced by a healthy, firm confidence. He was, last time I saw him, a very healthy person, saw through the glass clearly, and laughed heartily at my ingenuity in overcoming his complaint.

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER.

When the glass, the laugh, and the social "crack" go round the convivial table, there are few who may not have heard the words, "*We'll have another!*" It is an oft-repeated phrase, and it seems a simple one; yet, simple as it appears, it has a magical and fatal influence. The lover of sociality yieldeth to the friendly temptation it conveys, nor dreameth that it is a whisper from which scandal catcheth its thousand echoes—that it is a phrase which has blasted reputation—withered affection's heart—darkened the fairest prospects—ruined credit—conducted to the prison-house, and led to the grave. When our readers again hear the words, let them think of our present story.

Adam Brown was the eldest son of a poor widow, who kept a small shop in a village near the banks of the Teviot. From infancy, Adam was a mild, retiring boy, and he was seldom seen to join in the sports of his schoolmates. On the winter evenings, he would sit poring over a book by the fire, while his mother would say, "Dinna stir up the fire, bairn; ye dinna mind that coals are dear; and I'm sure ye'll hurt yoursel wi' pore, porin owre yer books—for they're never oot o' yer hand." In the summer, too, Adam would steal away from the noise of the village to some favourite shady nook by the river-side; and there, on the gowany brae, he would, with a standard author in his hand, "crack wi' kings," or "hold high converse with the mighty dead." He was about thirteen when his father died; and the Rev. Mr Douglas, the minister of the parish, visiting the afflicted widow, she said, "She had had a sair bereavement; yet she had reason to be thankfu that she had ae comfort left,

for her poor Adam was a great consolation to her; every nicht he had read a chapter to his younger brothers; and oh, sir," she added, "it wad mak your heart melt to have heard my bairn pray for his widowed mother." Mr Douglas became interested in the boy, and finding him apt to learn, he placed him for another year at the parish school, at his own expense. Adam's progress was all that his patron could desire. He became a frequent visiter at the manse, and was allowed the use of the minister's library. Mr Douglas had a daughter, who was nearly of the same age as his young *protegé*. Mary Douglas was not what could be called beautiful, but she was a gentle and interesting girl. She and Adam read and studied together. She delighted in a flower-garden, and he was wont to dress it; and he would often wander miles, and consider himself happy when he obtained a strange root to plant in it.

Adam was now sixteen. It was his misfortune, as it has been the ruin of many, to be *without an aim*. His mother declared that she was at a loss what to make him; "but," added she, "he is a guid scholar, that is ae thing—and CAN DO is easy carried about." Mr Douglas himself became anxious about Adam's prospects: he evinced a dislike to be apprenticed to any mechanical profession, and he was too old to remain longer a burden upon his mother. At the suggestion of Mr Douglas, therefore, when about seventeen, he opened a school in a neighbouring village. Some said that he was too young; others that he was too simple—that he allowed the children to have all their own way; and a few even hinted that he went too much back and forward to the manse in the adjoining parish, to pay attention to his school. However these things might be, certain it is the school did not succeed; and, after struggling with it for two years, he resolved to try his fortune in London.

He was to sail from Leith, and his trunk had been sent to Hawick to be forwarded by the carrier. Adam was to

leave his mother's house early on the following morning; and on the evening preceding his departure he paid his farewell visit to the manse. Mr Douglas received him with his wonted kindness; he gave him one or two letters of recommendation, and much wholesome advice, although the good man was nearly as ignorant of what is called the world as the youth who was about to enter it. Adam sat long, and said little; for his heart was full, and his spirit heavy. He had never said to Mary Douglas, in plain words, that he loved her—he had never dared to do so; and he now sat with his eyes anxiously bent upon her, trembling to bid her farewell. She too was silent. At length he rose to depart; he held out his hand to Mr Douglas; the latter shook it affectionately, adding, "Farewell, Adam! May Heaven protect you against the numerous temptations of the great city!" He turned towards Mary—he hesitated—his hands dropped by his side. "Could I speak wi' you a moment?" said he, and his tongue faltered as he spoke. With a tear glistening in her eyes, she looked towards her father, who nodded his consent, and she arose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked towards the flower-garden—he had taken her hand in his—he pressed it, but he spoke not, and she offered not to withdraw it. He seemed struggling to speak; and at length, in a tone of earnest fondness—and he shook as he spoke—he said, "Will you not forget me, Mary?"

A half-smothered sob was her reply, and a tear fell on his hand.

"Say you will not," he added, yet more earnestly.

"O Adam!" returned she, "how can you say *forget!*—Never—never!"

"Enough—enough!" he continued, and they wept together.

It was scarce daybreak when Adam rose to take his departure, and to bid his mother and his brethren farewell.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, as she placed his breakfast before him, "is this the last meal that my bairn's to eat in my house?" He ate but little; and she continued, weeping as she spoke, "Eat, hinny, eat; ye have a lang road before ye. And, O Adam! aboon everything earthly, mind that ye write to me every week; never think o' the postage—for, though it should tak my last farthing, I maun hear frae ye."

He took his staff in his hand, and prepared to depart. He embraced his younger brothers, and tears were their only and mutual adieu. His parent sobbed aloud. "Fareweel, mother!" said he, in a voice half-choked with anguish—"fareweel!"

"God bless my bairn!" she exclaimed, wringing his hand, and she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and wept as though her heart would burst. In agony, he tore himself from her embrace, and hurried from the house; and during the first miles of his journey, at every rising ground, he turned anxiously round, to obtain another lingering look of the place of his nativity; and, in the fulness and bitterness of his feelings, he pronounced the names of his mother, and his brethren, and of Mary Douglas, in the same breath.

We need not describe his passage to London, nor tell how he stood gazing wonderstruck, like a graven image of amazement, as the vessel winded up the Thames, through the long forests of masts, from which waved the flags of every nation.

It was about mid-day, early in the month of April, when the smack drew up off Hermitage Stairs, and Adam was aroused from his reverie of astonishment, by a waterman who had come upon deck, and who, pulling him by the buttonhole, said, "Boat, master? boat!" Adam did not exactly understand the question, but, seeing the other passengers getting their luggage into the boats, he followed

their example. On landing, he was surrounded by a group of porters, several of whom took hold of his trunk, all inquiring, at the same moment, where he wished it taken to. This was a question he could not answer. It was one he had never thought of before. He looked confused, and replied, "I watna."

"*Watna!*" said one of the Cockney burden-bearers—"*Watna!*—there an't such a street in all London."

Adam was in the midst of London, and he knew not a living soul among its million of inhabitants. He knew not where to go; but, recollecting that one of the gentlemen to whom Mr Douglas had recommended him was a Mr Davison, a merchant in Cornhill, he inquired—

"Does ony o' ye ken a Mr Davison, a merchant in Cornhill?"

"Vy, I can't say as how I know him," replied a porter; "but, if you wish your luggage taken there, I will find him for you in a twinkling."

"And what wad ye be asking to carry the bit box there?" said Adam, in a moment betokening an equal proportion of simplicity and caution.

"Hasking?" replied the other—"vy, I'm blessed if you get any one to carry it for less than four shillings."

"I canna afford four shillings," said Adam; "and I'll be obleeged to ye if ye'll gie me a lift on to my shouther wi't, and I'll carry it mysel."

They uttered some low jests against his country, and left him to get his trunk upon his shoulders as he best might. Adam said truly that he could not afford four shillings; for, after paying his passage, he had not thirty shillings left in the world.

It is time, however, that we should describe Adam more particularly to our readers. He was dressed in a coarse grey coat, with trousers of the same colour, a striped waistcoat, a half-worn broad-brimmed hat, and thick shoes,

studded with nails, which clattered as he went. Thus arrayed, and with his trunk upon his shoulders, Adam went tramping and clattering along East Smithfield, over Tower-hill, and along the Minories, inquiring at every turning—"If any one could direct him to Mr Davison's, the merchant in Cornhill?" There was many a laugh, and many a joke, at poor Adam's expense, as he went trudging along, and more than once the trunk fell to the ground, as he came in contact with the crowds who were hurrying past him. He had been directed out of his way; but at length he arrived at the place he sought. He placed his burden on the ground—he rang the bell—and again and again he rang, but no one answered. His letter was addressed to Mr Davison's counting-house—it was past business hours, and the office was locked up for the day. Adam was now tired, disappointed, and perplexed. He wist not what to do. He informed several "decent-looking people," as he said, "that he was a stranger, and he would be obleeged to them if they could recommend him to a lodging." He was shown several, but the rent per week terrified Adam. He was sinking under his burden, when, near the corner of Newgate Street, he inquired of an old Irish orange-woman, if "she could inform him where he would be likely to obtain a lodging at the rate of eighteen-pence or two shillings a-week?

"Sure, and it's I who can, jewel," replied she; "and an iligant room it is, with a bed his Holiness might rest his blessed bones on, and never a one slapes in it at all but my own boy Barney; and, barring when Barney's in dhrink—and that's not above twice a-week—you'll make mighty plaisant sort of company together."

Adam was glad to have the prospect of a resting-place of any sort before him at last, and with a lighter heart and a freer step he followed the old orange-woman. She conducted him to Green Dragon Court, and desiring him to follow her up a long, dark, dirty stair, ushered him into a small,

miserable-looking garret, dimly lighted by a broken sky-light, while the entire furniture consisted of four wooden posts without curtains, which she termed a bed, a mutilated chair, and a low wooden stool. "Now, darlint," said she, observing Adam fatigued, "here is a room fit for a prince; and sure you won't be thinking half-a-crown too much for it?"

"Weel," said Adam, for he was ready to lie down anywhere, "we'll no quarrel about a sixpence."

The orange-woman left him, having vainly recommended him "to christen his new tenement with a drop of the cratur." Adam threw himself upon the bed, and, in a few minutes, his spirit wandered in its dreams amidst the "bonny woods and braes" of Teviotdale. Early on the following day he proceeded to the counting-house of Mr Davison, who received him with a hurried sort of civility—glanced over the letter of introduction—expressed a hope that Mr Douglas was well—said he would be happy to serve him—but he was engaged at present, and, if Mr Brown would call again, if he should hear of anything, he would let him know. Adam thanked him, and, with his best bow (which was a very awkward one), withdrew. The clerks in the outer office tittered, as poor Adam, with his heavy hobnailed shoes, tramped through the midst of them. He delivered the other letter of introduction, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed received him much in the same manner as Mr Davison had done, and his clerks also smiled at Adam's grey coat, and gave a very peculiar look at his clattering shoes, and then at each other. Day after day he repeated his visits to the counting-houses of these gentlemen—sometimes they were too much engaged to see him, at others they simply informed him that they were sorry they had heard of nothing to suit him, and continued writing, without noticing him again; while Adam, with a heavy heart, would stand behind their desk, brushing the

crown of his brown broad-brimmed hat with his sleeve. At length the clerks in the outer office merely informed him their master had heard of nothing for him. Adam saw it was in vain—three weeks had passed, and the thirty shillings which he had brought to London were reduced to ten.

He was wandering disconsolately down Chancery Lane, with his hands thrust in his pockets, when his attention was attracted to a shop, the windows and door of which were covered with written placards, and on these placards were the words, "*Wanted, a Book-keeper*"—"*Wanted, by a Literary Gentleman, an Amanuensis*"—in short, there seemed no sort of a situation for which there was not a person wanted, and each concluded with "*inquire within.*" Adam's heart and his eyes overflowed with joy. There were at least half-a-dozen places which would suit him exactly—he was only at a loss now which to choose upon—and he thought also that Mr Douglas' friends had used him most unkindly in saying they could hear of no situation for him, when here scores were advertised in the streets. At length he fixed upon one. He entered the shop. A sharp, Jewish-looking little man was writing at a desk—he received the visiter with a gracious smile.

"If ye please, sir," said Adam, "will ye be so good as inform me where the gentleman lives that wants the book-keeper?"

"With pleasure," said the master of the register office; "but you must give me five shillings, and I will enter your name."

"Five shillings!" repeated Adam, and a new light began to dawn upon him. "'Five shillings, sir, is a deal o' money and, to tell ye the truth, I can very ill afford it; but, as I am much in want o' a situation, maybe ye wad tak half-a-crown."

"Can't book you for that," said the other; "but give

me your half-crown, and you may have the gentleman's address."

He directed him to a merchant in Thames Street. Adam quickly found the house; and, entering with his broad-brimmed hat in his hand, and scraping the hob-nails along the floor—"Sir," said he, "I'm the person Mr Daniells o' Chancery Lane has sent to you as a book-keeper."

"Mr Daniells—Mr Daniells?" said the merchant; "don't know any such person—have not wanted a book-keeper these six months."

"Sir," said Adam, "are ye no Mr Robertson o' 54 Thames Street?"

"I am," replied the merchant; "but," added he, "I see how it is. Pray, young man, what did you give this Mr Daniells to recommend you to the situation?"

"Half-a-crown, sir," returned Adam.

"Well," said the other, "you have more money than wit. Good-morning, sir, and take care of another Mr Daniells."

Poor Adam was dumfoundered; and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he said London was a den o' thieves. I might tell you how his last shilling was expended—how he lived upon bread and water—how he fell into arrears with the orange-woman for the rent of his garret—how she persecuted him—how he was puzzled to understand the meaning of the generous words, "*Money Lent;*"—how the orange-woman, in order to obtain her rent, taught him the mystery of the *three golden balls*—and how the shirts which his mother had made him from a web of her own spinning, and his books, and all that he had, save the clothes upon his back, were pledged—and how, when all was gone, the old landlady turned him to the door, houseless, friendless, penniless, with no companion but despair. We might have dwelt upon these things, but must proceed with his history.

Adam, after enduring privations which would make hu-

manity shudder, obtained the situation of assistant-porter in a merchant's office. The employment was humble, but he received it joyfully. He was steady and industrious, and it was not long until he was appointed warehouseman; and his employer, finding that, in addition to his good qualities, he had received a superior education, made him one of his confidential clerks. He had held the situation about two years. The rust, as his brother clerks said, was now pretty well rubbed off Scotch Adam. His hodden-grey was laid aside for the dashing green, his hobnailed shoes for fashionable pumps, and his broad-brimmed hat for a narrow-crowned beaver; his speech, too, had caught a sprinkling of the southern accent; but, in other respects, he was the same inoffensive, steady, and serious being as when he left his mother's cottage.

His companions were wont to "roast" Adam, as they termed it, on what they called his Methodism. They had often urged him to accompany them to the theatre; but, for two years, he had stubbornly withstood their temptations. The stage was to Adam what the tree of knowledge was to his first namesake and progenitor. He had been counselled against it, he had read against it, he had heard sermons against it; but had never been within the walls of a theatre. *The* Siddons, and her brother John Kemble, then in the zenith of their fame, were filling not only London, but Europe, with their names. One evening they were to perform together—Adam had often heard of them—he admired Shakspere—his curiosity was excited—he yielded to the solicitations of his companions, and accompanied them to Covent Garden. The curtain was drawn up. The performance began. Adam's soul was riveted, his senses distracted. The Siddons swept before him like a vision of immortality—Kemble seemed to draw a soul from the tomb of the Cæsars; and, as the curtain fell, and the loud music pealed, Adam felt as if a new existence and a new world

had opened before him, and his head reeled with wonder and delight.

When the performances were concluded, his companions proposed to have a single bottle in an adjoining tavern; Adam offered some opposition, but was prevailed upon to accompany them. Several of the players entered—they were convivial spirits, abounding with wit, anecdote, and song. The scene was new, but not unpleasant to Adam. He took no note of time. He was unused to drink, and little affected him. The first bottle was finished. "WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER," said one of his companions. It was the first time Adam had heard the fatal words, and he offered no opposition. He drank again—he began to expatiate on divers subjects—he discovered he was an orator. "Well done, Mr Brown," cried one of his companions, "there's hope of you yet; *we'll have another*, my boy—three's band!" A third bottle was brought; Adam was called upon for a song. He could sing, and sing well too; and, taking his glass in his hand, he began—

"'Stop, stop, we'll hae anither gill,
Ne'er mind a lang-tongued beldame's yatter
They're fools wha'd leave a glass o' yill
For ony wife's infernal clatter.

'There's Bet, when I gang hame the night,
Will set the hail stair-head a ringin—
Let a' the neebors hear her flyte,
Ca' me a brute, and stap my singin.
She'll yelp about the bairns' rags—
Ca' me a drucken gude-for-naethin!
She'll curse my throat and drouthy bags,
And at me thraw their duddy claethin!'

"Chorus, gentlemen—chorus!" cried Adam, and continued—

"'The fient a supper I'll get there—
A *dish o' tongue* is a' she'll gie me!

She'll shake her nieve and rug her hair,
And wonder how she e'er gaed wi' me!
She vows to leave me, and I say,
"Gang, gang! for dearsake!—that's a blessin!"
She rins to get her claes away,
But—o' *the kist the key's amissin!*

'The younkers a' set up a skirl,
They shriek and cry, "Oh dinna, mither!"
I slip to bed, and fash the quarrel
Neither ae way nor anither.
Bet creeps beside me, unco dour.
I clap her back, and say, "My dawtie!"
Quo' she, "Weel, weel, my passion's owre;
But dinna gang a-drinkin, Watty."'"

"Bravo, Scotchy!" shouted one. "Your health and song, Mr Brown," cried another. Adam's head began to swim—the lights danced before his eyes—he fell from his chair. One of his friends called a hackney-coach; and, half insensible of where he was, he was conveyed to his lodgings. It was afternoon on the following day before he appeared at the counting-house, and his eyes were red, and he had the languid look of one who had spent a night in revelry. That night he was again prevailed upon to accompany his brother clerks to the club-room, "just," as they expressed it, "to have one bottle to put all right." That night he again heard the words—"*We'll have another*," and again he yielded to their seduction.

But we will not follow him through the steps and through the snares by which he departed from virtue, and became entangled in vice. He became an almost nightly frequenter of the tavern, the theatre, or both, and his habits opened up temptations to grosser viciousness. Still he kept up a correspondence with Mary Douglas, the gentle object of his young affections, and, for a time, her endeared remembrance haunted him like a protecting angel, whispering in his ear,

and saving him from depravity. But his religious principles were already forgotten; and, when that cord was snapped asunder, the fibre of affection that twined around his heart did not long hold him in the path of virtue. As the influence of company grew upon him, her remembrance lost its power, and Adam Brown plunged headlong into all the pleasures and temptations of the metropolis.

Still he was attentive to business—he still retained the confidence of his employer—his salary was liberal—he still sent thirty pounds a-year to his mother; and Mary Douglas yet held a place in his heart, though he was changed—fatally changed. He had been about four years in his situation, when he obtained leave for a few weeks to visit his native village. It was on a summer afternoon, when a chaise from Jedburgh drove up to the door of the only public-house in the village. A fashionably-dressed young man alighted, and, in an affected voice, desired the landlord to send a *porter* with his luggage to Mrs Brown's. "A porter, sir?" said the innkeeper—"there's naething o' the kind in the toun; but I'll get twa callants to tak it alang."

He hastened to his mother's. "Ah! how d'ye do?" said he, slightly shaking the hands of his younger brothers; but a tear gathered in his eye as his mother kissed his cheek. She, good soul, when the first surprise was over, said "she hardly kenned her bairn in sic a fine gentleman." He proceeded to the manse, and Mary marvelled at the change in his appearance and his manner; yet she loved him not the less: but her father beheld the affectation and levity of his young friend, and grieved over them.

He had not been a month in the village when Mary gave him her hand, and they set out for London together. For a few weeks after their arrival, he spent his evenings at their own fireside, and they were blessed in the society of each other. But it was not long until company again spread its seductive snares around him. Again he listened to the words—

"*We'll have another*"—again he yielded to their temptation, and again the *force of habit* made him its slave. Night followed night, and he was irritable and unhappy, unless in the midst of his boon companions. Poor Mary felt the bitterness and anguish of a deserted wife; but she upbraided him not—she spoke not of her sorrows. Health forsook her cheeks, and gladness had fled from her spirit; yet as she nightly sat hour after hour waiting his return, as he entered, she welcomed him with a smile, which not unfrequently was met with an imprecation or a frown. They had been married about two years. Mary was a mother, and oft at midnight she would sit weeping over the cradle of her child, mourning in secret for its thoughtless father.

It was her birth-day, her father had come to London to visit them; she had not told him of her sorrows, and she had invited a few friends to dine with them. They had assembled; but Adam was still absent. He had been unkind to her; but this was an unkindness she did not expect from him. They were yet waiting, when a police-officer entered. His errand was soon told. Adam Brown had become a gambler, as well as a drunkard—he had been guilty of fraud and embezzlement—his guilt had been discovered, and the police were in quest of him. Mr Douglas wrung his hands and groaned. Mary bore the dreadful blow with more than human fortitude. She uttered no scream—she shed no tears; for a moment she sat motionless—speechless. It was the dumbness of agony. With her child at her breast, and in the midst of her guests, she flung herself at her father's feet. "Father!" she exclaimed, "for my sake!—for my helpless child's sake—save! oh, save my poor husband!"

"For your sake, what I can do I will do, dearest," groaned the old man.

A coach was ordered to the door, and the miserable wife

and her father hastened to the office of her husband's employer.

When Adam Brown received intelligence that his guilt was discovered from a companion, he was carousing with others in a low gambling-house. Horror seized him, and he hurried from the room; but he returned in a few minutes. "*We'll have another!*" he exclaimed, in a tone of frenzy; and another was brought. He half-filled a glass—he raised it to his lips—he dashed into it a deadly poison, and, ere they could stay his hand, the fatal draught was swallowed. He had purchased a quantity of arsenic when he rushed from the house.

His fellow-gamblers were thronging around him, when his injured wife and her grey-haired father entered the room. "Away, tormentors!" he exclaimed, as his glazed eyes fell upon them, and he dashed his hand before his face.

"My husband! my dear husband!" cried Mary, flinging her arms around his neck; "look on me—speak to me! All is well!"

He gazed on her face—he grasped her hand. "Mary—my injured Mary!" he exclaimed, convulsively, "can *you* forgive me—*you—you?* O God! I was once innocent! Forgive me, dearest!—for our child's sake, curse not its guilty father!"

"Husband!—Adam!" she cried, wringing his hand—"come with me, love, come—leave this horrid place—you have nothing to fear—your debt is paid."

"Paid!" he exclaimed, wildly. "Ha! ha! Paid!"

They were his last words. Convulsions came upon him; the film of death passed over his eyes, and his troubled spirit fled.

She clung round his neck—she yet cried, "Speak to me!"—she refused to believe that he was dead, and her reason seemed to have fled with his spirit.

She was taken from his body and conveyed home. The agony of grief subsided into a stupor approaching imbecility. She was unconscious of all around; and within three weeks from the death of her husband, the broken spirit of Mary Douglas found rest, and her father returned in sorrow with her helpless orphan to Teviotdale.

THE SCOTTISH VETERAN.

It was upon one of those clear, chill, but not unpleasant days, that so often occur towards the latter end of November, that an aged female, and one much younger, in all the bloom of maiden beauty, overcast by a tender shade of melancholy, that gave tenfold interest to her lovely countenance, and mellowed the lustre of her dark hazel eyes, were seen sitting at the door of a cottage on the banks of one of the tributaries of the silver Tweed. The full round orb of the sun was sinking slowly behind a huge bank of clouds, tinged by his departing rays, that lingered as if regretting his short career, and loth to depart. The deep shades of twilight closed quickly upon the scene; but the females sat engaged at their work, as if it had been an eve of autumn. Margaret Blair, the more aged of the two, sat gazing in one direction with unwearied assiduity, only occasionally looking at the progress she made at the stocking she was busy knitting; and Jeanie Aitken, the younger, bent her steadfast gaze at intervals in the same direction, towards the road that skirted the foot of the neighbouring hills. Heavy clouds began to rise in the east; the wind had changed towards that quarter, and howled mournfully along the waste.

"Jeanie, my dear," said Margaret, "Jamie has gotten a fine day to travel in. Do you see no appearance o' him yet? Your young een are far clearer than mine. These heavy clouds mak me fear for the nicht. I am sure he might hae been here lang before this time, if his heart yearned as mickle to see me as mine does to see him. I trust that naething has happened to him on the road. Many a danger has he passed through in the wars. It would be

an awfu thing were ony misfortune to happen him when he is sae near hame. God has preserved him in the battle-field; and oh, I trust and pray He will still be his guide! Do you no see ony signs o' him yet? The nicht will soon be on, and I fear it will be a stormy ane."

A deep sigh escaped from Jeanie as she answered, "Oh no; I see no one on the road. Dear mother, retire into the house—you must be very cold—I will watch yet a little. I hope he will soon be here, and then we will be so happy when we meet." The tears that filled her eyes, and the trembling accents in which she spoke, betrayed a heart ill at ease.

It was at this period I arrived at the cottage, in hopes of seeing my old schoolfellow; for a letter had been received a few days before, in which he informed his mother and Jean that he would be with them this day, as he had received his discharge.

Jeanie and James had long loved each other; they were cousins, and had been brought up together; but he had enlisted in anger, and forsaken her. With all his faults, she had never ceased to love him; and, from the day he went off to join his regiment, for six long years they had never heard of him. About three months after the battle of Victoria, the carrier to the town of Dunse brought them two letters as he passed—one for Margaret Blair, the other for Jeanie Aitken. They were from James. I was shown both the letters, which will unfold the previous history of my friends, and the feelings of the reformed son better than I can, and introduce the Veteran in a more favourable light than I have as yet been enabled to do.

"*Victoria.*

"DEAREST MOTHER,—My folly has at length fallen upon my own head, and heavy is the load I will bear until I receive an answer to this, containing your forgiveness for my wicked neglect of your counsels, and despising the instructions of my worthy father—the result of all which has been

my giving myself so much to evil company, and deserting you in your old age. But, dear mother, I am now an altered man. On the dark and cheerless guard, at the dead hour of the night, my conscience often awoke, and rendered me almost desperate—when sinking under fatigue, hunger, and thirst, on the long and toilsome march, it has given a keener edge to my sufferings; still I warred against the better feelings that arose in my breast—for I was still wayward and proud; but now, lingering under my wounds, I humble myself in the dust, before that God I so long neglected, who alone speaks peace to my humbled spirit! Be not alarmed at the mention of my wounds. I am now out of danger, and will be enabled to join my regiment in a few weeks—would it were to join your peaceful fireside. But, though I am unworthy to obtain yet for a time this my earnest prayer, I feel assured I shall yet be spared to comfort your declining years. And that every blessing may be yours until then, is the prayer of your now repentant and loving son,

"JAMES BLAIR.

"P.S.—Is cousin Jeanie still unmarried? Does she reside still near you? I hope she is still unchanged, unreasonable that I am. If she is, give her the letter; if not, burn it. The scenes and feelings I enjoyed before I left your roof are dearer and stronger here in Spain than I can express, or you imagine. I do not request you to write soon—it would be unjust and unkind to doubt it for a moment. Again, I am your now altered and dutiful son until death.

"J. B."

The letter to Jeanie was received with a trembling hand, and placed in her bosom, that felt it impart a buoyancy to her feelings, she had been long a stranger to. As soon as she had finished reading the letter to Margaret, she retired to a beautiful knowe that overtopped the burn, and seated herself among the long yellow broom, where the most pleasant of her days had passed with her James. There they had herded together; there they had first plighted their young loves; and there James had left her in anger, without hope of ever returning to her again. On this loved spot, every moment she could spare had been passed, musing upon her absent lover, or praying for his safety and return; and now, with a feeling of pleasure she had been

long a stranger to, she drew the letter from her bosom, and broke it open, while joy and grief filled her heart by turns.

"*Victoria.*

"DEAREST AND BELOVED, BUT MUCH-INJURED JEAN,—Dare I hope you ever think of me? I fear, if you do, it is with anger and contempt; for I feel, and my heart is like to burst with the thought, that I have used you ill. Believe me, it was in anger at I knew not what. You, with the prudence I now esteem you for, refused to fulfil your promise of marriage, because I had given myself too much up to company—to my shame I own, to dissipation. Believe me, my love, I now feel, in all its bitterness, my folly, and your wisdom. I am no longer the 'roaring boy' I used to boast myself among my associates; but the humbled lover and son. The privations and toils of war have opened my eyes to my true interests. For a time I was the most reckless in our company; for I strove, by riot, to drive from my mind the upbraidings of my heart; but I strove in vain. The early lessons I had received in rectitude embittered all my guilty joys, and at length triumphed. Let me pour into your bosom the history of my reformation. It was on the eve of the battle of Fuentes de Honore the first serious reflection came over my mind. The whole after part of the day I had been engaged in the work of death, with all my energies aiding in the destruction of my species, my mind excited to the utmost. Thrice we had driven the enemy through the village before us, over the dead and wounded. My comrades were falling thick around me. Evening came to stop the work of death. My bosom friend, the companion of my follies, had fallen, early in the action, at the foot of the brae, by the burn-side. I remember the spot well. O Jeanie, how could I forget it? It was so like the spot where we last parted—where the most innocent and happiest of my hours had been spent—that, even in the hottest of the fire, the resemblance strung my arm, and fired my soul to double daring. I could not endure that an enemy should be in possession of it, and drive us from the sacred ground. I rejoiced that I was put on duty, to bury the dead and remove the wounded. I hurried to the spot where my friend had fallen, to assist him if alive, or to pay the last duty if dead. Alas! Jeanie, what a sight there met my eyes! He lay, adding to the pile of bleeding bodies, that, only a few hours before, were all in life and health. Silent and sad, we dug a trench, and deposited the victims of war.

The French parties were out on the same duty; we mixed friendly together, only enemies by a cruel necessity, and, like dogs, brought out to fight for the interest or amusement of others. Several of them could speak a little English. We drank and ate together. They had plenty; we were at this time almost famished, being in advance of our supplies. Fear, my love, you know, is no part of my nature; but the uncertainty of human life as a soldier had never struck my mind with so much force as now. I returned an altered man. I felt as if we were never to meet again, and I never should reach my native vale, to lay my mother's head in the grave. I own, with shame, I had until now striven to forget you, but could not; for, sleeping or waking, you were ever in my thoughts, night after night you were present in my dreams, and day found me almost distracted. Dissipation only brought greater anguish; yet my proud heart would not stoop to communicate its woes to those who alone could give relief. Every draught that joined I anxiously looked for an acquaintance from my native place; and I would have given a kingdom for the knowledge that you were still free. I knew your faithful nature; but I had basely deserted you; wounded that heart I ought to have cherished, because it would act contrary to the dictates of a desecrating advice, that would have ruined us both. At length the battle of Victoria was fought; in which action I was wounded in the thigh; but still I kept the ranks. We were sorely pressed by the enemy; but nature could support me no longer, and I sank to the ground, as our regiment was forced to retire, overpowered by superior numbers. A charge of cavalry passed over the ground where I lay; and, O Jeanie! what horror did I feel at this moment! I commended my soul to God—my mother's and your name escaped from my lips—the horses passed over me—and when, from a swoon, I awoke to consciousness, the surgeons were setting the bone of my leg, and a bandage was already upon my wound in the thigh. I will not pain you more. I am now almost well, and often amuse myself with the thought that, were you to see the pale and emaciated soldier upon his crutches, you would look in vain for Jamie Blair. But be cheerful, my love; for the surgeon says I will be as sound a man as ever, and join my regiment in a few weeks. How much better were it to join you and my mother! But the time will come in course, and I hope soon. If pity ever found a place in your bosom, send me your forgiveness; and, if you can send me the assurance that, in spite of all

my follies, you love me dear as ever, I will now do all in my power to be worthy of it. If you refuse to pardon me, you will drive me to despair, and I shall volunteer for every forlorn hope, and rush upon danger, until death relieve me from my present state of mind. Return me, my love, good for evil, and give peace to that heart that wounded yours. Remembered or forgot, dearest Jean, I shall ever remain yours until death, JAMES BLAIR."

On the evening of the day after the receipt of these letters, when I made my usual call, I was astonished at the change that had taken place in the widow's cottage. The sadness had passed from the brow of Jean, and hope had given a new lustre to her eye. Margaret was all garrulity, and loud in the praises of James; but Jean was silent, and seemed to luxuriate in the present feelings with which her soul was filled. I departed myself with a feeling of happiness at the welcome news from my old schoolfellow, and walked home more stately and erect, as if my consequence had been enhanced by my friendship and intimacy with one of Wellington's heroes; and crooned, with peculiar spirit and satisfaction, as I walked along, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

It would be superfluous to say that Jeanie returned such an answer as James might wish. Joy once more became an inmate of Widow Blair's cottage, and thanksgivings were now mingled in their prayers for the absent soldier. The correspondence was as regular as the vicissitudes of war would permit; and often, when I had occasion to go to town, I was intrusted with the letter and penny to lodge in the post-office for James Blair. Month after month rolled on; peace was at length concluded; the troops were returning to Britain; and James, being a seven-years' man, and his period of service nearly expired, we could calculate to a day the time we expected to have him once more among us. But for a time we were disappointed. In no home in Britain did the return of Bonaparte from Elba

cause greater sorrow than in the widow's cottage. James was once more embarked for the Continent with his regiment—was present at the battle of Waterloo—escaped the dreadful carnage unhurt—and marched with the army for Paris, where he got his discharge, and was on his return at the commencement of this narrative.

The shades of evening had forced the females to retire, benumbed with cold, long before my accustomed visit. I was grieved and disappointed at not finding James, and sorry to see the anxiety and grief of the mother and sweetheart. The clouds had now covered the whole sky; the darkness was intense; the wind blew with a piercing keenness, and snow had begun to fall fast, and drift along the waste. I gave them all the comfort I could, and retired, promising to call again in the morning—having in vain urged them to retire to rest; and, upon my return next day, I learned that, after my departure, they continued to watch—going repeatedly out to examine the state of the weather, or beguiled by the shaking of the door struck by the blast, and thinking some one tried the latch. Still no one came—hour after hour passed on—their humble supper stood untouched—the fears of the mother were expressed in wailings and ejaculatory prayers for his safety; and Jeanie's expressive countenance betrayed the anxiety under which she laboured. Their evening devotions were made with pious hope—their usual hour of retiring to rest had long gone by; yet neither thought of sleep—for all that was most dear on earth to them was, they feared, exposed to the pitiless storm, and they still sat by the fire, shrinking at every gust of wind, as if it had struck themselves, while the candle burned on the window-sill, a beacon to guide the wanderer. At length the door opened, and a thin, weather-beaten figure staggered in, and sank upon the floor, exhausted and senseless. The anticipated joyful meeting was one of anguish and alarm. Care and

assiduity restored the soldier to warmth and animation; and hope and joy succeeded to fear and grief. James had come from London to Leith in one of the smacks; and, after leaving Haddington, anxious to reach his mother's as soon as possible, had left the highway, and struck into the country, over the Lammermuir Hills, by a route dear and familiar to him; and, being some miles shorter, chosen as much for the sake of former recollections, which were crowding upon him at every step, as for its shortness. The day was clear and bracing when he left Haddington, and all induced him to follow this route; but he had miscalculated his strength, and the shades of evening overtook him in the middle of the mountains. The sky began to lour, and threatened a storm. Ere he had reached the heights, the snow fell fast, the wind and drift threatened to overwhelm him, and all around became one undistinguishable chaos. He could recognise no mark by which to know whether he was in the right track or not. Confused and bewildered, but not dismayed, he stood still for a few minutes, to collect his energies; and having recalled to his recollection that the wind blew from the direction in which he wished to proceed, he started afresh, and battled with the storm, till at length he recognised a well-remembered cairn on the heights, against which he stumbled, and of which he gained his knowledge only by groping; for it was so dark that he could not see his own hand a few inches from his face. Having felt it round and round, he came to the broad, flat stone on the southern side, the shepherd's dial, which gave a thrill of hope to his breast, like a glimpse of the polar star to the tempest-tossed mariner. Starting anew, and still keeping his face to the biting blast, again he stumbled upon a cairn, and felt it round and round; and, to his surprise and regret, found it to be the same. Disappointed and confused, he started afresh—twice he struggled round the same circle upon the heights, each time

adding to the despondency that began to steal upon him, till, exhausted and almost hopeless, he threw himself on the lee side of the cairn, to recover his strength. He thought some strange fatality attended him; yet was loth to yield to despair, and struggled manfully against it; but a languor came over him, attended by an almost irresistible drowsiness; and all he had suffered in the retreat to Corunna could not be compared to his present situation. There, companionship had lightened the most intense sufferings; severe as they often were, they were not, as now, without that aid which sustains men in the most trying cases—the countenance of their fellow-men. Here he was alone, in a sea of snow, within a few miles of his mother's door!—the thought was bitterness unutterable, such as he had never felt before. Death he had often braved in all his forms—in the battle-field he had gazed upon him in the pomp and tumult of war, when the excited mind unheeded his presence; but here he seemed to hold his victim in suspense, until his very presence might produce the parting of soul and body from very fear of him. He struggled to rise, and combat the feelings that he knew must prove fatal to him; but his limbs were stiff, and would not obey his will, and he commended his soul to his Creator, and resigned himself to his fate. His mind became more calm, his thoughts less confused; and, as he lay musing, it occurred to him that he had erred in taking the wind for his compass, for perhaps it blew round the top of the hill (as it did), and was the cause of his always returning to the same spot. The idea occurred to him, that, if he had held straight on until he came to a running water, and followed its course, it would have guided him to some mill or cottage. This acted upon his mind like an electric spark, his heart warmed, and his limbs resumed, under the inspiration of hope that once more came to his aid, their former energy. Onwards he urged his way, stumbling, at every few paces, over the unequal ground; and, with severe

labour, he cleared the hills, and anxiously listened for the sound of running water; but the howling of the blast deadened every sound; and he still urged his way, dragging his weary limbs after him, till a faint rushing was heard, and a black chasm appeared at his feet, over which he must have fallen on the next step. He returned thanks to God for his preservation. The chasm was the well-remembered linn, only a few hundred yards from his mother's cottage; and he had thought, more than once, he had distinguished a faint light in the gloom, at times distinct, then vanishing again, but now easily made out. His heart leaped for joy, for he knew it proceeded from his mother's cottage-window. He kept the burn-side, and proceeded straight to the house; but his energies were entirely spent. He reached it, lifted the latch, and remembered no more until he found his mother and Jeanie hanging over him and chafing his benumbed limbs. After a night's repose, the hardy veteran had risen full of vigour, as if the last night's escape from death had been only a dream. I could perceive melancholy reflections mixed with the joy he felt at finding all well at his return; but he said to me, with much bitterness,

"Eight years I have spent, of the prime of my life, in the service of my country; a few shillings, the remainder of my marching-money, is all I possess in the world; and I have returned to my mother's house, a poorer man, in every respect, than I left it."

A cloud passed over his brow—a sigh escaped—his altered look Jeanie watched with pain. She spoke not, but the sigh fell on his mother's ear. She grasped his hand, and, pressing it to her bosom,

"Jamie," said she, "my bairn, why do ye sigh on this blessed day? Are ye vexed that ye hae come back to yer auld mither and Jeanie?"

"I am not, mother," replied he; "indeed; I am not; but a few painful recollections steal over my mind; and the

consciousness that I am alone the cause adds to their bitterness. Jeanie, I am at home, and find you all I could wish; but complete happiness is yet at a distance. We cannot be united until I have recovered, by care and industry, what I have lost by my unprofitable absence."

Jeanie blushed, and hung down her head; her breast seemed too narrow to contain the feelings that rose in it; but his mother hastily interfered.

"Jamie," said she, "ye maunna tak that view o' yer situation. This cottage, and a' that is in it, is yer ain. Ye'll no begrudge me my room in it for a' my time; and yer cousin has saved some pounds for this happy meeting, and winna put ye aff as she ance did before—for now she's satisfied ye're an altered man. What say ye, lassie? Am I richt?"

Jeanie spoke not; but her looks showed her approval; and the happy pair sat gazing at him as if they feared he was soon about to leave them, and they could not look enough. I began to speak of the scenes he had witnessed in Spain, when his mother inquired what he considered his most unlooked-for escape

"Indeed, mother," he replied, "it is hard to say; but I think it was at the storming of Badajos, before my better feelings had returned to me. I was then reckless of everything; and, being in the grenadier company, I volunteered for the forlorn hope. I had been before on the same duty, and knew it was as well to volunteer as to be commanded, for the duty must be done, and volunteering has a more soldier-like sound; so we who were to form the party immediately sold everything we possessed, and drank it with our comrades. This was the practice of many, for we knew what we had to do as soon as it was dark; and, if we escaped death, we might look upon it as a miracle; and thus were determined to enjoy life while we had it. This is a soldier's philosophy: enjoy all you have in your power;

for what you leave after you fall you know not who will enjoy. I have eaten the last morsel of bread in my haversack going into action, and my comrades did the same, lest we might fall and another eat it. As soon as the hour arrived, we were at our post and formed, then marched on in dead silence towards the breach, headed by a captain and a lieutenant. I was on the right, and heard the lieutenant sob once or twice. The captain turned to him and said, in an under voice—

"'Return, if you are afraid.'

"'No,' replied the lieutenant, in a firm voice, though not much louder than a whisper, 'I am not afraid. I fear not danger, but will face it with any man in the British army; but, good God! my mother and sister ——'

"A dreadful crash stunned me—a mine had been sprung, and we were all scattered in different directions, the greater part mangled and dead. When I recovered my recollection, I was sweltering in the ditch of the place, almost suffocated, and sinking. I was sorely bruised and bewildered; and, led more by instinct than reason—for I was incapable of thinking—I struggled to get at some support; and fortunately got hold of some willow twigs that were growing in the side of the ditch, and clung to them, while my faculties gradually came to me, and I felt in all its force the horrors of my situation. The noise was louder than thunder; the shot was entering the banks, and plunging into the water around me like a hail-storm, while splinters of shells were flying past in every direction. I was at one moment covered with water, and the next with mud and earth, torn by the shot from the side of the ditch. The whistling of the balls, the shouts of the men, the volleys of musketry, and deafening roar of the guns, and constant flashes of light that shot fearfully across the darkness of the scene, rendered my mind a chaos of confusion. I felt not what could be called fear; I had, in vain, more than once tried to extricate my-

self from my horrible situation. A callous, regardless feeling was upon me; and I passed the tedious hours in a kind of stupor, much resembling a fearful nightmare. I felt fully the desperate situation I was in, and my utter inability to relieve myself; but there was no use of making it worse than it was by fretting—and morning at length came. The firing had for a long time ceased; and I was dragged out more dead than alive, benumbed and bruised. Most of the volunteers had perished, and along with them the lieutenant, for whom I felt more regret than for any officer I had ever known to fall in the field of war. I often thought how much more commendable his feelings were than my own; for I had never even thought of you until I returned once more safe to the camp, and coolly turned over in my mind the whole occurrences of this fearful night. My conscience, I own, did upbraid me; but I soon shook off the uneasy feeling."

Jeanie heard the recital with a thrill of horror; and, while tears were falling fast—

"O Jamie!" said she, "little did we imagine the half of the dangers you were exposed to, or the misery you must have endured."

"We had sufferings," replied he, "enough and to spare; but we had also our enjoyments, with a relish no one at home, in the calm of domestic life, can have the most distant conception of. The soldier's life, in an enemy's country, is made up of extremes, either of hardship or enjoyment. When the toilsome march is over, how sound and sweetly he sleeps, even on the hard, bare ground, under the canopy of heaven! But, if his billet be good, he is the happiest of mortals—words cannot express his pleasures. After a rapid pursuit of the enemy, such as we had after the French to Victoria, when we were far in advance of our commissariat, and our stomachs were keen, sweet, sweet was our dry hard beef, so hard and black from overdriving, we were forced to

bruise it between two stones, before our eager teeth could masticate it. Victuals and drink were all we coveted, and we were not over scrupulous how we came by them. We were quartered in Alcantara for a winter, after a summer of privations, and we lived like kings. Four of us were quartered upon one house; our rations were regularly served; and we had abundance and to spare. In Spain, almost every family has a barrel of olive oil for a supply during the winter; for they cook a great many victuals with it. We had become as fond of it as the natives. I recollect that our host had two large barrels filled behind the door; and complaints having being made by the inhabitants, every day, of the depredations committed upon their oil by the soldiers, our host was as jealous as the rest, examined his store night and morning, and gave us the greatest character for honesty. But little did he know whom he praised; for we were no better than the rest — only more cunning; and it was fortunate for us when the route came, for I am sure there was not the depth of a finger of oil in one of the barrels, we having had the precaution to put in as much water as we drew oil, to save appearances."

"Jamie, Jamie," said Margaret, "ye were sair left. Oh, man, did ye steal frae the poor folk in that gate?"

"Indeed, mother," replied he, "we did not think we stole when provisions were in the case. The Spaniards, no doubt, said we were only better than the French in this respect; for the French took openly whatever they chose, and abused them to boot; we only stole provisions, when unobserved, and always gave them fair words for what we took, whether detected or not. Perhaps they were indebted to Wellington and the provost-marshal for this; for I assure you there was no mercy for us when detected. There were two brothers hanged upon the same tree, just before the battle of Victoria, for being detected in taking a little flour when we were in great want. I recollect we marched past them."

"Oh, Jamie," said the mother, "ye've seen strange sichts."

"Ay, and heard strange things, too," replied he. "I will tell you what I heard from a German, one of the legion, who had been severely wounded, and lay next my berth in the hospital:—He had served in a regiment of Swiss in the pay of Great Britain, which had been raised to stop the progress of the French, in the early part of the revolutionary war, and had been with it in Italy and Corsica. They had been hurried, by forced marches, from Constance to Rome, in the depth of a severe winter, and suffered much. The French were in such superior numbers, that they were forced to fly before them until they were joined by the British under General Stewart, when they made a successful stand for some time, and had a great deal of hard fighting. It was during one of these checks, after a severe action, that they lay for some weeks in an old castle, which they had fortified in the best manner they could. The French lay in front, in great force, their foraging parties scouring the country, and cutting off their supplies; so that they were reduced to the most extreme want of provisions, and suffered sadly from the severity of the weather. The cold was most intense; snow or sleet fell almost every day; while firing was not to be had. Their clothing almost worn out, great numbers were barefooted. Under such circumstances, it was with difficulty that human nature could bear up under its sufferings. The men became desperate, and numbers were falling sick, and dying every day. In the midst of these horrors, urged by extreme misery, three Germans conceived an idea the most repugnant to human nature that can be conceived by man, and put it in execution. One evening they were seen in deep consultation by their comrades, and, towards the middle of the night, they stole down to one of the vaults, of which there were many under the castle, and earnestly and fearlessly invoked the devil to come to them,

and enter into an agreement upon any terms he chose. All they would stipulate for was to be delivered from their present misery; but they called in vain—no devil or other appearance could they perceive, although they remained calling upon him for a long time. At length they left the vault, much disappointed at their failure. It was remarked by all the regiment—for they told what they had been about—that none of the three survived any length of time after this, and all died by uncommon modes. The first that fell was Gualter Stulzer. That very night he awoke in his sleep, and, starting to his feet, shouted out, at the loudest pitch of his voice, in a manner that awoke all in the hall, and made us tremble—'Ho! ho! you are come at length—I am your man; take me anywhere, only take me hence;' and fell upon his face. When the day broke, we found him quite dead. We thought he had been in a dream. Not one of us could have risen to assist him, had we thought he was not, for all was dark, and we thought the evil one was present in the room. The two others, who were not in the same part of the building, we had no doubt were in the same state, until we saw them alive and well in the morning. A few days after this melancholy event, another of them was found dead at his post, with horror most strongly expressed on his countenance. The third survived only till we reached Corsica, where he was hanged for a cruel murder, a short time after our landing. And thus perished these three desperate men—the only instance really authentic of the kind I ever heard of in all my life."

"His presence," said Margaret, "be aboot us a', to keep us frae evil! Ye hae made my flesh creep on my banes. Surely, my bairn, they must hae been Pagans. We read, in the blessed Word, that Esau sold his birthright for a mess o' potage. But men to gang and offer to sell their sauls to the evil one? Ohon! ohon

"No one can say," replied James, "what he will or will not do, until the hour of trial is past. These Germans gave implicit belief to stories of diablerie and witchcraft, and hoped to be relieved from their sufferings by becoming warlocks. You yourself are not free from the belief that such things have been."

"I maun first doubt my Bible, Jamie," said she, "ere I doubt ony sic thing. Hae we no a commandment against witchcraft, and a pattern o' what they were in the Witch o' Endor? Hae I no kent folk that werena canny mysel? I only wonder he camna at their ca', to seal the bargain wi' them. I may say I ken o' nane at present that has a very ill name; but, when I was a young lass, Ellen Græme was feared owre a' the kintry side for her unholy power, after she witched Bauldy Scott, the minister's man, for something he had either said or done to her. She had a bauld and bitter tongue in her head; and, after giein him ill names until she was tired, she spat at him, and ended wi' saying—'Bauldy Scott, mind my words!—ye'll rue, ere lang, meddling wi' me.' Bauldy only leuch at her; but didna feel owre easy, for a' that. Aweel, a day or twa after the collyshangie wi' Ellen, he had to gang to Hawick, on some business about a web he had been weavin for the bailie's wife. A' went weel aneugh until he was comin hame in the evenin, whan, just as he was in the middle o' the hills—for he took the shortest cut hame—he met wi' a muckle black tyke o' a dog, that looked hard and sair at him, and followed, whether he wad or no. He feared to clod it; for it was an unsonsy like beast, and he had a druther that it wasna a canny creature. Bauldy took fervently to prayer and psalm-singin, and the dog soon left him; but he was nae sooner out o' sicht, than there cam on sic a mist that he fairly tint his gate, and wandered he knew not where, until wi' perfect fatigue he sat down on a stane. The nicht was closin in fast upon him, and he

kendna whither he had dandered nearer or farther frae hame. There he sat, whiles prayin, whiles thinkin on his wife and weans, but oftener o' Ellen Græme and her threat, and the awesome black dog he had met. He was like to gang demented. The time hung sae dreich on his hand, he thocht the world was standin still. He daredna open his een, for fear he might be scared by some awesome sicht. So still was all around him, that the very beatin o' his ain heart sounded in his lugs like a death-watch. This grave-like calm and stillness became to him waur than any noise could hae been; and, to mak a lang tale short, there he sat on the stane till the grey o' the mornin. And whar was't, do ye think, he had been sittin the lee-lang nicht? No a hunder yards frae his ain door, on the big stane that stans by the kirk-stile, at the self and same spot where Ellen Græme had threatened him! That he had been bewitched, few in the parish doubted; and he himself believed, until the day o' his death, that he had seen the evil one in the form o' the black dog, who, being forced to flee by the force o' his prayers, had raised the mist to bewilder and prevent his gettin hame. He made a lang complaint to the minister against Ellen; but he wadna tak it up, and only laughed at Bauldy, and said, 'Are ye sure ye didna pree owre deep o' the yill in Hawick, Bauldy?' Now, this was warst o' a'; for, puir man, he had baith the skaith and the scorn; but few thocht waur o' the minister for no takin up Bauldy's ease."

"It may be as you say, mother," said James—"I never thought seriously on the subject; but this I know—I never felt so comfortable, when sentinel upon a lonely outpost, as I did in garrison or in camp. I remember once, while we lay in the valley of Roncesvalles, a short time before we entered France, I was on duty upon an outpost, with the enemy in front. I had almost made a fool of myself by giving a false alarm. I never was so much out of sorts

in my life with real terror; I shook like a dog in a wet sack. My station was an old building, a complete ruin, without roof, and not more than six feet of wall standing in any part of it; so that, with a glance of my eye, I could examine recesses of the interior. My turn came at twelve o'clock. The orders were to allow no one to advance without the word and countersign; and if any movement was perceived in the enemy's lines, to fire off my piece, and fall back upon the mainguard. I had been upon my station for about half-an-hour, or better, musing upon various things—but Jeanie and you were ever uppermost in my thoughts. Suddenly a strange sound fell upon my ear. I could not distinguish whether it was a sigh or a low moan. I became all attention for a recurrence of the sound, and cocked my musket. Never did the click fall so loud upon my ear. Thus I stood at post, gazing, with eyes almost starting from their sockets, around me. It did not occur again. While I stood thus, I began to recover, and thought I had been deceived, uncocked my musket, and resumed my measured pace, peering on every side, and searching with my eyes, as far as the gloom of a starry night, without moonlight, would admit. I had not made above a dozen turns upon my allotted bounds, when the same sounds fell upon my ears, but much more distinct. It was a heavy groan, and appeared to come from my right—not in the direction of the enemy's lines. Again I cocked my musket. All was still as death after the groan. I stooped towards the ground to listen, but could discern no foot-tread upon it, or the smallest movement. I walked round the ruin, and examined it with care; but all was still and void. I looked in the direction I thought the sound had come from, when all at once there appeared to rise out of the ground, at a short distance from me, a most uncouth figure. It had the appearance of a monk in his cloak, with the hood up, and a pair of horns upon his head. From the

outline between me and the sky, so appalling was the vision, that I clapped my musket to my shoulder, and called, "Who goes there?" A heavy groan was the only reply, and the whole disappeared into the ground as suddenly as it had risen out of it. A cold sweat covered my whole body—my knees knocked against each other, as I stood rooted to the spot. I would have fired, but had not the power at first; and as I recovered, I was ashamed, as I knew my comrades would laugh at me, and the officers give no credit to my story. I had not the power to withdraw my eyes from the spot. Again I saw the same appearance rise out of the ground, but with more fearful distinctness, and gaze upon me, utter a groan, and again vanish. This was too much. I was almost overcome, when I heard the tread of the relief advancing to change guard. My nerves were in a moment strung to energy again by the sound of the human voice. Although, in a whisper, I related what I had witnessed to them, all were inclined to laugh, save he who was to take my place. However, it was agreed to go to the spot I pointed out, and examine it. When we reached the place, we found, behind some low bushes, scarcely, in the dark, to be discerned from the ground, a wounded mule, so weak that it could not rise from the ground upon its feet. At our approach, it attempted to rise, but could only elevate its fore-quarters, as it had been shot through the loins, and fell down again with a groan. None of us laughed more heartily than I did at this elucidation of the fearful vision. These outpost duties often occurred, and we liked them worse than an action. So little did we dread fight, that I have heard the men say seriously, when they had lost even so trifling a necessary as a rosette, "I wish we may have an action soon, that I may pick up one." In action, so cool and steady had we become, that jests and remarks were made as freely, and even with more spirit than on a parade or in the barrack-room. In an affair

of outposts, the sharpest I was ever in, and when the balls were whistling around us like grasshoppers on a sunny bank, James Graham, my left-hand man, said—

"Blair, they have hit me at last, confound them! and broke some of my ribs. I both heard and felt them crack like pipe-staples; but I will have a shot or two while I can stand to them." After a few minutes, he said, "They have hit me, but not cut me. There is no blood on my trousers, yet my breast is confounded sore." He put his hand into a pocket he had in the breast of his coat, and pulled out a favourite knife, stamped on the ground in anger, and cried, "Oh, the French blackguards! they have broken my knife, and I bought it in the High Street of Edinburgh." And he resumed his fire, if possible, with redoubled energy, taking as cool and deliberate an aim as if he had been firing at a target for a prize in his native village.

In the same skirmish, James Paterson's bonnet fell over the wall which we were lining, as he was taking out some cartridges to place them in his breast. The enemy were in triple force not one hundred yards from the other side.

"I shan't go bareheaded for all that," said he, and leaned his musket against the wall, climbed over it, gathered up his ammunition as calmly as if he had been in the barrack-yard, placed his bonnet on his head, and leaped back unhurt. An aid-de-camp, who rode past at the time, cried out to us—

"Well done, my brave men! They may march over your bodies, but they cannot drive you back."

We gave him three cheers, and the enemy soon after fell back. But, Jeanie, lassie, I fear you think I am boasting far too much of myself and comrades. I would not speak to you of a soldier's life, were it not that you, my friend, invite me to it; but I assure you that those parts of it which are most dreaded by the people at home have in them great interest, and serve to enliven the otherwise monotonous

duties of a campaign in an enemy's country, where our fatigues in marching and countermarching are scarce bearable. If we found any fault with the general, in our private conversation, it was, that we had not fighting enough. Our opinion was, the hotter war, the sooner peace; and we always felt a consciousness of being able to beat the enemy, if we were only led on."

"O Jamie, my bairn!" said Margaret, "evil communications corrupt good manners. I wadna hae believed, had onybody but yersel tauld me, yer nature could hae changed sae muckle as to tak delight in sic a life. My heart is sair to hear ye speak wi sae muckle relish o' sic bloody wark."

"Mother, you wrong me," replied the veteran. "I rejoice that there is now no call for such doings. While I was in Spain, my heart was ever here with you and Jeanie. I cannot help feeling my blood move quicker in my veins when I recall these moments of intense excitement. It is all the reward I shall ever have for my fatigues and wounds. We felt that we fought in Spain to keep the battle from our own beloved homes; and the scenes of rapine and desolation we witnessed there gave us double energy; for the foe that ravaged the fields of Spain had long threatened the land of our fathers, where all we held dear remained. A short time before the siege of Burgos, a party of our regiment were sent as a convoy to some stores. We halted at a village, where a foraging party of the French had been only a few hours before. Every house was a scene of ruin and blood. In one cottage that we entered, we found a beautiful young female sitting upon the ground, weeping over the bodies of her murdered father and brother, who had fallen defending her from the violence of the French soldiers. As the evening was soon to be upon us, we were halted until daybreak in the morning. Donald Ross, one of the men in our company, was particularly struck with the charms of the female, and, somehow or other, became

so intimate with her, that she agreed to go with him as soon as she had buried her father and brother—and she was as good as her word. Donald being a Roman Catholic, they were married by a Spanish priest, and lived happy enough for some time. While we lay at Abrantes, a party of Spanish guerillas came into the town. All at once, Maritornes became very dull and uneasy. Donald, at his coming home, often found her in tears; but she would not impart to him the cause of her distress. Ross, who loved her with all his heart, became himself uneasy upon her account. All at once she was amissing, and no accounts of her could be had, although diligent search was made for her. The guerillas were still in the neighbourhood of the town; and Donald suspected that she had gone to some of them, and resolved to go and make the necessary inquiries. On the morning of the day he was to have gone, having got leave from his officer, her body was found, stabbed to the heart, concealed in a thicket near the town. Poor Donald wept over her like an infant, and, after becoming a little more calm, swore a fearful vengeance on her murderer, should he ever meet him, and to do all in his power to discover the cruel perpetrator. The day following her interment, as he was indulging his grief for her loss, and thinking of means to trace her destroyer, near the spot where her body had been found, one of the guerillas started from behind a tree, and thrust a knife at his bosom. Fortunately it struck his breastplate, and glanced off. In a twinkling his bayonet was plunged to the socket in the body of the assassin, and he fell, grinding his teeth in rage and pain. Donald shouted for assistance, not to aid him in the strife—for his enemy was now helpless, and to all appearance dead at his feet—but to assist in bearing him into the town, as he had an impression on his mind that this was the murderer of his beloved. Two of his comrades who were in the neighbourhood came to his aid, bore the wounded man into

the town, and carried him to the hospital, where his wound, which proved to be mortal, was dressed. Before his death, he confessed the murder of Maritornes, and gave the following account of himself:—His father had been a vine-dresser, whose vineyard joined that of the parents of Maritornes, so that they had been brought up together from their earliest childhood. After he came to man's estate, the beauty of Maritornes had made a violent impression upon him; but, being of a wild and unsettled turn of mind, her parents had disapproved of his attentions to her; and she herself had never encouraged his addresses, but had always appeared uneasy and fearful in his presence. He had tried every method to win her affections in vain, and had been involved in several quarrels upon her account with the other youths, one of whom he had slain, and was forced to fly. The war breaking out soon after, he had joined one of the guerilla parties, and had never seen or heard of her since he left the village, until he found her the wife of a vile heretic, as he thought. The sight was too much for him, and he resolved to murder her; for, he said, the hope of at one time or other winning her affections had never forsaken his mind until then; and he vowed the death of her and her seducer, as he supposed Donald to be. She had seen and recognised her tormentor, which had been the cause of her distress. For several days he had tracked and watched her steps like a bloodhound, until he accomplished his horrid purpose; and he showed not the least contrition for the deed, but appeared to regret that he had not slain Donald also. It was long before Donald ceased to regret the death of Maritornes, or to think of her; but it was perhaps wisely ordered for himself, for, after the battle of Bayonne was fought, and the peace made, the troops left for England. None of the men were allowed to take their Portuguese or Spanish wives out of the country along with them; and there were several hundreds, who had followed the army and clung to their

husbands in all our privations, wherever we went. Poor things! my heart bled for them. When the order came, it was one of the most heartrending scenes to witness the distress of both parties—the despair and wailings of the females, and the anguish of many of the men—severals deserted, and all promised to return for these poor creatures, as soon as it was in their power. Many are the disconsolate females who still languish in their lonely homes, hoping in vain for the return of husbands they shall never see again, and who, if alive, only think of them now with indifference, or perhaps have heartlessly formed new ties."

"O Jamie, Jamie," said Jeanie, "it is not possible, I learn frae yoursel, to tell a pleasing tale o' war. They are all o' blood, injustice, and violence. It gradually steels the heart to the best feelings o' the human race, and does away wi' the sense o' right and wrong by a false plea o' necessity. Surely man is never placed, but by his ain evil passions, in a situation where it is necessary either to be unjust or cruel."

"Let us forget, my love," said James, "that such things ever were, and look forward in hope. I have, no doubt, the world once more to begin. I am not yet an old man; and, if I am not rich in cash, I am richer in experience than many others who have been at home, and shall, by the blessing of God, do my endeavour to put to use my dear-purchased wisdom. I shall then be more fortunate than poor Walter B—— and several others I have known."

"Dear Jamie, tell us about Walter—what o' him?" said Margaret.

There were severals in the army (continued James) whom I knew as common soldiers, that had been born to rank and riches—one in particular, Walter B——. I will give you his lamentable story, as I had it from his own mouth, in one of his fits of melancholy and repentance. We were on the heights above Roncesvalles, and the weather

was more boisterous than I had ever seen it in my life anywhere; the gusts of wind blew down our tents, and the hail-storms were so severe, that we were forced to shelter ourselves from them by any means we could, and even the very mules were scarce able to endure their severity. He had been in one of his desponding fits for several days, and I had done all in my power to amuse him in vain. Towards the shades of evening, we sat shivering and cowering from the extreme cold, and, having given him an outline of my own history, he in return gave me his, nearly as follows:—He was a native of England, and a relative of some of the oldest families in it. His father had been one of the established clergy, and held a rich living, beloved and respected for his benevolence and piety. Walter, who was an only son, had received as good an education as England could afford; but, unfortunately for himself, he was of an unsettled and extravagant disposition, and was always getting himself into disagreeable situations, from which he was always relieved, after a show of contrition, by his indulgent parent. Thus matters waxed worse and worse with him, until he could not from very shame apply to his forgiving father. He had lost a large sum of money at play in London, and had no means of liquidating the debt. In an agony of shame and remorse, he fled, and, having no means of maintaining himself, changed his name, and enlisted as a private soldier. His distressed parent, for several years, knew not whether he was dead or alive. Matters remained thus with him until the arrival of a new chaplain to the regiment in which he was serving. Shortly after the chaplain joined, he recognised Walter, spoke to and reasoned with him in a truly Christian spirit, and chid him for his cruelty to his parent, who continued to mourn his loss, and would, he had no doubt, once more receive him to his bosom, would he only promise to behave more circumspectly in future, and express his sorrow for what he had done. Poor Walter was

heartily sick of his present situation, and requested the chaplain to write for him what he chose, and, upon the receipt of an answer from his father, he would do all in his power to regain his pardon and confidence. In a few weeks after, Walter got his discharge, and returned to his father's mansion, where he was received with joy and forgiveness. His parent only appeared to have lived to be blessed in the return of his prodigal son; for he died in about three months after his return. Walter was his sole heir and was now rich, as he had been lately poor, while a private soldier. For a few months, he was all that his relations could have wished him—reserved and penitent for his former follies, and most punctual in his religious duties. In this frame of mind he became attached to a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring squire, rather his superior in rank and fortune. To her he was wed, and lived in happiness and peace for some months, when unfortunately he paid a visit to London with his young wife; and, as bad fortune would have it, he once again launched out into all his former extravagance, and soon became embarrassed in his circumstances. An unsuccessful bet at a horse-race once more placed him in the same position he had been in at his first enlistment: but his distress was tenfold greater, for his young and innocent wife was now a partaker in his misery. He solemnly declared to me he more than once resolved to put a period to his existence, but was always prevented by some trivial interruption or other. At this critical period, an uncle of his wife's died, and she was his sole heir. Thus, once again, he was unexpectedly snatched from beggary, and was much richer than he was at his father's death; but, alas for him! not wiser; for, with accelerated pace, he held on his former career, and the consequence was, that he was forced to leave his young and beautiful wife to the charity of her relations. Under his assumed name, he became my companion in the ranks—a strange, interesting, even fearful companion, too, he was at times; for

he would occasionally be the most light-hearted and amusing person in the group; at others, he was sullen and morose, scarce a monosyllable would escape his lips; and, when irritated, the expressions he made use of were sublimely fearful, such as a devil might have used, making even the most depraved of the men quail. Yet, when in his quiet and gentle moods, I have listened to his discourse with rapture. One hour of his conversation conveyed more information to my mind than a month of reading could have done. I have seen him, when we were alone, weep like a child over his fallen fortunes; then, the next moment, knit his brows, compress his lips, clench his fists, and stamp upon the ground, and call upon death to deliver him from his own thoughts. Times out of number I have heard him express a wish that he might fall in the next action. He had escaped without a scratch until the battle of Bayonne. Well do I remember the conversation we had the evening before. It were tedious to repeat it; but he expressed his fears that the enemy would miss him, and declared to me his firm determination to desert and remain in Spain (he spoke the language like a native) rather than return to England; for there was a rumour in the camp at the time of the reverses of Bonaparte, and the anticipations of a speedy peace. Towards the close of the action we had driven in the opposing column, and the fire had slackened; hundreds of dead and wounded lay around us, for the affair had been very sharp.

"Blair," said he, "I knew they could not hit me; I must live on in misery."

Scarce were the words spoken, when he fell upon his face. I stopped, and turned him on his back; his eyes were fixed in death; his countenance more placid and resigned than I ever remember to have seen it. He grasped my hand, his lips moved, but the noise of the firing deadened his voice. I placed my ear to his lips, and could just make out—

"James, I am now happy. Gracious God, pardon your erring creature!"

A slight shiver passed along his frame, and all was over. What his real name was I never knew, or I would have written to his wife. Such were his talents, that, had his mind been well regulated, there was no effort that man can accomplish he was not capable of; but, alas! he perished, the victim of his uncontrolled passions.

Here ended the soldier's narratives. James Blair had returned, and in health, but he had not found happiness, neither had his mother or cousin; yet his hopes were most reasonable. He had only attained one object, to find another more difficult to attain, humble as that object is —a way to earn his daily bread. Matters were in this state, when a rumour spread through the parish that a captain had purchased an estate which had been for some time in the market, and meant to build a new house, and live constantly at it. This was a matter of great joy to us, for it brought hope of employment, for a time at least; and James brightened up. The weather was no sooner favourable, than the new proprietor came to survey his purchase, and plan his improvements. A number of labourers were employed, and James among the rest; for he was first in his application. The captain, struck by his cleanly and military appearance, was much taken with him, and inquired as to his services. James gave a modest account of them, and retired, the captain making no observation at the time; but it was observed that he oftener stopped and spoke to him than to any other of his work-people, and observed him more closely. Still nothing uncommon had occurred to James, more than the rest. He received his wages the same as the others, and was most assiduous to please and give satisfaction to his employer. Since his return, he had been most punctual in his attendance at church, and zealous in his religious duties

—for he felt all the heart-consoling comforts they are calculated to bestow; and thus had won back to himself the approbation of his own mind and the esteem of others, who had formerly thought very lightly of his principles and conduct.

The consequence was, that James (who, before he went from among us, was well skilled in all the branches of agricultural labour) was appointed grieve by the new proprietor over his estate, towards the end of the harvest, and put into possession of a neat house before the winter commenced. All obstructions to his wedding with Jeanie Aitken were now removed; they were married, and after the wedding she left the widow's cottage for her own house, a happy bride; but the Widow Blair would not leave her cottage to live with them. Years thus rolled on; James's family had increased to three, two boys and a girl, when Widow Blair paid the debt of nature, and was buried beside her husband. James had accumulated a small sum of money by his industry and strict economy, when his excellent and worthy master died suddenly, and he was again without a way to live, though in much better circumstances than when he had first returned. He was now under a great necessity to exert himself, but he could not at once make up his mind as to the manner. He at last resolved to emigrate, and set sail for Sydney towards the fall of the leaf. I have parted with relations and dearest friends, but never did I feel a sharper throe than when I last bade farewell to James Blair and Jeanie Aitken.

But I have often a letter from them. In my last, James says he is prosperous far above his deserts. He is sole proprietor of thousands of sheep of the best breed; and has the range of more land than he can ride round in a long day.

THE WHITE WOMAN OF TARRAS.

Up among the wild moors of Liddlesdale and Ewesdale rises the Tarras, a small, black-looking stream, which, after dashing and brawling through scenes as wild as itself, joins the Esk near Irvine, about twelve or fifteen miles from its source. In the olden time, the banks of the Tarras formed one of the favourite resorts of the freebooters of the Scottish Borders, who, in the midst of their inaccessible morasses, either set pursuit at defiance, or made an easy conquest of those who were foolhardy enough to follow them into their strongholds. They have long ceased their roving and adventurous life—pursuer and pursued have long been lying in the quiet churchyards, or slumbering in their forgotten graves among the wild hills where they fought and fell; but Tarras has since been haunted by other spirits than the turbulent ones of whom we have spoken; for, when the days of rapine and murder were past, it was but natural that superstition should people the wild and desolate morasses with the spirits of the departed.

The "march of intellect" is gradually trampling under foot the legends, omens, and superstitions which formerly flourished in their strength amid the wild fastnesses of the land; and they are seldom talked of now but as things that have been, but never will be again. The incidents upon which the present tale is founded were matters of common conversation some sixty or seventy years since, and the belief in their truth was general and implicit; *now*, they only live in the recollection of the aged, like a half-forgotten dream in their early days. It was from an infirm old man, the son of our *ghost-seer* that the tradition was obtained.

Late one evening, in the autumn of 17—, Willie Bell, the blacksmith, was standing at the door, wondering what had become of his apprentice, John Graham, who had left Clay-yett that morning, to go to the neighbouring town of Langholm, where his father was lying dangerously ill. It was bright moonlight—calm and beautiful; the few clouds seen in the sky lay still and motionless on the horizon, like barks becalmed at sea, only waiting for a breeze to waft them.

"I hope naething has happened the callant," said Nelly, the guidwife; "it's a bonny nicht—he canna hae tint the gate."

"Hout, na," said Willie, "he kens the gate as weel's I do mysel—there's nae fear o' him; but I'm thinkin, maybe, his father's waur than he expeckit, and he'll be bidin at the Langholm a' nicht."

"Puir chiel! I did hear tell that his father was waitin on; but I hope he's no that far gane yet."

It was now near nine o'clock, and the good folks were beginning to be rather uneasy about John Graham, who had faithfully promised to return before eight, when they heard the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, and presently the object of their solitude appeared, running at the top of his speed, and looking anxiously behind him, as if dreading pursuit, or flying from danger. He soon reached the cottage, and staggered to the door, where he leaned, apparently quite exhausted. His face was ghastly pale, large drops of perspiration stood on his brow, and his limbs trembled as if he were under the influence of ague.

"Mercy on us!" said Nelly, looking wonderingly and anxiously in his face, "what ails the callant? Speak, my bonny man! What ails ye?"

"Gie's a sowp water," said John Graham—"I'm amaist deed."

The water seemed to revive him a little, and he stared wildly around him.

"D'ye see ought?" said he; "eh!—what's yon?"

"Hoot, the laddie's daft; there's nought yonder but just the holly buss, lookin, for a' the world, like a man body in the moonlicht."

"Eh, whow!—ch, whow!" groaned the poor boy to himself, burying his face in his hands. "Nelly!" said he, at last, slowly and solemnly, "tell me the truth! When a body sees a ghost, is it no a warnin that his ain time's no far aff?"

"Hout, na! I hae seen half-a-score ghosts mysel, and I'm no a bit the waur. Some folks threep that it's no canny to speak to a ghost; for, if ane does, there's sure some mischief to follow."

"Deil's i' the woman, clatterin about ghosts!" said the blacksmith; "it's silly havers aboot them athegither. What is a ghost? It canna be a body—for we ken that the bodies o' the dead are moulderin in the grave; it canna be a soul—for what could gar a happy speerit come back frae heaven to revisit this wearisome warld?—and frae the ither bit, Auld Clootie wad tak far owre guid care o' them to let e'er a speerit among them won back again. Na, na! there's nae sic thing as ghosts."

"Whether there's ghosts or no," said John Graham, solemnly, "I'm thinking I've seen ane the nicht. Gude be thankit, I didna speak till't!"

"Seen a ghost!" cried Nelly. "Eh, John!—whar was't?—what was't like?"

"Oh, like a holly buss, I'se warran," said the blacksmith, sneeringly; "or like a muckle calf, or the shadow o' himsel."

"Never heed him, John, lad," said Nelly; "say yer say, and tell us a' about it."

"Weel, Nelly, ye see, I'd been at the Langholm, and I fand my puir faither just waitin on, and my mother maist dementit, sabbin and greetin fit to kill hersel; and the doctor was fleechin on her to haud her tongue, and no disturb

her husband in his last moments ; and sair wark had we baith to keep her quiet. The doctor tell't us that my faither had just come to the warst, and that it was just the toss up o' a bawbee whether he lived or died. Weel, about the four hours, my faither fell into a sound sleep, and when he awakened up again, he'd gotten the turn ; and the doctor said if he was keepit quiet, there was nae fear but he'd won owre it. Eh, but my mother was a pleased woman, and whan she gied the guidman the cordial, she kissed him, and cried out affectionately, " Geordie ! Gude be thankit, ye're spared till us ! Gae to sleep, my man."

She then steekit the door, and cam ben and took a muckle bottle oot o' the cupboard, and mixed a glass o' real guid toddy, and said to me—

"Tak this afore ye gang hame, my bairn ; 'twill do ye nae harm ; drink it, and be thankfu that yer faither's life's spared. Ye maunna bide ony longer, but get back to yer maister's as fast as ye can ; it's bonny moonlicht, and young limbs mak quick wark. Guid-nicht ! His blessin be wi' ye ! "

Weel, I made the best o' my way owre the hill, and was aye thinkin o' my faither, and what a sad thing 'twad hae been if he'd been taen frae us ; when, just as I'd gotten to yon side o' Tarras, and was passin a holly buss near the Gallsyke, I felt a' at ance, I canna tell hoo—the air seemed quite cauld and damp, a tremblin cam owre me, my flesh seemed as if 'twere creepin thegither, and a fear o' I dinna ken what garred me look roun, and there, as I'm a leevin man, no sax yards frae me, walkin the same gate wi' mysel, was a leddy a' dressed oot in white. It was bricht moon licht—I couldna be mistaen, I saw her as plain as I see yersel at this moment. I rubbit my een, thinkin I micht be dreamin—for I'd heard tell o' folk walkin in their sleep —but, na ! there she was still. I didna ken hoo it was— whether it was the glass o' toddy my mother had gien me,

or that I didna dread there was onything forbye common aboot her—but I didna feel at a' afeard o' her, though I still had the same unco oot-o'-the-way scudderin, and dread o' something I couldna conceive what. To tell the truth, I was mair pleased nor feared, to see a leevin body sae near me, and me sae fearfu in mysel. Weel, there she walkit, never turnin her head to the richt nor the left, and me glowrin at her, but no daurin to speak; for she was grandly dressed, just like a leddy, wi' pinners on her head, and buckles glintin in her shoon. There was a little wind at the time, but it never stirred her claes, and her feet gaed fast o'er the grund, but nae sound cam frae them; I didna notice a' that at the time, but I minded it after.

"We had gotten as far as the auld aik-tree yonder, when, while I had my eye upon her—while I could tak my Bible aith she was there beside me—she was gane as clean's a whistle. I lookit ahint the tree—I lookit a' round me, but I seed nought; and then, a' at ance, the thocht cam into my head that I'd seen a ghost. I couldna doot it, for the cauld air had passed awa wi' her, and I felt as if the chill had gaen clean out o' my bluid; for when I cam to think o' the awfu' company I'd been in, I maist swarfed wi' fear; and as soon's I cam roun, I set aff for hame as fast's my legs wad carry me.

"Weel, that beats a'," said the blacksmith; "ye've seen the White Leddy o' Tarras!"

"And wha's that?" said John Graham.

"Come yer ways in, lad, and sit doun, and I'll tell a' I ken aboot her, for I'm thinkin nane o' us 'll be for gaun to bed enow; and it's better for ye to be sitting by the cheerfu ingle than cowerin aneath the bedclaes. Nelly, woman! gie's oot the whisky—the puir lad 'll no be the waur for a sowp, and I dinna care to tak a drap, to keep him company."

After they were all comfortably seated, and had dispelled

the thoughts of spirits with the toddy cup, Willie began his story :

It's nae mony years sin' there lived a man o' the name o' Archy Brown, at the Windy Hill, up by yonder. He was a puir weaver body, wi' a wife and a hantel o' weans, and sair wark he had to keep the house owre his head. The wife was a clean, canty body, and keepit a'thing trig and comfortable, and made the maist o' what she could get, and that was but little ; but content, they say, is better than riches, and she aye keepit her heart abune, and tried to mak her guidman as contented as hersel. But it wadna do —Archy was a disappointed, unhappy man ; he was aye grumbling at his hard fate, and wonnerin what he'd dune, that he should be forced to work hard for his bread, whan ithers, nae better than himsel, he thocht, were sittin wi' their hans afore them, doin naething ava. But this wadna do ; it taks a stout heart to face a stey brae—and Archy seemed to hae tint *his* athegither. Wark cam slowly in, and when it did come, it was sair negleckit, till, at last, if it hadna been the respeck they had for his wife, his employers wad hae left him ane and a'. Archy had just suppit his parritch, after a grumlin day's wark in August, and was sittin by the ingle cheek, looking as black as the back o' the lum, and the wife was busy washin the dishes and puttin a'thing richt.

" Hech," says Archy, with a pech, "but this is a weary warld."

"Hoot," said the wife, "the warld's weel enough, if 'twarna the folk that's in't ; it's a guid and a bonny warld, Archy, and thankfu we should be that we hae health to enjoy it."

"Thankfu !" said Archie. " My certie ! guid richt hae we to be thankfu, and can hardly get the bite and sowp to pit in our mous, when there are sae mony that dinna ken what to mak o' a' their havins !"

"Ou, Archy, man! ye're aye thinkin o' them that's better off than yersel; but think how mony wad be happy to change wi' ye. There's mony a ane this nicht, Archy, that has nae shelter for his head but the lift abune him, and that's fain to cower ahint the dyke frau the cauld blast."

"Gae 'wa wi' your preachins!" said Archy. "Is't no aneugh to hear the minister on the Sabbath, but I maun be plagued wi' a wife playin hum in my lug a' the day lang?"

The wife held her tongue, but the tears were rinnin doun her cheeks, as she wiped doun the dresser. Archy was a guid-hearted though a fretfu man; and the sicht o' his wife's distress softened him.

"Come, come, Nancy, woman, dinna tak on sae; ye ken I lo'e ye weel—for a kind and guid wife hae ye aye been to me; and ye sudna heed what I say, when the vera heart's bluid within me is soured by disappointment. I could bear't a' weel aneugh for mysel; but to think o' my havin wiled ye frae yer faither's beil hame, to share the fortunes o' a broken man, gars my heart grue; and whiles I feel as if I could risk my saul to the evil ane, to procure ye ease and comfort."

"Oh, Archy! shut such wicked thochts oot o' yer heart, or maybe, whan temptation comes, ye'll tak it by the hand, instead o' resistin it. Mindna for me—I want naething to mak me happy but to see ye pleased; and I'd far fainer see ye smile as ye used to do lang syne, than be the brawest o' the braw withoot it."

The darkness o' night was noo beginnin to spread owre the earth, and Archy and the wife were just ettlin to gang to bed, when a saft rap cam to the door, and a hand tirled at the sneck.

"Wha can that be, in Gude's name?" whispered Nance. "Rise, Archy, man, and speer at them what they're seekin at this untimous hour."

"Wha's that?" said Archy, in a loud tone o' voice, though it trembled a wee when he thocht o' bogles, and rievers, and a' sic-like deevilry.

A saft and gentle voice answered—

"Can you give me a guide over the hills as far as Langholm? I'm a lone unprotected woman, and have lost my way."

"Is there onybody wi' ye forbye yersel?" said the cautious Archy.

"No one. Pray let me in to rest for a short time. I am no beggar; you shall be well rewarded for your kindness."

"Reward!" replied Archy, drawin the sneck—"there's nane needed; it should never be said that Archy Brown, puir though he be, wad keep his door steekin again' them that haena beil."

The door was by this time open, and Nance had lighted the candle. The stranger walked in. Great was the surprise o' baith at the unexpected sight; they were maist as frightened as if they'd seen a bogle. The stranger was a tall, handsome woman, a' dressed oot like a leddy, wi' pinners on her head, and a' sort o' whirlygeerums—I dinna ken their names, but, howsomever, they a' gaed to prove that she was a leddy, and no ane like themsels; and when she spak, her voice was saft and gentle, and her words as grand as if they were oot o' a printed book. Then she had grand buckles in her shoon, and rings on her wee white hand, and a'thing grander aboot her than they'd ever seen afore. Weel, she sat doun by the ingle cheek, and askit again could they furnish her wi' a guide to Langholm; and they persuadit her to bide where she was a' nicht, and Archy wad gang wi' her himsel the neist morning. It was lang ere they could gar her stop; but there were nae roads herewa in thae days; and she was feared to gang farrer by hersel, and Archy dounricht refused to leave the hoose. She tell't them she had come fra the south country and that she was travel-

lin to Embro to see a freend; and aye as she spak she sighed and sobbit; and when she laid aff her rich manteel, they saw that a' wasna richt; and they lookit at her hand, but there was nae weddin-ring upon't; and then Nance lookit in her face, and saw dule and sorrow there, but naething waur—for her beauty was like that o' a sorrowin angel; and she had sic a look o' innocence, that Nance dreaded she had been beguiled by the warmth and innocence o' her heart—that she was aiblins a puir thing mair sinned again' than sinnin; and Nance's ain heart warmed till her, and she fleeched on, and made muckle o' her. Sair did the puir thing greet; but she never loot on wha she was, or where she cam frae, or wha 'twas she was seekin; but said that she was a wanderer and an ootcast, and nae leevin soul cared for her, and the sooner she was dead the better for hersel. Puir Nance was sair put aboot to comfort her; but at last she persuadit her to sup some milk and bread, and gang to her bed. Archy and Nance sleepit on the flure—at least Nance sleepit, for Archy couldna; the deil was busy wi' him; the siller buckles and the braw rings were aye glintin in his een whenever he steekit them, and hinner't him frae sleepin. He closed his een and tried to snore, and to fancy that he was sleepin; but aye the langer he tried, the waur and the wickeder were the thochts that cam intil his head; till at last he got up on his elbow, and sat glowrin at the bed where the stranger leddy lay soun sleepin; and aye the langer he lookit, the mair he thocht what a happy man he wad be if he had a' her braw rings, and the gowd that was in her purse, and her siller buckles and a'. Weel, neist morning, the leddy waukens up, and cries to Nance that 'twas time for her to tak the road; but Nance wadna hear tell o't till she had gien her her breakfast.

"It's no muckle we hae," said Nance; "but, sic as it is, ye're welcome to a share o't. Just sup yer milk and bread, while Archy snogs himsel up to gang wi' ye."

As soon as they'd finished their breakfast, the leddy took oot a bonny silken purse, that looked as if it wad burst, and gied Nance a piece o' gowd.

"I'm no for't," said Nance; "there's nae needcessity, ye're vera welcome to a' ye got."

But the leddy wad insist upon her takin it; while Archy's een glistened at the sicht o' the purse, and he bit his lip, and his breast gaed up and doun like the bellows o' the smiddy, and his fingers opened and shut upon his thigh, like the claws o' a cat just gaun to loup at a mouse."

The morning, though calm, was cauld; but, aboot twa hours after they had left, Nance heard the sough o' a comin wind. It was an' awesome and an unca sound—she had never heard the like afore—it was like the groans o' the deein; and, as she hearkened till't moanin past the door, she fancied she heard a body cryin for help. Nance was terribly frightened; for it seemed to her that the wind was no just a common wind, but the voice o' a speerit—a kind o' whisper fare anither warld. A' at ance, there cam sic a blast as was never seen nor heard afore nor since, at the Windy Hill. A' the winds o' heaven seemed to hae been let loose at ance, and the noise o' their roarin was loud as the loudest thunder. Nance ran out o' the hoose, thinkin that clay wa's couldna even bide the brunt o' sic a storm; and there she waited for the upshot. She cowered down on the ground, and covered her head wi' her apron, while the noise o' a thousand storms was around her. Nance thocht it strange that she didna *feel* the wind as weel as hear't, and she keek't out frae under her apron—and there was nae visible appearance o' the presence o' the storm: the sound was a ragin tempest round her; but the lang grass was standin unshaken, and the leaves o' the trees were without motion. A dread o' the powers o' the air cam owre Nance—she thought she heard their bodily voices about her—and, wi' a loud skirl, she swarfed awa on the grund! Some o'

the neighbours had seen Nance fa', and cam rinnin to help her; but it was lang or she was a'richt again. When she cam round, she steekit her een, and stappit her lugs—moanin, "Oh, that wind!—that awesome wind!" The neighbours a' wondered; for nane but Nance had heard aught extraordinary. Nance waited lang for Archy to come in to his dinner; but it was weel on to the gloamin when he cam back. Nance heard his fitfa, and ran to the door to meet him—

"Eh, but ye've been lang o' comin, Archy! How did ye leave the leddy, puir thing?"

"Oh, she's safe at the end o' her journey," replied Archy, wi' a kind o' laugh that sounded unco like a groan.

"Puir body," said Nance, "she maun hae been sair wearied; but, Archy, ye maun hae been maist blawn awa wi' that awesome wind."

"What wind?" said Archy; "there wasna ony wind; it was as lown as a simmer day."

"Oh, man, ye dinna say sae! Aboot twa hours after ye left this, there cam on sic a storm, that I thocht the house wad come doun on my head, and ——"

"Twa hours," said Archy; and he turned as white's a clout, and the cauld sweat stood on his face.

"Mercy on us, Archy," said the wife, "what ails ye? Ane wad think he'd heard that awfu wind yersel; it maist frichtened me to death. It was for a' the warld, whan it first beguid, like the groans and moans o' a deein body."

"Haud yer whisht, woman," said Archy, very short-like; "its no canny to talk o' sic things. Hae, tak my coat, and pit it awa i' the kist."

"'Odsake, Archy!" cried Nance, haudin the coat to the licht; "what in Gude's name, is this that's on't —Its bluid! Where got ye that?"

"Ou," said Archy, "there was a man killin a muckle sou in Tarras, and he cried to me to help him, and I didna mind that I'd gotten a guid coat to my back."

"Weel, that beats a'! Here's ane o' the bonny rings the leddy had on her fingers in yer pocket! How cam ye by that?"

"What's your business, woman?" said Archy, wi' an oath. "Did I no tell ye afore, that the leddy was safe and sound at her journey's end? She wad insist on giein me the ring, to keep for my kindness to her."

"Did she no send ony word back by ye?"

"Ay, she thankit ye for yer kindness, and said she'd send ye word when she got to the far end——But it'll be long or that," muttered Archy to himsel.

Weeks and months gaed by, but still nae word cam o' the leddy; and puir Nance was wae for her; for she dreaded something uncommon had happened her. Archy gaed to Embro', and cam back wi' siller, and a lang story how an auld friend had died, and left him a hantle money.

The leddy was never heard tell o' again—she had nae kith nor kin to speer after her—she cam like a dream, and vanished like ane; but there's a stane on the banks o' Tarras, wi' a mark upon it that o' the storms and floods o' years heena been able to wash oot—it's the mark o' blood; and aft sin syne the figure o' a leddy, o' dressed in white, has been seen wanderin in the mirk or the bright moonlicht, and aye vanishin like a flaff o' lichtnin. A sober man may pass the Tarras a hundred times, and see nought; but, after a laugholm hiring-day, or a July fair, if a man hae taen twa-three cheerers for-bye common, he's maist sure to see the WHITE LEDDY O' TARRAS!

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